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North Hastings Review.

JOHN B. DAY, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 362. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 3, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

A Pome,

For the perusal of School Masters, School Ma'ams, School Trustees, and any others who may have an interest in healthy children :—

"Oh, sextant of the school-house, which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too ! and makes fires, * * *
O, sextant ! there are 1 kermoddity
Worth more than gold, which dosen't cost nothink—(!)
Worth more than anythink except the sole of mans :—
I meen pewer are, sextant ; I meen pewer are !
O, it is plenty out o' doors, so plenty it dosnt no
What on arth to do with itself, but flies about
Scatterin' leaves, and blowin' off men's hatts;
In short, its "jest as free as are" out doors.
But O, Sextant, in our school-house its as scarce as hen teeth— * * *

"U shet 100 girls and boys,
Speshaly the latter, up in a tite place—
Sum has bad breths, none ain't 2 sweete,
Sum is fevery, sum is scrofious, sum has bad teath, and sum ain't over cleen :
But every 1 of them brethes in and out, & out & in,
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million & a half times an our ;
Now how long will a school-house full of are last at that rate,
I ask you ? Say 15 minits, and then what's to be did ?
Why then they mus brethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin. And wots more
The same individdible doan't have the privilege
Of brethin' his own are & no one's else ;
Each one mus take whatever comes to him.
O, Sextant, doan't you know our lunks is bellusses.
To blo the fire of life and keep it from
Going out ; & how can bellusses blo without wind ?
And ain't wind Are ? I put it to your conshuns.
Are is same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums is to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto a jujun doctor,
Or little pills unto a omepath,
Or boys to girls. Are is for us to breethe.
Wot signifies who teaches if I can't breethe ?
What's Profs. & Profeses to children who are ded ?
Ded for want of breth ! Why, Sextant, when we dye,
Its only cos we can't breathe no more—that's all.
And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little inter our school-house.
It ain't much trouble—only make a hoal,
And all the are will cum of itself.
It luves to cum in where it can get warm,
And O how it will rouse the childern up,
And sperit up the teacher, and stop gapes
And yawns & fijits." * * *

Worth Preserving.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
Barrel of pork 200 pounds.
Barrel of rice, 600 pounds.
Barrel of powder, 25 pounds.
Firkin of butter, 56 pounds.
Tub of butter, 84 pounds.
60 drops make a drachm.
8 drachms make an ounce.
4 ounces make a gill.
4 gills make a pint.
[illegible] drops, a teaspoonful
[illegible] a tablespoonful.
[illegible] ounces, or tumbler.
[illegible] inches one cubic foot.
[illegible] gallons, a barrel.
160 square yards make 1 acre.
640 acres make a square mile.
There are 2,750 languages.
Two persons die every second.
A generation is fifteen years.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mr. A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., [illegible] for six years with Asthma and [illegible] during which time the best physicians [illegible] give no relief. Her life was [illegible] until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing the use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases at all [illegible] Store. Large Bottles, $1.00.

Holloway's Ointment.—Sores, wounds, ulcers and other diseases affecting the skin are amendable by this cooling and healing agent. It has called forth the loudest praise from persons who have suffered for [illegible] in bad legs, abscesses, and chronic sores after every hope of cure has long [illegible] away. None but those who have experienced the soothing effect of this Ointment can form an idea of the comfort it bestows, [illegible] inflammation and allaying pain whenever this Ointment has been [illegible] it has established its own worth, and [illegible] been eagerly sought for, as the safest remedy for all ulcerous complaints. In neuralgia, rheumatism, and gout, the same application, properly used, gives wonderful relief.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

A very good story is told of a certain Judge who was anxious to make it appear that he was thoroughly impartial. When the first case was brought before him he sent the plaintiff and defendant to jail and fined the witnesses ten dollars each. This seems to be the kind of impartiality displayed by the REVIEW in dealing with political parties.

A conspiracy has been discovered whose object was to overthrow the Ontario Government by means of the most outrageous and disgraceful bribery that has ever been known in Canada. The REVIEW is shocked at the conspiracy, and thinks that the proceedings are "highly discreditable to all concerned." The Conservatives were *somewhat* to blame for trying to corrupt the Legislature, but the conduct of the Reformers was very bad indeed because they took the only possible means of bringing the conspirators to justice. You say that the "cute yankee" and the "sharp Wilkinson" would not have acted as they did if they had not good grounds for believing that "Barkus was willing." Just so. If by "Barkus" you mean Sir John Macdonald, they probably had very best grounds for believing that he was both ready and willing. But what have the Reformers done that is wrong, or what ought they to have done more than they did do ? If McKim and Balfour had published these offers of bribery before they had positive tangible proof of the matter it is easy to understand what would have happened : Messrs. Wilkinson, Bunting, and company would probably have denied the whole affair and called heaven to witness that they were innocent, like their immaculate leader when first accused of the Pacific Scandal. If the REVIEW had been in existence at the time Cain killed Abel, you would probably have reported that both men were deserving of the most severe censure, and that the whole affair was "highly discreditable to all concerned."

J. P.

MILK! MILK!

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Madoc village that he has commenced the delivery of pure, fresh milk throughout the village, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage.

He intends to make it a permanent business, and will guarantee to supply a good article.

PRICE 5 CENTS A QUART.

INA McCARTY.

Madoc, March 19th. 360

RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.

Village Building Lots FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS, SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

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NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thomet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'r, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

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ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

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Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

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Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McClillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RICKETTS vs. RICKETTS.

PURSUANT to Judgment and final order for sale made herein bearing date the 3rd day of January, 1884, and the 7th day of March, 1884, respectively; there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at his chambers, Shire Hall, in the

CITY OF BELLEVILLE,

—ON—

WEDNESDAY 16th APRIL NEXT.

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, The following farm property, being Lot No. 7, in the 16th concession of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, containing 100 acres of land, be the same more or less.

About 35 acres all cleared and under cultivation, and well fenced.

Upon the premises is built a log barn, about 30x40.

The property is situated on the main travelled road belonging to Gunter Settlement, and is about 10 miles from Millbridge P. O., and about 4 miles from St. Ola P. O. and village and about 3 miles from the line of the Central Ontario Railway.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE—The purchaser shall pay same a deposit of $10 for every $100 of his purchase money at the time of sale, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the law offices of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Robertson & Thomas and Dougall & Faulkner, Belleville.

S. B. BURDETT, Plaintiff's Solicitor. S. S. LAZIER, Local Master.

360-4

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JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

SIGN of the OX HEAD

MRS. E. LANGMAN

HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the

CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.

Prize Package Tea,

(NO BLANKS.)

A full stock of Groceries and Provisions, Oranges, Candies, &c., always on hand.

Farm Produce taken in exchange.

MRS. E. LANGMAN.

Madoc, Feb. 19, 1884. 356-3m

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I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

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SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

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G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

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OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before you go, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 298

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART, Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Block, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

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THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS, O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 325-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, write for [illegible] certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

CHALLENGE PEERLESS CYLINDER CAPITAL CYLINDER MODEL VALVE CROSS HEAD CYLINDER LUBRICATOR ENGINE

GOLD MEDALS

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AND OTHER

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For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.

23 Front St. East, Toronto.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED).

"But I haven't known you longer than the others," said I, smiling.

"But you have known me so much better than the others," said he, deprecatingly.

"I am not quite sure of that."

"Didn't you talk to me more than you did the others?"—"Yes."

"And walk with me oftener than with the others?"—"Yes."

"And didn't you like me better than the others?"

"I think I did—yes, I did."

"All that is very tepid. I can't think why you don't like me, when I like you so much."

"Oh, you did not understand me. Mr. Carruthers! I do like you very much; but——"

"There you have spoiled it all with that unkind 'but'! Don't you think me handsome? I am considered one of the handsomest men about town, I assure you."

"Not really?"

This slipped out quickly, for I thought he was in fun. I afterwards found out, to my surprise, that it was true; but I did not learn it then, for he looked very much amused, and said—

"That is blow number two; but I am not going to be crushed. Don't you think me good?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why not, Miss Christie!" said he pretending to be in despair.

My chief reason was that, if he had been very "good," he would not have made Lady Mills angry with me by taking me on the river late at night; for he had shown later that he knew it was not considered right. But it would have seemed ungenerous to recall that when it had all passed over; so I only said—

"I know from the way they talked to you and of you that they did not think you very good, and that you did not wish to be thought so."

"But I am going to reform after what you said on Sunday."

"Oh, no, you are not!" said I, shaking my head. "You say so only because it amuses you to see how much you can make me believe of the things you tell me."

"Do you judge all the people you know as severely as you do me, Miss Christie?"

"Yes, quite," said I gravely.

"Oh—er—the gentleman who gave you the red rose, for instance?"

He said this in a mock-bashful tone, looking at the carpet, as it ashamed to meet my eyes. I could not help getting red, and I think he knew it without looking up.

"Or—or perhaps he—never does anything wrong?"

"Oh, yes, he does, Mr. Carruthers!" said I with a bright idea in my head—he had been laughing at me long enough, I thought. "He did very wrong in thinking he need be jealous of any of the gentlemen I met at Denham Court."

Mr. Carruthers raised his head and looked straight at me. I am not sure that he was not a little annoyed as well as amused, though he laughed very good-temperedly.

"I will never make love to you any more, you ungrateful girl!" said he.

"Make love! Do you call that making love?" said I, laughing.

"It is not the best I can do by any means; but I shall be very glad to show you——"

"You need not take that trouble, thank you; I will take your word for it," said I laughing again.

I had learnt to answer him back in his own way; and I think he was a little surprised at the progress I was making.

"You are too quick of fence for me," said he, shaking his head. "Well, don't you want to know what has been going on at Denham Court?" he asked rather suddenly, in a different tone.

"Oh, yes! But there has not been time for much to happen. I left there on Monday, and this is only Thursday."

"There has been time for a very serious misfortune to happen, for all that," said he gravely. "Last night Denham Court was broken into, and Lady Mills and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Carew and some of the other ladies had all their most valuable jewellery stolen; and a quantity of gold plate was taken too."

We had been standing by the window all this time, I playing with the flowers in my basket. I went on mechanically twisting a chrysanthemum in my fingers after he had finished telling me this startling story, but I did not know what I was doing.

"Last night. Did you say?" said I at last, in a frightened whisper.

"Yes, last night. Sit down," said he kindly, putting me into a chair. "This seems to have quite overwhelmed you. Why child, your very lips are white! Let me ring for some——"

"No, no," I interrupted, starting up. "I am quite well; I am not going to faint. Don't—don't ring. Tell me all about it quickly, please. When did you find it out? Have they caught the thieves? Do they know——"

"Stay—I can't tell you all ones. The thieves have not been caught yet, and we don't know who they are. The robbery was discovered this morning."

"This morning! Who discovered it? How?"

"Now don't get excited, and I will tell you all about it. This morning a ladder was found lying underneath Lady Mill's dressing-room window, which had been opened by smashing one of the panes from the outside. It was Lady Mill's maid who first gave the alarm by a cry at sight of the open window when she went into the dressing room this morning, after calling her mistress. Lady Mills ran in; they looked out together, and saw the ladder lying underneath. The dressing-room has two doors; the one which does not lead into the bedroom had been unlocked and left open by the thief, to pass into the house by. But, at first sight, nothing seemed to have been disturbed. The dressing-case was locked and in its place; a strong tin once in which Lady Mills kept the greater part of her jewels was still in the locked up wardrobe. But, on moving it, they found that the lock had been burst open, and it was entirely empty. Jewels, cases and all, had disappeared. By this time the head gardener had come into the house, saying that he hoped all was right, but that he had gone to the tool house this morning with one of the under-gardeners, a man named Parkes——"

"Tom Parkes!"

"Yes. He keeps the key of the tool-house. And they had found the door forced in, and a file and one of the ladders gone. Of course the alarm spread quickly all over the house; and then the other losses were discovered one by one. There is the mysterious part of it. Everything had been done so methodically and so neatly, even to locked doors being found still locked, that it was not until after careful examination that the stolen things were missed. Lady Mills and Mrs. Carew found their dressing-cases locked; but, when they opened them, each found that the most valuable of the contents were gone. The butler and Sir Jonas himself examined the plate chest together. That was locked too, and, on first opening it, they congratulated themselves on its having escaped. But, on removing that part of it which is in constant use, they found that it which is in constant use, they found that the gold plate, which is used only now and then, and some solid silver cups and candlesticks had been taken. But the loss which has caused the greatest sensation is Mrs. Cunningham's. She came into the breakfast room quite white and scarcely able to speak, with some pebbles and a piece of cotton-wool in her hands. She declares that she carried about on her person, sewn up in wash-leather and cotton-wool, a very valuable set of diamonds and cat's-eyes; that it was not until long after she discovered her other losses that she cut open the leather, just to make sure that her greatest treasure was safe; that she found the jewels gone and the pebbles she produced in their place. The poor woman was so hysterical that it was a long time before she could tell us all about it. She declares that she slept with them under her pillow, and that no one in the world knew where she kept them, for that she never mentioned the fact to any one——"

"Oh, but that is not quite true, Mr. Carruthers! For she told me."

"So she said," said he, looking at me steadily. "But you could never have repeated such a thing to any one who could make a wrong use of the knowledge."

"Oh, no! The only person I spoke of it to was Mr. Rayner."

"Mr. Rayner!" said he quickly. "You could not have chosen a worse person to intrust the secret to, I am afraid."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he's the most talkative man I know. I have met him at Newmarket several times—a bright amusing fellow enough, but the last man to whom I should tell anything I did not wish to have repeated for the amusement of the next person he met."

"Oh, but he would not repeat a thing like that!" said I earnestly, "He scolded me for telling him, and said such confidence should never be repeated, no matter to whom."

"That's all right," said he much relieved. "Then I shall tell Mrs. Cunningham you didn't tell any one. The poor woman is half out of her mind; it was she who sent me over here to-day, to find out whether you had spoken about it in the presence of any one who could use the knowledge. For my part, I thought it very likely she had only imagined she had spoken to you about it; but I want an excuse for coming; so I gained my object, and put her under an obligation at the same time."

I did not pay any attention to the implied flattery in these words; I was too much interested in the robbery.

"And is no one suspected?" I asked, with trembling lips.

"At present we know nothing, and we suspect a different person every minute. The robbery had been so well arranged, and was carried out with such discrimination—for nothing but the best of everything was taken—that at first the servants were unsuspected of complicity. But my man Gordon, who has no end of sense, suggested that it was only fair to them all to have their boxes examined at once. This was done, but no trace of anything was found. Of course that does not prove that they may not have given information to the thieves, whoever they were. There has been a gang of navvies at work on the railway close by for the past fortnight, and a hat belonging to one of them was found in the garden, and has been identified already; but it seems that the friends of the man it belongs to can prove that he passed the night drunk in the village. So at present we know absolutely nothing. Gordon told me privately that he doesn't believe either the servants or the navvies have had anything to do with it, and he pointed out the resemblance between this and a robbery which took place some time ago at the house of another of my friends, Lord Dalston, whom I had been staying with not long before. He believes that it is the work of a regular jewell robber, and that very likely he got a discharged servant to supply him with information. I pointed out to him that no servant who had long left could have given him such precise details as he seems to have had concerning the jewels of the ladies who were only visiting there, for instance. But I could not convince him. As for Mrs. Cunningham's, that really seems marvellous, because she is a cautious sort of of woman. I suppose her maid some how found out the secret, and then told it to—Heaven knows who."

"I suppose so," said I mechanically.

I was trying to put together what I had just heard and what I had already known. Mr. Carruthers rose.

"I need not trouble Mrs. Rayner at all now that I have seen you," said he.

"Mrs. Rayner!" I repeated, in the same mechanical stupid way.

"Yes. When the servant told me you were out, she said I could see Mrs. Rayner. I did not want to disturb her, knowing that she has the reputation of being an invalid. But she insisted."

"Wait one moment," said I, as he took my hand. "Are you quite sure, Mr. Carruthers, that the robbery took place last night."

Before I uttered the last words, his eyes suddenly left my face, and were fixed on some object behind me.

I turned, and saw in the doorway Mrs. Rayner, paler and more impassive than ever, and Sarah. All the doors at the Alders opened noiselessly, and they had overheard me. And, as I looked at Sarah's face, my heart beat faster with fear and with suspicion become certainty, for I knew that I was on the right track.

CHAPTER XXII.

In his astonishment at Mrs. Rayner's ghostlike entrance and appearance, Mr. Carruthers had not paid much attention to the end of my question, and I determined to try to get an another opportunity of putting it to him. He expressed his sorrow to Mrs. Rayner at having caused her the trouble of receiving him when she was evidently suffering, and said that he had ventured to call to tell Miss Christie about a great robbery which had taken place in the house she had so recently visited, Denham Court. Nothing but physical suffering could have explained the impassive stolidity with which she listened, her great gray eyes staring straight in front of her, to the account of the robbery. She made no comment until it was over; then she turned to him and asked, with a faint expression of relief—

"Then nobody was hurt?"

"Oh, no, there was no collision at all! They vanished like spirits, leaving no trace."

"I am very sorry they were not caught. My husband has been in town since Tuesday morning, and I am nervous while he is away," said she, like one repeating a lesson.

All this time Sarah stood by her, smelling bottle in hand, as if prepared for her mistress to faint. Yet to my eyes Mrs. Rayner did not look worse than usual.

When he rose to go, I accompanied Mr. Carruthers to the door, where a dog-cart was waiting for him; but Sarah, whose duty by her mistress's side was suddenly over, followed close behind, and I had no chance of suggesting to him my own suspicion about the burglary. When he had gone, I reflected that it was better for me not to have said anything to a comparative stranger to implicate one of the servants in the house where I was living—until I had consulted Mr. Rayner.

To give vent to my excitement over the important secret I fancied myself on the track of, I wrote to Laurence. With Sarah about, a letter was a thing requiring caution, as the event proved. I was so sensible of this that I contented myself with giving an account of Mr. Carruther's visit and of the robbery at Denham Court, only saying, in conclusion, that it might have some connection with what he had seen, and that I had something to add to that. I said that I would write more fully as soon as I had an opportunity of going to Beaconsburgh to post my letter myself; and then I said a great deal more concerning different things which were perhaps really less important, but which were much pleasanter to write about.

The postman called for the letter-bag at six every evening; so I waited at the schoolroom window until I saw him come up to the house and heard Sarah give him the bag; then I ran out into the hall, as if I had only just finished my letter, and put it into the bag which he held. Sarah could not even see the direction as I put it in, and I congratulated myself upon my artful strategy; but I might have known that she was not to be baffled so. I had stood at the door and watched him turn into the drive, and returned to the schoolroom in a flutter of excitement at my own audacity, when from the window I saw Sarah flit after him. I dashed out on to the lawn, and got into the drive just in time to see the postman fasten up the bag and go on again, while Sarah, saying something about "a misdirection" put a letter into her pocket; and I knew that it was mine. With my heart beating fast I walked up boldly to her.

"What did you take my letter out of the bag for, Sarah?" said I, half choked with anger.

"It's not your letter, Miss. What should I want with any letter of yours?" she said looking down at me insolently. "It's a letter to my sister that I've forgotten to put the number of the street on."

I knew quite well that this was a falsehood, but I could not prove it; for I had indeed been too far off to recognize my letter when she put it into her pocket, and my moral certainty counted for nothing. She knew this, and stalked off defiantly to the house with my letter, while I crept back to the schoolroom, and sobbed bitterly at the tyranny I was suffering from this hateful woman.

Well, it would soon be over now—that was a comfort. I would tell Mr. Rayner all I had seen on Tuesday night, and about the cart Laurence had met outside—perhaps I would not mention it was Laurence who saw it—and about Parke's wishing to avoid me at Denham Court. I should not dare to suggest to Mr. Rayner any doubt about Gordon, who seemed to be in some way a personal friend of his. But now, with all my thoughts turned to jewels and jewel-robberies, I could not help thinking again about that strange disappearance of my own pendant while I was staying at Denham Court, and its restoration by this man. Then his treating Tom Parkes as a stranger at Denham Court, when I had seen them together one night at the Alders, seemed to me now rather a suspicious circumstances. I congratulated myself on having been so cautious in my letter to Laurence that Sarah would not learn much by reading it, and wondered when I could make an excuse to go to Beaconsburgh, to post one to him with my own hands. It seemed very hard to be cut off in this way from the relief of opening my heart to him; but it would be all right on the morrow, when Mr. Rayner came back—she would not dare to annoy me then.

But the next morning, to my great disappointment, I got another letter, saying he should not be back until Monday morning. I had written to him on Wednesday, and he had got my note. He said, as I mentioned that the weather was bad and the fogs had began to be thick, it would be better for Mrs. Rayner to leave the ground floor and sleep up-stairs.

"I expect you will have difficulty in persuading her to leave her own room," the letter went on; "but I am so anxious about her, for it seems to me she has looked paler than ever lately, and I feel so sure she be be better on a higher floor that I beg you dear Miss Christie, to use all your powers of persuasion to induce her to move. Tell her that it is only for a time, that she shall go back to her old room as soon as the weather is warmer again; tell her I wish it, tell her anything likely to affect her. I have great trust in your diplomatic powers, little madam; and I anticipate the happiest results from them in this instance. I have given Sarah orders by letter to prepare the big front spare-room.

I was delighted with this letter; it made me for the moment angry with Mrs. Rayner for her persistent ignoring of his kind feeling towards her. But, when I remembered her agony over her child on the night of Haidee's illness, and the settled melancholy I now knew how to detect under her cold demeanor, pity got the better of me again, and I was glad to have an opportunity at last of doing her some good. She was always supposed to be attached to her room on the ground floor, and Mr. Rayner wrote as if it would be difficult to persuade her to move. But I had two powerful weapons in her husbands loving letter and her affection for Haidee, and I resolved to use them well.

As I was dining alone, I was just wondering how I could get at her, when the opportunity presented itself as if at my wish,

"Mrs. Rayner feels well enough to have tea in here with you, miss, this afternoon," said Sarah.

That then would be my chance. But I reflected that I could not be very persuasive at teatime, subject to the chance of our common tyrant, Sarah, pouncing down upon us. I went out after dinner and sat, in spite of the damp, on the seat at my "nest" for a little while, trying to invent subtle plans for inveigling Mrs. Rayner in to the drawing room or the school room for an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete*. As I sat there, I heard some one coming along the path from the house. The trees between were not yet bare enough for me to see through; but, when the steps had gone by I crept through the branches, peeped out, and saw Sarah getting over the stile into the path which led to the high road. I ran indoors, asked Jane where Sarah was, and learnt that she had gone to Beaconsburgh to get some groceries; I had noticed a black bag in her hand.

I seemed to breathe more freely at once. Now was my time for seeing Mrs. Rayner, I was a little shy about going into the left wing without an invitation; she might be asleep, or she might not wish to be disturbed. I thought I would reconnoitre first. So I went into the garden with my knife and basket, as if to cut flowers, gathered a few China asters, and ventured round, past the drawing-room window, through the wet rank grass and the swampy earth, to the left wing. I had put on my goloshes, but they were not of much use, for I sank into pools that came over my shoes.

Still I went on, through an unwholesome mass of fallen and decaying leaves, to the dark yews and laurels that grew round Mrs. Rayner's window. I had never ventured here since the evening of my arrival, when I strayed this way in my explorations, and been startled by my first dim view of Mrs. Rayner's pale face at the window of what must be her room. Again I pushed aside the branches of the now almost leafless barberry-tree and looked for the second time at the gloomy window, overhung by an ivy-bush which now seemed to fall lower than ever. There was no face looking out this time; a broken gutter-pipe had caused the rain-water to form a sort of slough under the window, so that I could not go close to it; but went as near as I could, singing, and cutting off little branches of yew, as if not knowing where I had strayed. My ruse succeeded. Just as one of the branches I had pulled down towards me swung back into its place, Mrs. Rayner's white face, looking astonished and alarmed, appeared at the window. I smiled good morning to her, and made a show of offering her my flowers. I wanted her to open the window. This she seemed reluctant to do. But I stood my ground until at last she put a hesitating hand upon the fastening. When the window was just a few inches up, I said, opening upon a point where we had sympathy—

"Sarah has gone to Beaconsburgh. I saw her off. I hope she will be a very long time."

I was right. She had opened the window, which was a little above the level of my head, more confidently; and I saw that it was barred inside.

"Haidee is so much better to-day, Mrs. Rayner, I think she might come down stairs for a little while to-morrow into the dining-room, if we make a good fire there. She was asking to-day why you did not come up and see her, and I told her you were not well enough. She is very anxious about you."

"Give her my love," said Mrs. Rayner, with a faint smile. "I could not do her so much good as you have done." There was a plaintive expression of helplessness in these words that touched me. "Thank you, Miss Christie.

"I am so glad she is better," remarked I, venturing impulsively into the slough that I might stretch my hand up to the window-ledge. "I think it did her good to go up-stairs. The lower part of this house is damp, you know; Doctor Lowe said so."

She seemed to shrink back into herself a little at these words; however, she said—

"You have been very good to the child. It was best for her to go."

"Yes, I think it was. Don't you think that the mist from the marsh makes your room very cold this weather, Mrs. Rayner?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Bull Fight.

The Spanish Bull Fight has been often described, but [illegible] recollect ever having seen its [illegible] details shown up in clearer light than in the following description, which we take from Charles Dudley Warner's "Roundabout Journey":—

"The bull was in the ring. He was a noble animal, dun in color, handsomely marked, with flanks, powerful shoulders, high-bred head with dilating nostrils, large glaring eyes, and symmetrical polished horns. Armed to the hook of his neck was the variegated rosette, and blood trickled down his shoulders. He stood for a moment facing the nine thousand enemies who roared at him, and then dashed round the ring, head erect and lashing his tail, with blood and defiance in his eyes. The *chulos* sought cover, and the *picadores* stood still, awaiting his attention. After his first course the bull stood for a moment pawing the ground and bellowing, and then, catching sight of one of the weak, blindfolded horses, whose rider was urging him forward, he advanced to the attack, though not with any rush. As he came near, the *picador*, who was swaying clumsily on his horse,

MADE A THRUST AT THE BULL

with his spear and slightly turned his horse's head to the left. The horse stood still, and the bull inserted his horns under the animal's flank, slightly raising him from the ground. The footmen ran to the rescue with their distracting mantles, and the bull turned in pursuit of them. They nimbly skipped behind the shelters that are erected every few paces in the barrier, and the horse got away with his entrails trailing on the ground, his rider trying to spur him into a gallop. The crowd roared in great delight. The horse was good for sport as long as he could stand. (When the horse is not too weak to keep his feet, the wound is sewed up, that he may be gored again; for seeing the horses tortured is one of the chief delights of the ring.) After a brief interval, the bull was excited to attack another horse. This time the horse was lifted from the ground and thrown on his side, the man under him, and the bull drew back to give him a finishing stroke. The attendants again rushed in, distracted the attention of the bull, pulled the man from under the horse, got the horse up, lifted the *picador* to his feet (for encumbered as he was with armour and wadding he could not rise), and put him on the horse again. The bull, still full of fight

WHEELED ABOUT IN A RAGE

at losing his assailants, who had quickly stepped behind shelter, and advanced threateningly toward another horse. The *picador* walked his horse to meet him. The same clumsy manœuvres occurred as before. But this time the bull not only overthrew the horse, but gored him severely, and then attacked the prostrate rider. The footmen rushed in just in time to save the man from being tossed. The horse lay dead, and the man was carried out of the ring. It was considered by this time a lively fight, and the *picadores* were reinforced by two horsemen. The next horse assailed was gored so badly that, although he escaped he was in a shocking condition; and after his cruel rider had spurred him a couple of times around the ring, he collapsed. The bull continued raging about, stopping occasionally to gore and toss the dead horses or chase the aggravating *chulos* to cover, and then sullenly advancing and ripping open another of the blindfolded steeds. When the trumpet sounded, he had virtually cleared the ring, and roamed around, its master."

Wolves in Italy.

A horrible occurrence recently happened at a village near Sora, in the Province of Caserta. The village lies among the spurs of the Apennines, where the scenery is very wild, and wolves are still known to exist. Some women belonging to the village had gone out to get wood, when they were all surprised by three or four large wolves, whom famine had driven down from the mountains. Two of the women were attacked and thrown down by the savage animals. The others fled, crying for help, but were followed by one of the wolves, which had just seized a young girl by her dress when a wood-chopper appeared who had heard her cries. Then ensued a terrible struggle between the man and the wolf. The arm of the wood-cutter was torn, and although he wounded the animal with his axe it would have gone ill with him had not another wood-cutter arrived on the spot. The latter, with a well-aimed blow, dispatched the beast, and several companions having now assembled the party went in search of the missing women. They were found dead, terribly mangled and half eaten by the famished wolves, who took to flight on the approach of the searchers. One of the women was the mother of four children and the other was the mother of a girl of 16.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Canary Birds.

The canary is a most wonderful mimic of sounds, and will learn almost anything that is thrust upon his attention when young. He may acquire the chirp of a robin if he hears no other song, or he may be taught the air of a popular song. More than one canary has learned to whistle "Yankee Doodle." I have even known of a canary that could talk. Its owner got it when it was young and kept it where it could hear no other bird sing, and finally succeeded in teaching it to pronounce its own name, the name of its mistress and one or two other words. The German peasants take advantage of this faculty in teaching the young birds to sing. One plan is to place them in a large cage, partitioned so as to prevent its inmates from seeing each other; any fine singer, either a canary, a skylark or nightingale, is placed out of sight, but within hearing of the young canaries. After six months of this imprisonment the pupils, who have never seen their teacher, will have become perfect musicians. Another plan is to place the young ones in a room barely light for them to see to eat, where an instrument called a bird organ is played for an hour or more each day, in the hearing of the learners, who listen very attentively if they are not disturbed, and by practising the notes heard are soon able to sing them perfectly. Birds trained by this process become very proficient in the "water roll," the bell and flute notes and the various trills. After this course of training is completed the birds are separated. Each one is placed in a small cage, made by the peasants from fir wood and fastened together by pegs instead of nails. They remain in these narrow quarters until they cease to be merchandise and are finally domiciled in the homes, where they become the pets of the family. With the placing of the birds in these small cages begins the period in which large losses are almost certain to take place. Upon being separated the birds are attacked by "cage sickness," a sort of homesickness that silences many sweet young voices forever. Unlike many worse singers, the canary comes to America as a steerage passenger. The cages are piled up in divisions, so as to allow the attendants easy access between them to feed the birds and clean the cages. If proper care is devoted to food and cleanliness there may not be more than two or three birds lost out of a whole cargo. But if a heavy storm occurs the mortality may be something frightful to contemplate. The birds are attacked by genuine sea-sickness, as it is seen in man, and sometimes half of them die from it. About one hundred and fifty thousand birds are brought over every season.

An African Market.

Market days are generally held every four or eight days. The natives come a hundred miles to attend one of these big markets, and there are generally several thousand present, buying and selling. They bring their fowls most carefully packed in long wicker cages, fastened between two stout poles converging at each end. Eggs are usually carried in large, finely plaited baskets; indeed, some of the basket-work is so tightly made that it will hold water. The natives also sell fresh vegetables (pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and even a wild cabbage), bananas, plantains, pineapples, ground nuts, sugar-cane, maize, kola-nut, tobacco, and "kikwanga." Kikwanga needs a word of special mention, it is such an important article of consumption in the Congo *menu*. The root of the manioc, or cassada, a very ancient introduction from Brazil, is taken and pounded into a white pulp. This is left to soak for about twenty-four hours in running water (possibly to rid the substance of a certain acrid poison, attributed to the root), and it is then allowed to ferment. When worked up in a consistence of stiff dough it is divided into portions, and each portion is wrapped up in a large green leaf until wanted for cooking. Kikwango tastes and looks like sour dough, but it is to cut it into very thin slices, and eat these fried in butter, or, if butter be not procurable, in ground-nut oil, which is almost indistinguishable from the best olive oil. Sheep, goats and innumerable fowls are sold, and even at times, Muscovy ducks. The latter birds is another gift from rich America to needy Africa, and was introduced into the West Coast in common with maize, manioc, pineapples, sugar cane, ground-nuts, and many other useful alimentary additions to African diet by the Portuguese, to whom, in my opinion, Africa owes a deep debt of gratitude. Nor ought we to forget that it is to this enterprising people we owe the first knowledge of the tea plant, the orange, and the lime. An African market with so many commodities to sell, and so many eager sellers and buyers is a most animated scene. The din of voices may be heard afar off, and when you enter the great open square, where, under the shade of great trees, perhaps a thousand people are disposed in little chaffering groups round their heaps of wares, it is worse than the parrot-house in the Zoological Gardens. The women are the keenest traders. They haggle and scream and expostulate and chuckle aside over their bargains, while the hulking men lounge about in good humored listlessness, or squat in rows stolidly smoking. Although the strife of tongues is great few real quarrels occur. There is in most cases a chief of the market, perhaps an old Fetish man, who regulates all disputes, and who so heavily fines both litigants that all are chary of provoking his arbitration. This Babel lasts but one day, and then for the rest of the week the market place is void and desolate; only the old wicker baskets, baskets, banana-husks, corn-chucks, feathers, and egg-shells remain to witness the great assemblage that has taken place.

Testing Anchor and Chain Cables.

A movement is being made by the leading cable-chain and anchor manufactures of the United States to have a law enacted requiring a thorough test of these articles, with a view of better security to life and property on shipboard. We have read the text of the proposed act, and heartily endorse it, and hope it will be enacted. The ground tackle of all classes of vessels is a vital element to safety, and it is time its character should be established by reliable tests made under the eye of competent and sworn officials. Under the existing system everything is left to the integrity of the manufactures, and when a low grade of anchor and chain has been put upon the market by unprincipled men, and has found its way into vessels whose owners bought it because it was cheap. Such chain not only tends to increase risks to life and property, but, being in the market, is often purchased by owners who really are anxious to get a good article, yet, knowing nothing of the real merits of these articles, are badly imposed upon. No shipowner who is really desirous of obtaining a first-class article will object to the passage of such a law, which in its workings will guarantee him the best goods at the lowest price compatible with real merit. Besides, it will give a recognized character to American chain in all parts of the world, which it does not now possess officially.—*Nautical Gazette.*

We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is open to see heaven, and they who see it, are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels, like the background of Raphael's "Mother in Glory."

"I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "and I tell you that Christ was not a man. The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind that is not a human mind."

Good works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. None is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ he brings forth for Him.

PERSONALS.

The Oldest General—Zola, the Novelist—Mr. Vanderbilt—Speakers of the British House of Commons, etc., etc.

Queen Victoria's well-known objection to making poor men peers gave way in the case of Lord Tennyson. His eldest son is a clerk in a public office.

Mr. Magnin, Governor of the Bank of France, gave a grand reception lately at his official residence on the anniversary of the bank's foundation eighty-four years ago.

It having been asserted that the French General Schramm, 95, who lately died, was the oldest General, a Belgian paper says that Antwerp can produce one one year older, 96, who took part in the retreat from Moscow, and is still alive to enjoy life.

The *Lancet* thinks that Gen. Gordon owes his success to having a specially well-balanced mind, and being at the same time firm and sympathetic. "He is not one," says the editor, "who has any great love of leaning to what is called 'brilliancy' in exploit."

Apropos of the proposition to erect a memorial to Dickens, a correspondent of a London daily paper quotes a passage from the novelist's will which will probably prove fatal to the project: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country upon my published works."

Mr. Vanderbilt has been taking an inventory of his property and finds that it amounts to $201,000,000—a million more than the Duke of Westminster estate, which yields only $4,000,000 income. Mr. Vanderbilt's yields three times that amount. It is not this fact that Mr. Vanderbilt is so proud of, but because he earned every cent of his money by his own exertions at hard daily labor.

Feb. 29 was the anniversary of Rossini's birthday, who, of course, had a birthday only every four years, which made him ask a young lady who dined with him on Feb. 29, 1864, and whose nineteenth birthday was the day before, "Who is, in your opinion, younger—a man who celebrates his eighteenth anniversary or a young lady who celebrates her nineteenth birthday?" When she said the young man of the eighteenth anniversary, he replied, "Well, I am that young man, and consequently I am younger than you. You said so yourself."

Mr. Muntz, the senior member for Birmingham, who was one of those who congratulated Mr. Peel, on his elevation to the Speaker's chair, was present at the baptism of the latter when he was named Arthur Wellesley, after the Duke of Wellington, who was also present on the occasion in the capacity of godfather. This was in the year 1829, when Mr. Muntz was in his eighteenth year. Mr. Muntz's father (also M. P. for Birmingham) wore a beard when there was not another in the House of Commons, and was known throughout England as "the man who wore the beard."

Zola is thus described by M. Guy de Maupassant: "Zola is of average height, rather stout, and has a good-natured though obstinate look. His head, very much like those which are found in many of the old Italian paintings, without being handsome, shows great power and intelligence. His hair, cut short, stands upright on a well-developed brow; his nose is straight and cut square, as if by too sharp a stroke of a chisel; he wears a rather thick moustache, and the lower portion of his fat but energetic face is covered with a short beard cut close to the chin. He is short-sighted, and has dark and penetrating eyes, which seem to search you through and through, while a certain movement of the upper lip gives the mouth a peculiar and mocking appearance."

The New Speaker of the British House of Commons, Sir Arthur Peele, is 54 years of age. Sir Henry Brand, the outgoing Speaker, was 57 at the date of his elevation to the chair; so was Mr. Evelyn Denison. The veteran Lord Eversley, who has just completed his ninetieth year, had lived but forty-five years when the Commons chose him to preside over their debates. His immediate predecessor, Mr. Abercromby, had entered on his sixtieth year at the time of his election, being thus considerably older than the gentleman whom he virtually, if not theoretically displaced. Sir Charles Manner Sutton had been called to the chair at the age of 37, and retired into private life at the age of 55. Mr. Speaker Abbot was 44 when he entered on his high functions; Sir John Mittord, 52; Addington, 32. The case of Addington is worth noticing, for, though an incompetent Minister, he was allowed by his opponents to have proved an excellent Speaker. Macaulay thought that if Addington had remained in the chair long enough he would have left a reputation equal to that of Onslow himself. Grenville, on whose resignation Addington was elected, was but 28 when he quitted the chair. The Premier whose Cabinet he entered was just 30; one of his colleagues, the First Lord of the Admiralty, not 33. Arthur Onslow held the Speakership from his thirty-eight to his seventy-first year. An octogenarian Speaker it would probably be impossible to find in the whole list.

A New Form of Steel.

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, London, the Hadfield Steel Foundry Company showed specimens of steel castings and pieces of steel wholly without magnetic capacity, including axes and other tools carrying a fine cutting edge, which were the subjects of very great interest in those present, for these cast tools require no treatment of any kind when they come from the mould. They are very hard, but what is the more remarkable is that they are very tough at the same time. They require no hardening or tempering. The steel of these remarkable properties is made by thoroughly incorporating under Mr. Robert Hadfield's patent, from 7 to 12 per cent. of rich ferro-manganese, containing about 80 per cent of manganese. The applications of this remarkable metal are, it needs hardly be said, innumerable. Tools of almost every description can now go straight from foundry to grinding and finishing rooms, while for the numerous engineering purposes to which steel is applied, for strength, toughness, and hardness are now added.

Dogs' Attire.

In Paris, ladies dress their dogs in the most becoming fashion. Lily has paid a visit to Madame Ledouble, the famous dog modiste in the Palais Royal. All day long a series of pugs and smooth-haired terriers arrive at her salons to try on their garments and have their paletots fitted. As they have occasionally, like their owners, to await their turn, small mats and rugs are scattered ove the waxed floors, so that the little dogs may be comfortable while anticipating their interview with their modiste. They have several changes of dress in their wardrobes, which they wear according to the hour or the temperature of the day. When they take their morning walk in the Bois with their mistress, the "correct thing" is a paletot of dark blue cloth, warmly lined with red flannel and a military gorget coming high up under the leather collar, which is hung with bells. The monogram of the dog's mistress is no longer embroidered in one corner of the paletot. That is out of date—and why should a little dog be out of fashion? So mortifying, you know, when it sees other doggies carrying their monograms in the middle of the back, the "correct" place. To complete this morning toilet, a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder. On mild days the little creatures have "Excelsior" paletots in dark green cloth, lined with bright yellow silk, and embroidered in silk of the color of the lining. The monogram is worked in similar silk. The collar is black velvet, with gilt bell's pendent from it. On very cold days the paletot is sealskin, with handsome buttons, and the pampered little things wear fur collars mounted in silver. For travelling a tartan paletot is *derigeur*, with harness of red leather, having detachable reins. What do you think of it? How humiliitated the dogs must feel when they are first dressed up!

Uses of Paper.

A complete list of articles made of paper would be a very curious one, and almost every day it becomes more so. Among other exhibits at the Berlin Exhibition were paper buckets, "bronzes," urns, asphalt roofing, water cans, carpets, shirts, whole suits of clothes, jewellery, materials for garden walks, window curtains, lanterns and pocket handkerchiefs. The most striking of the many objects exhibited in this material was perhaps a fire-stove with a cheerful fire burning in it. We have from time to time noted the announcements of newly invented railway carriages and carriage wheels, chimney-pots, flour barrels, cottage walls, roofing tiles and bricks, and dies for stamping, all made of paper. A material capable of so many uses, so very diversified in character, is obviously destined to play a very important part in our manufacturing future. Articles of this kind, which have just now perhaps the greatest interest, and which are among the latest novelties in this way, are paper "blankets." Attention has frequently been called to the value of ordinary sheets of paper as a substitute for bed-clothes, or, at least, as an addition to bed-clothes. The idea seems to have suggested the fabrication of "blankets" from this cheap material, and if all that is said of them is true, they ought to be extensively used. For the extremely indigent they should be a great boon, and it is in their favor, perhaps, that they can not, of course, be so durable as ordinary woollen or cotton goods. The bedding of many of the poor cannot but be productive of much sickness and disease, and a very cheap material, that will last only a comparatively short time, must be better than durable article that are rarely or never washed. The value of an introduction of this kind for charitable purposes, just at the commencement of a cold season, may be considered to take these new blankets rather out of the ordinary list of goods on the market, and to justify a special reference to them.—*London Globe.*

The Thorn in the Flesh of Alsatia.

One instance of the small annoyances to which the French residents of Mulhouse are subject is a trifling one, yet sufficient to irritate. Eight months after the annexation, orders were sent round to the pastors and clergy generally to offer up prayers for the Emperor William every Sunday. The order was obeyed, for refusal would have been assuredly followed by dismissal, but the prayer is ungraciously performed. The French pastors invoke the blessing of heaven on "*l'Empereur qui nous gouverne.*" The pastors who perform the service in Germany pray not for "our Emperor," as is the apparently loyal fashion in the Fatherland, but for "the Emperor." These things are trifling grievances, but on the other hand the Prussians have theirs also. Not even the officials of the highest rank are received into any kind of society whatever. Mulhouse possesses a charming zoological garden, free to subscribers only, who have to be balloted for. Not a single Prussian has ever been able to obtain access to this garden. Even the very poorest contrive to show their intense patriotism. It is the rule of the German Government to give 25 marks to any poor woman giving birth to twins. The wife of a French workman during my sojourn at Mulhouse had three sons at a birth, but though in very poor circumstances refused to claim the donation. "My sons shall never be Prussians," she said, "and that gift would make them so."

Lightning Rods.

Prof. Mohn of Caristiana, Norway, having been employed by the Government to investigate the efficacy of the protection afforded to buildings by lightning rods, seems to have substantially settled the much debated question, at least for that region of country. His report shows that lighthouses, telegraph stations, and other exposed buildings, which were provided with conductors, did not by far suffer as much as churches, which in most cases were unprotected. It appears, in fact, that of about 100 churches reported to have been struck by lightning, only three were provided with conductors; that of these three the first had a conductor in good order, and the building was uninjured; the second had a conductor of zinc wire, which melted, and, of course, left the structure without protection; the third had a wire which was rusty where it joined the earth, and the church was burned. More than one-half the number of churches struck were totally destroyed. Mr. Preece, the English electrician, states that no damage has occurred since telegraph poles were earth wired.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

We write our blessings on the water, but afflictions on the rocks.

Godliness consists not in a heart to *intend* to do the will of God, but in a heart to do it.

Christ descends by his spirit into the heart—a change without succeeds the change within.

In every man there is a loneliness, an inner chamber of peculiar life, into which God only can enter.

All along the pathway of life are tomb stones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for heaven.

The whole linen that robes the saint, the raiment meet for thy soul, and approved of God, was woven upon the Cross.

The serene silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence of the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.

Though there be much of mystery, it is not for us to question the propriety of God's ways, but rather say, "He doeth all things well."

To pray against temptations and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and pray they might not be burnt.

Of all the anguish in the world, there is nothing like this—The sense of God without the sense of nearness to Him.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

God's ear is ever close to our lips. It touches them. It is always listening. Thoughts speak to it as loudly as words. Suffering even louder than words. The ear of Divine attention is never taken away. We sigh into it even when we sleep and dream.

We can become familiar with a landscape; we know where to find the waterfall, and the shady ledge where the violets grow in spring; but we can never tell where we shall come upon the shady dell, or where the fountains will gush and the birds sing—that is with God.

The Chinese Emperor.

The present Chinese emperor is a lad thirteen years of age. He lives in a state of semi-seclusion in the Palace of Jan-Chien-Tien, where he is waited on by a staff of picked retainers, who never approach him otherwise than on their knees. His mother visits him once a month, and she kneels while uttering her first sentence. Considering the extraordinary respect in which parents are held in China, no more complete recognition of the transcendental character of the imperial dignity can be imagined. His father goes through exactly the same ceremony. The emperor devotes two hours and a half daily to the study of Chinese, and the same time to Manchu. It is needless to say that the professors approach him on their knees; but to remark the respect to letters which Chinese traditions exact even from the emperor, he invites, or rather commands, them to rise when the lesson begins. He passes two hours each day in riding and archery, and in winter he takes sledging exercise. Eight eunuchs wait upon him at table, and have orders to prevent his partaking too freely of any of his favorite dishes, as boys, even though they be emperors, will sometimes do. He sleeps in a magnificent Ningpo bed, the frame of which is of massive gold and ivory, and which belonged to his distinguished ancestors, K'ang-Hsi and Ch'ien Lung.

A Discovery in Relation to Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur, of Paris, recently made an interesting communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences in relation to canine madness. His experiments had shown him that an injection in the region of the skull of the virus of *rabies* always produced the malady in an acute form, but an injection in the veins only occasionally had acute results, being often followed by chronic affections only, without barking or ferocity. If a dog were inoculated with fragments of marrow or of nerve taken from a mad dog, the disease would be communicated. M. Pasteur further stated that he had rendered twenty dogs proof against the disease by inoculating them with other virus than the virus of *rabies*. Fowls and pigeons injected with the latter became affected, but soon recovered spontaneously.—*London Standard.*

Evils of Speculation.

Four years ago the United States sent 75 per cent. of all the wheat and flour that England required. This per centage has progressively decreased, till it has sunk to 46. The fact is not explicable by any decrease in the British demand, that demand being greater than ever before. American writers explain the fact by saying that speculation has sent up prices in the States to a height which made exportation impossible. In this way is speculation, in the shape of corners and futures, injuring the interests of the United States. The importing country buys in the best market, and when speculators send up American wheat to fancy prices, foreign buyers decline to give those prices and purchase elsewhere.

The English Marriage Law.

The absurdity of the existing English marriage law is well illustrated, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by a piece of persecution about which a question was asked in the House of Commons a few days ago. A parishioner at Epping and his wife were refused the Holy Communion by the vicar on the ground that the woman was the man's deceased wife's sister. The husband was 32, and the wife 77, and they had been married fifty years; but Dr. Claughton, the Bishop of the diocese, apparently held that they both came within the definition of "notorious evil livers," and sustained the vicar in his action. The Attorney-General, however, has now pointed out that the marriage, having been contracted before Lord Lyndhurst's act, is strictly valid, and the vicar has been advised by the Bishop that the two parishioners "cannot legally be repelled from the Holy Communion." "Had this view of the law been present to my mind," adds Dr. Claughton in a letter to the parishioners, "I should have been spared the pain—no less to myself than to yourselves—of ordering the said repulse."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, APRIL 3, 1884.

——PRINCE LEOPOLD, youngest son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and known as the Duke of Albany, died suddenly at Cannes on Friday morning last, as he was on his way to Darmstadt to attend the wedding of his neice, Princess Victoria of Hesse. He was married about two years ago, and leaves a widow and child. He was about 31 years of age.

——THE case in which the wife of Dr. T. A. Kingston, of Jerseyville, Illinois, appears demanding damages from saloon keepers for having reduced him to a state of habitual drunkenness and poverty, will be watched with interest by all interested in either side of the question. Whether the whisky-soaked doctor or the legalized venders of the whisky are responsible, will be of great moment to hundreds and thousands of other suffering women all over the "civilized" world.

——THAT the high social classes of England endorse the petition for reinstatement to his old rank in the British army of Baker Pasha, formerly Colonel Baker, is not very creditable to the high social classes aforesaid. The man who made the brutal assault on a defenceless woman, the only occupant of the railway carriage in which the high social class ruffian was travelling, is doing very well as an officer of the Egyptian army, altogether too well for his just deserts.

——THE *Globe* (grit) quotes from the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW as a Tory paper. The *Intelligencer* (tory) quotes the REVIEW as an Independent. The *World* (independent) quotes the REVIEW as a Grit. THE REVIEW is perfectly satisfied with the conclusions arrived at by our able contemporaries, and we beg to congratulate them all on making out such a satisfactory case for themselves. "J. P.," whose letter appears in another column, looks at us through the same kind of spectacles—highly colored to agree with his private feelings, and not with the matter as it really is. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

——It appears to be a settled fact that the wasted water power of Niagara Falls is to be economized in a practical manner. The project for using a portion of the water power to transmit electricity, from great batteries located at the falls, to sixty-five of the neighboring towns and cities, for the purpose of furnishing them with electric light, is to be prosecuted in earnest. The world is becoming so accustomed to great surprises in this latter portion of the Nineteenth Century that people have ceased to ask in wonderment, "What Next?" There are many who have serious doubts as to the perfect domestication of this naturally wild and irresponsible inhabitant of the upper air; and they at least would not be surprised should electricity kick over the traces some day in a manner that would more than astonish the present founders of the carbed monster. Its true nature and habits are very imperfectly understood by its would-be tamers.

A Bad Son.

On Monday last, says the Napanee *Express*, David Ira Hartman of Ernesttown was before Mr. Chas. James, J.P., charged by his father, David Hartman, with forging his (the father's) name to an instrument bearing date 2nd of April, 1883, conveying the family homestead, n ½ lot 32, 4th concession Ernesttown, to himself, on payment of $1 and an annuity of $40 per annum to the old gentleman. The deed was put in as evidence along with some other papers bearing the old man's genuine signature. The writing was very similar in both. The prisoner, in defence, submitted a receipt for the first $40 annuity bearing the alleged signature of the father. The father positive denied ever having signed either the deed or the receipt. We understand the matter has been settled by the son conveying back the property to the old man, which is an acknowledgment of his guilt. If this be true, is it in the interest of justice that the proceedings should be allowed to drop?

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

River driving will soon commence.

Stirling is to have an elocution class.

There will be no flood on the Moira this spring.

The Saved Army are to attack Campbellford.

The body of a full grown infant has been found in the bay at Picton.

A scheme is being agitated for building a railway from Picton to Deseronto.

Hop poles are being shipped by the Grand Junction to Rathbun at Deseronto.

The Salvation Army has made 270 converts in Peterborough, and the battle still continues.

A body supposed to be that of the late Mrs. Moynes floated down the river at Belleville on Tuesday.

Some boy thieves recently arrested at Kingston, being too young for imprisonment, were punished by whipping.

Wilson's hotel, Peterborough, was undermined by the floods last week and partially fell, doing considerable damage.

On the night of the 24th ult. the streets of Deseronto were successfuly lighted by gas produced from sawdust.

An explosion occurred Saturday in Corby's distillery, Corbyville, by which W. Taylor and A. Bradshaw were severely burned.

Frank Taylor, who absconded from Belleville with a registered letter belonging to the Merchants Bank, was a preacher's son.

The Belleville Home of the Friendless has been placed on the list of institutions receiving aid from the Provincial Government.

Work was resumed on the N., T. & Q. R'y on Monday. Track-laying and ballasting will now be pushed with vigor all along the line.

The equivalent of over 12,000 cords of wood has gone into the sinkhole on the N., T. & Q. railway. The contractor thinks he will be able to overcome it.

A party of 120 boys left Glasgow for Canada via Halifax on the 28th of March, and will arrive at the Marchmont Home, Belleville, early in April.

The hay fork swindlers are working round Napanee. We would advise farmers to have nothing to do with these agents of whom they know nothing about.

A young man named Robert Stewart, an employee of Mr. P. McLaren, while felling trees near the Mississippi Station on the 19th ult., was killed by a falling tree.

During a dispute a young man, son of Mr. Emlaw of Campbellford, struck his father a heavy blow on the head with his (the father's) walking stick. A nice son, truly.

Tenders are being received for the construction of station houses along the line of the O. & Q. Railway. The line is to be in running order by the first of June.

The back lakes of Frontenac County being considered suitable for the growth of salmon trout and whitefish, will be supplied with fry from Newcastle and Sandwich hatcheries in the spring.

J. H. Bradley, a phoptographer, has been mulcted in $200 at the Perth assizes for decorating the rejected protographs of a Miss Horner with a moustache, eye-glasses, and a cigar, and hanging them in his windows.

There is residing near Sharbot Lake a man who has been much married and raised a numerous family. His present is his fourth wife, his children number 39, his grandchildren 69, and his great grandchildren 9.

J. Dourley, an Ottawa hotelkeeper, was robbed of $70 in Belleville Friday night. P. Hart's house was entered and a silver watch stolen; A. Frederick's and C. Bell's houses were visited, but nothing of much value secured.

A rather unusual event in the animal kingdom happened on the farm of Mr. Chas. Merrow, Frankford road, a short time since, when a cow belonging to that gentleman dropped three calves. Triplets are a decided rarity.

The K. & P. R'y Company are pushing the construction of the branch to the Zanesville iron mine, and the Superintendent said they would be drawing ore from there by the 1st of June. The branch is four miles long. Great heaps of ore await shipment. The mine is very valuable and the ore takes precedence over that shipped from any other mine in this locality.

ꝛꝛ. You can get the Burdock Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P.O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

License District of N. Hastings.

A MEETING of the Board of License Commissioners will be held in the Town Hall, in the Village of Madoc, on

Wednesday, 23rd of April, 1884,

at the hour of 10 o'clock, a.m.,

For the purpose of granting Tavern and Shop Licenses for the ensuing year. Applicants for Tavern licenses who are not licensees for the current year are John Christie, for his house at Thanet; James Best, for a house at Keller's Bridge, in the township of Madoc; J. Green, for a house at Maynooth, known as Green Hotel; George Gordon, for a house in the township of Limerick, known as Bain's formerly; T. I. Peria, for a house at Bancroft in the township of Faraday; Wm. Greenfield for a house at Bancroft. 26 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses were issued for the current year. Applications have been made for 28 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses for the ensuing year.

Dated at Madoc this 1st day of April, 1884.

E. MOUNCEY,
362-3w Inspector.

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the MADOC HOUSE, in the

Village of Madoc,

—ON—

FRIDAY, 18TH APRIL 1884,

at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the following lands and premises, namely: The south half of lot number 7 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

The place is about 1½ miles from the Village of Madoc. About 30 acres cleared. A log house, and a log barn are erected upon the premises.

For terms of payment and further particulars, apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
Vendor's Solicitor,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Madoc, March 29th, 1884. 362-3

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC., PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yeomen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

Latest Local News.

—Village Council on Monday next.

—New maple sugar has made its appearance.

—Mr. C. J. Pusey was in the village this week.

—Township Council meets the 2nd Monday in April.

—Good Friday, April 11th; Easter Sunday, April 13th.

—Faraday correspondence is crowded out of this issue.

—The Midland is again contemplating a new time table.

—The 24th of May (Queen's Birthday), falls on Saturday this year.

—A. F. Wood, M.P.P., returned from his legislative labors at Toronto last week.

—Eggs are coming down in price as butter is going up. The latter is a scarce article in this village.

—Dust was flying on the streets of this village on Tuesday, but it had to give way to snow yesterday.

—Among the County Court cases to be tried this week in Belleville is that of Simon Barnum of this village, against C. J. Pusey.

—Cannot we have a proper celebration of the 24th of May in Madoc this year? Let some of our young men take the matter in hand.

—The village assessors, Messrs. Caverly and Maybee, completed their labors last week. We understand the assessment of the village will be about the same as last year.

—John Bell, Q. C., solicitor to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, was married in St. Thomas church, Belleville, to Miss Stewart, daughter of Dr. R. Stewart, of that city.

—The united Bay of Quinte Methodist Conference will be held in Napanee on the 20th of June. It will consist of about 185 ministers and about the same number of laymen.

—Mr. D. I. G. Wishart, son of Rev. D. Wishart, of this village, is home for his vacation. He has been very successful in his studies at McGill Medical College, Montreal.

—Our readers will please bear in mind the public examinations in the Madoc Model School next week. Let there be a praiseworthy interest manifested in the same by a large attendance of friends.

—We notice that Mr. F. E. O'Flynn, B.A., enlivened a banquet of the law society of Belleville last week with a number of songs. Mr. O'F. also replied to the toast of "The Dominion."

—Some of the bicycles for the club about to be organized in this village, have already been ordered. Among those who are getting these airy steeds are Messrs. H. H. O'Flynn, Isaac Geary, John Weir, W. J. Sargent, H. Aylsworth, and others who are yet undecided.

—Some person imparts the knowledge that a towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

—The two numbers of Picturesque Canada delivered in this village last week, contains engravings of the Madoc mines and Madoc. Two pictures of the Seymour mine are really natural and well executed, but the general view of the village is a disgraceful libel on our pretty town. The artist must have engraved it after a night of dissipation in New York.

To Test the Scott Act.

The Dominion Alliance think the country is safe for temperance legislation, and it is proposed to have voting upon the Scott Act in every county in Ontario. The agitation has already commenced in Prince Edward, Northumberland, and Lennox and Addington Counties, and it is said Hastings is soon to follow.

Railway Extension.

The charter for the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway has, by a bill passed through the Dominion Parliament, been amended giving the company authority to build their road north-west and preparations are now being made to extend the road to connect with the Ontario & Quebec Railway at Bogert and thence to Eldorado, on the Central Ontario Railway.

Liquor Licenses.

The *Intelligencer* says a meeting of the License Commissioners under the Dominion Act was held at the Court House in the city on the 26th, for the purpose of considering applications, of which there were 99 in all. There was a large attendance of applicants, and the public were well represented, the meeting being open to all who chose to attend. Ninety-three of the applications were favorably considered, and six, for shop licenses in Trenton and Madoc, were withheld for information as to the census of those places.

Death at Robertsville.

We have received a copy of the *Daily Whig*, Kingston, with the following item marked.—"It is with much regret that we note the death of one of our most respected friends, Mr. James Murray, of Bedford, who died here on Wednesday. He was much respected by all who knew him, and in the position he held as night foreman of the mine, he gained many friends who will regret to hear of his death after an illness of 22 days, attended with great suffering. He was held in high estimation by his employers (the Roberts' Iron Company), who thought him perfectly capable of performing all the duties as an experienced miner entrusted to his charge. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to all friends and relatives.—COR."

Marble in Wollaston.

Mr. H. T. Miller, Township Clerk of Wollaston, brought to town lately a portion of the core of the diamond drill at the Coe iron mine in Wollaston. Professor Bell, to whom it was shown pronounced the material—which overlies the iron ore—to be a dark gray massive crystalline limestone or marble, which would be excellent for building purposes or would burn into first class lime.—*Intelligencer.*

Don't fail to hear him.

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, Rev. Dr. Rice, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, will deliver an address on Educational Matters in the Methodist Church of Canada in this place. The Dr's name, reputation and position in the Methodist family will doubtless secure for him a crowded house. All are invited. No admission fee at the door; but a good 'silver collection' expected.

A Valuable Gift.

The Travellers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., whose graceful tribute to the American press, the engraving of the "Representative Journals and Journalists of America," was last year given such wide distribution, are now giving further proof of their artistic enterprise. This time they have brought out a special edition for the press, of the official engraving of the colossal French Statute of Liberty, as it will appear on the gigantic pedestal now being erected for its reception in New York harbor, above whose waters it will next year raise its flaming torch to more than double the height of Niagara Falls. This office has received a copy of this interesting work with the compliments of the "Travellers," to whom acknowledgements are hereby tendered.

Attempted Outrage.

A correspondent writing from Malone to the *Intelligencer* says: "Between the hours of one and two on the morning of the 15th Benjamin Hobson and an unknown man entered the house of Charles King, whom they took out of bed and choked. The unknown man attempted to outrage Mrs. King, but did not succeed in his dastardly purpose, as Mrs. King managed to get away from the ruffin. She was badly bruised and her night dress was torn to pieces. She ran to the house of Mr. Mckenzie barefooted and with nothing on but the remnants of her night dress. The rowdies followed her and Mr. McKenzie procured his gun. His threats to shoot them caused them to leave very hurriedly. A warrant has been issued for Hobson who, it is to be hoped, will be arrested and properly punished."

Spreading.

The firm of J. & J. White, of the Madoc Agricultural Works, are working up a fine business in this place. Since Mr. James White came into the management of the concern a vast quantity of new and improved machinery has been added, first class workmen have been employed, and the quality of the work turned out much improved. As a consequence both the firm and the village are reaping the benefit—the firm by the spreading of their patronage over the whole county, and the village by their large outlay for wages to residents, their pay list now amounting to about $500 per month. From what we have heard we believe they are manufacturing as good machinery and implements for farmers' use as can be imported, and this being the case they deserve the home patronage in preference to outside companies. See their new adv't in these columns.

Important Law Suit Settled.

At the spring sittings of the Court of Chancery in Belleville last week, the case of Jenkins vs. the Central Ontario Railway was settled. The action was by plaintiff to restrain the defendants from expropriating lands owned by the plaintiff in the township of Wollaston, for station purposes, alleging that the defendants, under cover of the Railway Act, were endeavoring to obtain at a nominal value a valuable iron mine upon the plaintiff's property. After a few witnesses had been examined the defendants agreed to settle and run their road around the mine, providing an engineer could find a route. The case was laid over until an engineer went out to Wollaston and made an examination. He reported that the road could be built without interfering with the mine, and the Company agreeing to do this the case was settled, each party paying their own costs.

School Examinations.

In order to obviate the expense which would be caused by the duplicating of examinations, the County Board of Examiners has decided to require all candidates for *District* Third Class Certificates to take the regular Third Class Examination (in July) on the subjects of Reading, Spelling and Etymology, Grammar and Composition, History, Geography, Arithmetic and Mensuration, and Literature (*Gray's Elegy* and *Goldsmith's Traveller*). This change will make no real difference in the standard for District Third Class Certificates, except in Literature, the *Elegy* and the *Traveller* being substituted for the *Fourth Reader*. The answers of the candidates will, of course, be read and valued by the Board which will, at the examination, decide what percentage of marks must be obtained by successful candidates. The answers of candidates for *County* Third Class Certificates will, as heretofore, be read in Toronto.

Obituary.

Rev. W. W. Ross, one of the most popular and prominent ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada, died at his residence in Ingersoll on Friday last. The deceased was a son of Daniel Ross, Esq., and brother of the Messrs. Ross, of this village, and was well known to most of our residents. He was a pulpit orator of more than ordinary ability, and had been appointed to some of the most important circuits in Western Canada. Some years ago, owing to his failing health, he was appointed agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society, but of late years he has again been doing his regular ministerial work. His loss will be felt both in the Church to which he was converted, and to which he gave the best years of his life, as well as to a large circle of friends to whom he was beloved. He leaves a widow and four children. We beg to add our sympathy with the bereaved friends.

☞ To BLACKSMITHS.—No 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at J. DEAN & SON'S. ☜

The "Dead Beat" Must Go.

The Campbellford *Herald* last week warns its readers against the wiles of a swindler named Murphy who had left that place forgetting to pay debts to the extent of about $200. This is right. If the country press generally would only make a systematic war against the dead beats and swindlers that infest every community, they would soon either starve them out or compel them to become honest men. By "dead beats" we mean all who neglect to pay their just debts, from a subscription to their newspaper to a large store account, and who do not even scruple to evade the judgment of a Court by "not owning" property. Respectable, hard working and honest people have had to keep this class living too long, and as there appears to be no law to reach them, let the press take them in hand. We have a large list on the books of the REVIEW now who will hear from us through these columns shortly if our civil requests for a settlement of long overdue accounts are not answered.

☞ The new Blood Purifier, "Fountain of Health," one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

The Benefits of Advertising.

We have it frequently said to us by business men that they cannot see any results from advertising. We could mention instances in nearly every issue of the REVIEW where business has been done through this medium, and we could give the names of merchants in this village who in our presence have acknowledged selling goods solely through having advertised them through our columns. Last week a gentleman living a few miles from this village advertised coolie pups for sale, with instructions to apply at this office. The large number we have directed to him since then is an evidence of the value of his outlay in advertising, enquiries having come all the way from Belleville. Mr. M. G. Easton of the Glen Lewis Mills, came into our office last week and voluntarily informed us that his advertisement which has been running through our columns for some weeks has been worth hundreds of dollars to his business, as he proved to his own satisfaction by the new customers who came to give him a trial, through "seeing his advertisement in the paper." We guarantee that every man, woman and child who reads the REVIEW knows exactly who advertises in it, and we know that outside of some regular custom which every business man must have, they give the advertisers the largest preference in the course of the year. It pays to advertise.

☞ Easter Cards and Birthday Cards just received at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

The April Century.

Five profusely illustrated articles and a biographical paper with two portraits lend unusual pictorial interest to the April number. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Sidney Lanier at the age of fifteen, and with the text of Dr. William Hayes Ward's essay on "Sidney Lanier, Poet," is also printed of the poet in mature age. In their order the illustrated articles are: An interesting account, by E. V. Smalley, of the memories which cluster about "The White House," and the life of the Chief Magistrate's domicile; "Notes on the Exile of Dante," "The New York City Hall," "Among the Magdalen Islands," "The Cruise of *Alice May*," "Progress in Fish-Culture." An interesting travel article, without pictures, is Miss Gordon-Cumming's description of "New Zealand in Blooming December." Foremost among the unillustrated papers, in point of general interest, is George Alfred Townsend's account of "How Wilkes Booth crossed the Potomac," "Uncle Tom without a Cabin," and "The Destiny of the Universe." The poems are contributed by John Vance Cheney, Alfred B. Street, William Preston Johnston, R. T. W. Duke, jr., Robert Underwood Johnson, and, in "Bric-a-Brac," Walter Learned, Stanley Wood, Joel Benton, Frank Dempster Sherman, and others. "Topics of the Time" treats of a variety of interesting questions; on the whole it is a first class number.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any other disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES, with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound* or *ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

☞ Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 20	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 02	to	1 07
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 57
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 80
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Sheepskins,	0 70	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

1858—ESTABLISHED—1858

—o—

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

—o—

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

AGRICULTURAL.

Irrigation.

Irrigation is no new matter in British India. It has been practiced from time immemorable, and the entire country is dotted with tanks, many of which are of enormous size, that have been constructed for storing water for this purpose, this plan is necessary not, as might be supposed, on account of rain, but because the fall is confined to a few months of the year, and usually comes in the form of a deluge. For example, the rainfall during a period of four months on the west slope of the Neilgherries is about 400 inches, and on the mountains east of Calcutta 600 inches high and even more. In the Carnatic, the region south and west of Madras, there are only about 40 inches altogether. This falls principally in heavy bursts, often ten or twelve inches in a night, thus giving half a year's supply in two showers. In the Madras Presidency alone there are 40,000 tanks for the storage of water, many of which are magnificent works from ten to twenty-five miles in circumference and from ten to sixty feet deep. One of the reservoirs will contain the enormous quantity of 100,000,000 cubic yards of water. Besides these tanks there are many old irrigating canals leading off from the rivers. These are supplied by noble weirs built of immense stones across the streams, by ingenious construction of which, by the natives, has shown the British authorities the best way of doing similar work on a much larger scale across some of the largest rivers in India. For many years the Indian government has been engaged in the improvement of the ancient irrigating works and in perfecting new systems. In the Tanjore district alone the returns of the government from this policy have been enormous, the revenue having increased £350,000 a year upon an expenditure of £400 000. The system has been extended to a very considerable extent in various other parts of India, and all the belts of land, comprising many millions of acres, which have been reached by this grand system of irrigation now present a marked contrast to the immense tracts of arid waste which met the eye of the traveller a few years ago, compelling even the haters of English rule to acknowledge that no such benefit was ever bestowed upon India before. An idea of the magnitude of an irrigating canal which is needed to water a million acres may be found when it is understood that such a waterway must be two hundred yards broad and three yards deep, flowing one-and-a-half miles an hour, and capable of floating large steamers conveying millions of tons per annum. In the gradual and systematic prosecution of this vast work of irrigation Great Britain is conferring enormous benefits upon the people of India, not only providing against future years of famine, but rendering the so fruitful that it will be na marvel in a few years if it should produce a large surplus of wheat and other cereals for foreign nations. —*Bradstreet.*

Forests and Their Effects Upon Floods.

The *Northwestern Lumberman* assails a quite generally accepted theory in the following vigorous manner:—

"We would like to have the individuals who are clamoring for government interferance for the prevention of floods, answer the following question. If the denudation of forest lands on the upper Ohio and tributaries was the cause of the flood last year and the disastrous overflow now prevailing, what is the cause of the rise in the Arkansas, St. Francis and Red Rivers of the South, all of which are now booming? Do those afflicted with the denudation craze know that the rivers mentioned flow mostly through densely wooded districts? The writer was lately in the forests of the Yazoo delta, miles from human habitation. At the time it had been raining like a deluge for days, The ravines and gullies were carrying great volumes of water into the bayous and rivers. Did the heavy growth of timber, the mosses and interlacing roots stop the cutflow? Not any worth mentioning. Water falling on the surface of the earth will seek a lower level, whether it is overshadowed by trees or not. Floods occured hundreds of years ago, the same as they do now. Men talk as if there never was a flood in the Ohio or Mississippi until 1882 and 1883. One of the biggest rises known to white men in the Ohio was in 1832, when it and its tributaries still flowed through the almost unbroken primeval forest. If the question were thoroughly looked looked up in its far reaching historical features, it would be discovered that never in the annals of this country was there a more idiotic, baseless conclusion than that now prevailing in the popular mind about the denudation of forest land causing recent floods in the great rivers."

Farm Topics.

CABBAGES makes a valuable food for poultry, as it contains a large per cent, of phosphoric acid. It is all the more valuable, because where cabbages are kept in the cellar or used in Winter there is always a supply of green food for the fowls.

LOOK TO THE PIG-PEN.—As a rule less attention is given to the pig pen than the stable, and the swine which are kept constantly in confined quarters are much more liable to become diseased when neglected than any other live-stock. Clean quarters for pigs will well repay their owner.

AN AVERAGE Cow for dairy purposes, should give twenty pounds of milk per day during 200 days of every year, eight pounds of cream for every 100 pounds of milk, forty-five pounds of butter for every 100 pounds of cream, and fully ten pounds of cheese from every 100 pounds of milk.

RABBITS OR HARES. — There are some anatomical differences, especially in the bones of the head, between rabbits and hares. There is a marked difference in their habits. The rabbits live in burrows, while hares never make holes. When pursued, they may sometimes take refuge in a chance hole, but they never dig. All our so-called rabbits are hares.

TOP-DRESSING ORCHARDS. — Cultivators are becoming more and more satisfied of the value of common manure for bearing orchards. Those which have been regularly top-dressed have borne much better the past sorroe season than neglected orchards. The owner of an orchard of six acres, in a region where not one-tenth of a crop was raised the past season, sold over $300 worth of fruit from it. He has regularly top-dressed it for several years, and two sheep to each tree have picked up the fallen fruit infested with the codling worm.—*Country Gentleman.*

CUTTINGS FOR SPRING.—Much difficulty is often experienced by farmers in making cuttings of grape and other wood when planted in cold soil in the Spring. The trouble partly arises from the fact that air is much warmer than the soil, which starts the bud before root action commences. If cuttings are placed with their base ends in dry soil in the cellar bottom, the base will callous and be ready to emit roots as soon as planted. Market gardeners make every cutting live by furnishing bottom heat which simply means keeping the soil in which the cutting is planted warmer than the bud, which is exposed to air.

GRAFTING-WAX.—Last Spring, after considerable trouble, this recipe was obtained for grafting-wax and as it has proved satisfactory it is given for the benefit of others. Take 1 lb. of resin, ½ lb. of beeswax, and a little less than ½ lb. of tallow. Melt together in a small iron kettle, and stir thoroughly that the ingredients may be well mixed. Pour into a dish of cold water, and when cool, break into three or four pieces, and pull like molasses candy until white and fine-grained. When the whole is properly worked, divide into eight pieces, form into rolls six inches long, and wrap in oiled paper. To clean the kettle, rub it while yet hot with a teaspoonful of lard or tallow, and wash out with soap and warm water; repeat this, and rinse, and t will be as clean as ever.—*O. A. O., in Country Gentleman.*

CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR SUPERPHOSPHATE. —A farmer who has under his stable of eighteen cows a liquid manure-vat — which, he tells the Vermont *Watchman* "did not cost over $10"—pumped from it last year and discharged directly upon the land 55 loads of 120 gallons each, "at small cost of time and strength," and judging from the crops he believes it to have done more good than a ton of the best superphosphate. The significant result thus reported gives three loads or 360 gallons from each cow, or one gallon a day. It would have taken twenty pounds of sand to absorb or hold in suspension each gallon, or 66 tons to absorb the 55 loads, making the additional labor of drawing the sand to the barn and from the stable to the field if such an absorbent was used, and the agency of rain would be needed to wash the urine from the sand to the earth and to the roots of plants.

SORGHUM.—There is more than one source of profit in the growing of sorghum. While the syrup is the principal object aimed at, the leaves afford a very fair fodder if fed green to animals; the only trouble seems to be that it is a little harsh, and would tend to make the animals' mouths sore if compelled to eat it for any length of time continuously. The chief additional value comes from the seed; this is produced in considerable quantities, and its value as a food is variously esteemed by different individuals. By some it is considered fully equivalent to the same quantity of oats; others value it equal to corn, and some consider the value of the seed sufficient to compensate for all the culture. It is ground and fed in connection with meal to hogs, horses, or cattle. A trial of it as a food for the family has been made, and when ground and bolted is said to be superior to buckwheat.

The New Forth Bridge.

The most interesting structure at present in progress, says *Engineering*, is the Forth Bridge, the largest ever undertaken. It will consist of two spans of 1,700 feet, two of 675 feet, fourteen of 168 feet, and six of 50, with a clear headway for navigation of 150 feet above high water of spring tides. The two large spans are cantilevers, each 675 feet, with a central girder 350 feet long, the depth of the cantilevers being 350 feet at the piers and 50 feet in the centre. To hold aloft and to maintain the immense weight of steel of which the cantilevers and girder will be composed, piers will be required of corresponding magnitude. The central pier, on the island of Inchgarvie, will consist of four cylindrical masses of concrete and masonry, 45 feet in diameter at the top and 70 feet at the bottom. They will be founded on rock at a depth below high water varying from 24 to 70 feet, and will be carried up to 18 feet above high water. The length of the bridge will be more than a mile, and of the viaduct approaches 2,754 feet.

The contract has been let for £1,600,000. Considerable progress has been made with the masonry, about 17,000 cubic feet of granite masonry having been set, and the number of men employed will soon reach 800.

As it is intended to manufacture the steel superstructure of the bridge on the spot, very extensive works, lighted by electric lamps, have been constructed at Queensferry, and the plant provided includes about fifty steam engines of various classes, and a large number of specially designed hydraulic tools, drilling machines and other tools for dealing with the 45,000 tons of steel which will be used in the bridge. The manufacture of the superstructure of the bridge will soon be commenced. All the important members subject to compression will be of a tubular form, as will have been gathered by those who read the paper on the subject read at Southampton in 1882, by Mr. Baker.

About three miles of steel tubes, ranging from 12 feet to 5 feet in diameter, and 1¼ inches to ½ an inch in thickness, will be required. Plant, including gas and other furnaces, have been provided for this purpose. The steel plates are heated in gas furnaces, and stamped to a desired curvature in a 2,000 ton hydraulic press; the edges planned and the plates temporarily clamped together to form a tube about 400 feet in length. Travelling drilling machines will then traverse the tube and drill all the holes required to rivet the plate together, but this riveting will not be done until the bridge is erecting, plate by plate, across the Forth. All the machinery required to begin the manufacture of the tubes in the new works has been designed by Mr. Arrol, one of the contractors.

Furstenfield, in Germany, boasts of the oldest tree in the country. It is a huge linden, believed to be one thousand years old, and growing at the back of the village church, in the midst of the tombs of two centuries. Its trunk is fully fifteen feet in diameter, and its twisted branches stretch out far and wide, seemingly covering the entire enclosure. It is still growing.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Largest Bell in the World—Chinese Brutality—A New Religious Sect —Population of Cochin China, etc., etc.

The beet root sugar manufacture is being overdone in Germany.

In thirty-eight years the number of English daily papers has increased from 14 to 179.

There are nearly 10,000 directors of companies in Great Britain.

In 1882 the emigrants from England to the Australian colonies were 37,000; in 1883 71,000.

From 1334 to 1831 sumptuary edicts as to dress were issued at Berlin. The last forbade woman without rank to wear silk dresses.

At the University of Zarich there matriculated this winter 459 students; 51 were women, and 38 of these entered the medical classes.

The German Admirality now thinks it must alter its coast defences, inasmuch as Krupp's improved monster guns are found to penetrate easily the strongest armor plates.

Belgium was the first country on the continent to construct railways. State *fetes* are now being prepared to celebrate, on the 1st of next May, the fiftieth anniversary of the day when the construction of a Belgium railway was first decreed.

The largest bell in the world is now said to be at Kioto, Japan. It is twenty-four feet high and sixteen inches thick at the rim. It is sounded by a suspended piece of wood, like a battering ram, which strikes it on the outside, and its booming can be heard for miles.

In Sayreville, Pa., there is a horse which hauls thirty-five small cart loads of clay and one of coal dust every day. He has no driver, is as regular as clock-work, and never fails to go exactly the right number of times. If too big a load is put on the cart, he rears and plunges until part of it has been removed.

The excitement at revival meetings goes on. Fenton Williams, a young convert, at a revival in New Haven, Ind., became so much excited at the praying and speaking that he jumped upon his chair, and, drawgain a pistol from his pocket, held his left hand aloft and put four bullets through it it before he could be disarmed. He afterward said he had no idea where he was or what he was doing at the time.

Sir Joseph Frayer, who has been making extensive researches into the nature of snake poison, says in the *Lancet*: —"The result of my experience is, that, so far, no physiological antidote to snake virus is known, and that when the full effect on the respiratory centres is produced, remedies are of little, if any, avail, albeit when the poison has entered in smaller quantities, treatment may be of service on general principles."

The absence of all surgical attendants in the field does not add to the satisfaction of service in the Chinese army. The theory advanced to explain this brutality is not so much a callous indifference to human life as a superstition, akin to that of "the peculiar people," who refuse all medical advice to their children. The man who gets a bad wound is regarded as one whom the gods mean to die. For a like cause the Chinese are reluctant to rescue the drowning.

The number of deaths from anæsthetics in England in 1883 was but 13. Of these 11 died from chloroform, and one each from chloroform and ether mixed and nitro oxide. Dr. Jacobs remarks that the deaths from nitro oxide are now so rare that physicians have almost begun to look on it as without danger. In the case of death from it above mentioned, the patient died from syncope, as is usual in deaths from chloroform.

Considerable excitement has been aroused in the Jewish communities of South Russia by the appearance at Kischineff of an energetic reformer named Joseph Rabinovich. He declared Christ to be the real Messiah, supporting his theories by numerous citations from the Bible and the Prophets. Rabinovich is an enthusiastic and eloquent preacher, and is winning numerous proselytes. He is anathematized generally by the Jewish press.

The drink statistics of Belgium have a certain amount of interest. The population of the kingdom, now amounting to about 5,500,000, consumes annually alcoholic liquors to the amount of 48,000,000. which is 66 per cent. more than thirty years ago, the number of insane has increased by 104 per cent., of suicides 80 per cent., and of condemned criminals by 135 per cent. In 1850 the number of places where alcoholic liquors were retailed was 53,000; it is now 130,000.

According to the *British Medical Journal*, the female medical students of St. Petersburg have been compelled to reside in a large boarding establishment provided by the authorities, instead of being free, as heretofore, to lived where they pleased. They are required to be home before 9 o'clock every evening, and are charged ten roubles per month for board and lodgings. Princess Shakafhoy is the present resident superintendent. The change was made through fear of Nihilistic plots.

The war game (kriegs spiel), which is played on a large board with corresponding figures, has been most industriously played in Germany during the last few months by the officers of the War Academy and the general staff. The commanders give the general idea, and choose from the corps of officers those who are to lead the opposing armies These officers choose others, and make their dispositions as if in actual war. Prince William, now commander of a battalion of the First Guard Regiment at Potsdam, is an enthusiastic player in the war game, and never fails to appear on the evenings appointed.

In October last two respectable English physicians performed the operation of inserting a tube into the trachea of a child as the last resort in a case diagnosed as croup. The tube becoming obstructed, the father sucked out the occluding membrane, but the child died two days afterward. The father was attacked by diphtheria from which he recovered, when he brought suits against the doctors, one for manslaughter and the other for damages. He was unsuccessful in both of these, but was much pleased to know that, in their defense, the doctors had incurred an expense of $5 000. But the profession, headed by Sir William Jenner, took the matter in hand, and each of the doctors has been lately presented with $500, a silver salver, and a complimentary address "richly illuminated."

Considering the terrible havoc made on the French language in the colonies, the creation of a society for the propagation of the French language there is a measure urgently demanded. The peculiarities of speech current in Algeria, on the Senegal, and in the Antilles are set forth in a recent article in the *Revue Scientifique*, by General Faidherbe, who has long studied the languages of the natives in the French colonies. In Algeria, for instance, they speak a language composed of all the African and Asiatic idioms, interspersed with a little flavor of French. In Cochin China, and on the Senegal the natives generally keep up their own language, making only a lame attempt at speaking French when coming in contact with Government officials. Some select few have studied French, and speak it correctly.

In 1880 the population of Cochin China, amounted to about one million and a half. Of these only 1,825 were French, 1,366,139 were Annamites, and 58 509 Chinese. A book lately published in Paris by Messrs. Bouinais (twelve years a Government official in Cochin China,) and Paulus gives a very favorable accounts of the Annamites. They are gentle, docile, and sober by habit, although the rich have a tendency to indulge in opium and brandy. They are very sensible, eminently endowed with the imitative faculty, rapidly familiarize themselves with the habits of civilized life, and are greedy of instruction. The French have established a regular system of communal schools. The authors attribute most of the weak points of the Annamites to the brutality with which they have been governed. Their chief defects are a lack of perseverance and of gratitude. France has only had this colony for about twenty years.

The oldest town in Texas, and, it is believed, in the United States, is Ysleta, situated on the Rio Grand, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name. It has a population of 2,500 souls. The place is one of peculiar interest, alike from its age, its people, its architecture, its agriculture, and its general products. It is a well-established historical fact that a Spanish military explorer, named Corando, visited the town in 1540, and found it then a popular and prosperous civilized Indian community. Ysleta is believed to have been a considerable centre of population centuries before the visit of Corando. It is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe, that the same race of people exist in the town to-day that existed 350 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechanical pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for ages preceding.

Some Curious Facts About Snakes.

Catharine C. Hopley, who has written a great deal about snakes and their habits, came to America from England last summer with the intention of obtaining, if possible, some new facts of snake life. She writes to *Land and Water* that one object of her ambition was to procure for one of the museums a mother snake with her brood refuged in her throat; but, though hitherto unsuccessful, she has reasonable hopes that a refuged family of little ophidians will be furnished to more than one of the national museums next summer, enthusiasts promising that no efforts shall be wanting to afford ocular proof of this maternal instinct. That it should still be doubted anywhere arouses the ire of many in America, she adds, who have for years been offering testimony as eye-witnesses. What is now desired is that observations should be extended to Africa, India, and Australia; because if the habit of a mother snake receiving her young into her throat for refuge should be confined to this continent only and to England, it is a remarkable feature in ophidian history for the most learned biologists to work out.

But, as regards Australia, some few cases are not wanting. A gentleman, who is a great traveller, an ardent sportsman, assured the writer that he had himself seen an alarmed black snake (probably *Pseudechis porphyriacus*) open her mouth and thus receive her young. On shooting her, the young ones escaped from the mouth again.

A gentleman who writes in the *American Field*, under the name of "Snipe," described "a dark colored snake of about six feet long," opening its mouth and receiving its young. Watching for reed birds—the "Bob o' Link" of the Eastern States, and the "rice buntin" of the South—he was lying flat on the ground with his gun, in the latter part of August, when about ten feet off he saw the snake with her mouth wide open, and the young ones hurrying in as if eager to hide themselves. He watched her for some minutes, when his friend who was shooting with him came near and disturbed the snake, which then began to move off with her hidden snakelings, while a number of little brother and sister snakes, "not yet taken in" followed closely. "Snipe" then took aim and shot off its head, and on opening the snake found the young ones all alive, coiled in a ball near the throat; while further down were a bird and a meadow mouse, recently swallowed. He relates the incident in opposition to the hypothesis that snakes, being cannibals, might swallow their young for food, and describes this mother as patiently waiting with her mouth open, all action being confined to the eager young ones.

Uses of Cats.

That cats were ever designed for any useful end people have often expressed a doubt. It looks now, however, as if the cat had found its true position. They are being used by Paris milliners as ornaments for hats and head-dresses. Small stuffed kittens are the most fashionable trimmings for broad-brimmed hats. Thus far only one cat to a hat has been used, but as the raw material for this sort of trimming is unlimited the wealth of the wearer can only be represented by inareasing the number of ornaments. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A Rich Pauper.

The St. Thomas *Times* says:—The other afternoon a constable from Bismarck, Elgin county, arrived at the Elgin House of Industry with a squalid individual named Reed. He was wretchedly filthy, his clothing consisting of rotten rags which hung to his person in tatters. So dilapidated was his clothing, in fact, that it could not be washed, and he admitted that he had worn the garments incessantly for seven years without a change. His flesh was also in a filthy state, the dirt being streaked with raw lines he had made in attempting to ease the itching sensation created by the vermin which played hide and seek all over his body. Reed was taken down stairs by the managers of the institution, Mr. Hunsberger, and the surgeon, Dr. Lutton, and the attendants proceeded to strip him. Before this was undertaken he was asked if he had any money, and he replied that he had enough to purchase a pair of boots, that was all. As the work of divesting the man of his garments progressed, however, bags of silver and gold, wallets filled with coin, and old stockings and rags also rich in money were brought to light. Some of these were in his pocket, others sewed up in various parts of his clothing, and a large number of them were strapped around his body. After the treasure had all been placed upon a table it was found to consist of a $20 gold piece, which had been carried so long it had begun to wear, two $10 gold pieces, four $5 gold pieces, and about $150 in silver half dollars, quarters, and ten and five-cent pieces. There were three $1 bills in the collection which were so fastened together with filth that they had to be melted over a lamp before they could be separated. Much of the coin was covered with mould. The bulk of the silver was in ten-cent pieces, there being enough of this denomination to fill an ordinary dinner-pail. The total value of the hoard was $220. Reed watched the searchers proceed with their work without uttering a word. Neither did he condescend to explain how he had come by the money, but the surmise is that he acquired it by begging. He was thoroughly cleaned and provided with a change of linen, and this morning Mr. Hunsberger deposited the money found upon the beggar in a city bank.

The money was deposited with Mr. G. Suffel, manager of the North-West Loan Society. Two of the $1 bills found on Reed were Bank of Commerce issue of 1867. As $1 bills have not been issued by this bank for many years, it is probable that the fellow had carried them ten or fifteen years.

Curious Statistics.

Before the Agricultural Committee of the Canadian Parliament the other day, a sworn statement was read from Charles H. Irvine, formerly a deputy collector of customs at Fort Gratiot under the United States Government, regarding the method of making up immigration returns by him during his term of office of six years. The accuracy of the figures supplied by the Washington authorities as showing the immigration of Canadians into the United States has also been questioned by the Dominion government, and the disclosures made by Irvine's statements have attracted considerable attention. He states that no attempt is made to count the number of immigrants arriving in the United States; that an average of six cars is allowed for each incoming train, and that for each car 60 passengers are allowed, making 360, half of whom are put down as immigrants. In making up his quarterly reports, he was instructed to estimate the number arriving each quarter at an increase over arrivals during the corresponding quarter of the preceding year. On one occasion, he states, his reports were returned to him to put more females and children in the return. He never saw nor heard of an attempt being made to count passengers, and states that the whole system of making up these official reports was guess work. The attention of the authorities at Washington will be called to the matter.

The Importance of the Mechanic.

Each ensuing day makes more prominent the fact that we have come upon a time when the mechanic is master. We have crowded professions and ill-filled trades. A chance to fill the position of a sub-assistant clerk in a crowded wholesale house is eagerly grasped at by a hundred applicants, though the wages received be scarcely more than "a chance to learn the business." Let a master workman try to obtain an apprentice at three times the salary offered the clerk, and his applicants will be poor alike in quantity and quality. A skilled workman in any trade need never want for hire; he is eagerly sought after by a hundred employers; he is independent of the condition of the market; the skill and cunning of his hand and eye are too valuable to loose, and must be paid whether the products are slowly or rapidly consumed. If business ceases, the master hand is eagerly seized by some rival house, which knows and values the product of his skill. He who would crash down the obstacles to success in our own days must have, as well as the wit to see the crevice, the strength to deal the blow. This is an age of the steam engine, and it is the engineer, not the conductor who is master.

Cemetery Horrors.

The Panama *Star and Herald*, under the heading of "How we breed pestilence," says there are two native cemeteries; one quadrangular in shape, the walls being pierced with tiereos of niches in which coffins are thrust and bricked up. Many of the fronts of the niches are in a dilapidated condition and the coffins are visible, and through them an effluvium flows which must be and undoubtedly is death dealing. In the corners openings are formed by the abutment of this interment walls; into these are thrown in a confused mass bodies and coffins without the semblance of respect for the dead—the half-decomposed remains which have been withdrawn from the niches to make room for others. Behind this quadrangle are 60 or 70 coffins, some yet tenanted; from others the occupants have been heedlessly thrown, and form a frame work for rapidly growing vegetation. In the second cemetery (the Potters field) the sights are equally repulsive. Here people are indiscriminately interred, in the majority of instances without coffins.

REKHA.

BY FREDERICK BEDFORD.

The day was hot and oppressive; scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the water. Maharati boatmen bent themselves to the oar but lazily, and drawled out their simple boat song, without which they vowed they could not row at all. Even the ditty could not help them much against the strong tide, and Elephanta still lay a good four miles ahead. The day, though hot, was beautiful, and the passengers were disposed to take things easily, just deeming it as wise to remain on the water contentedly as to be in haste to reach the land for what air was stirring they had the benefit of.

It was a beautiful sight they saw from under the awning over the stern. Away to their right lay the broad Indian Ocean, stretching away to the blue sky. Behind them that city of temples and bazaars, that looks like a city of magic to the new comer as he sees it for the first time from the deck of his ship at daybreak—Bombay. Bombay, with its domes and minarets rising in the clear, soft air of that eternal summer land. On their left the Ghauts arose on high, a landmark to the mariner, while ahead of them lay the wonderful island of Elephanta. No one who has visited its cave-temples—large, magnificent temples hewn in the solid rock—can deny its claim to the name of Wonderful.

"*Pawni ai-i-ah!*"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, do stop that noise!" exclaimed one of the passengers, impatiently, rising to his feet.

He was about twenty-five years of age, and dressed in the uniform of Her Majesty's second regiment of foot, called the "Queen's."

"*Tanno, admi, Tanno-o!*"

"Rama, do have some mercy upon me! Remember my nerves."

"No sing, no can row, sahib."

"Then if that is the case, let me row."

"Oh, Harry," cried a girlish voice from under the awning, "you surely don't mean to row under this broiling sun. Please don't, Harry!"

"And why not, Gracie?"

"Remember you have not fully recovered from your recent illness. It is not safe for you to attempt it."

"Miss Marvin is right; it is not safe, it is not wise," remarked the only other occupant of the boat beside the rowers, a tall, finely formed Hindu maiden.

Thick, heavy braids of ebon hair coiled around a well-shaped head, firmly set upon broad, yet not masculine shoulders, from which a fancy colored silk robe fell in graceful folds over a most voluptuous figure. Black, flashing eyes lighted up a face of more than usual intelligence, and seemed to denote a more than common clearness of mental vision in their possessor. Who that has seen them does not admire those pearly teeth which every Hindu maiden has? And what lady might not well be proud of such shapely hands, such tiny feet? If a dusky skin come under our standard of beauty, then what a beauty she was!

This is no fanciful picture. Many a time have I seen and admired the mental and physical beauties of Rekha, and India can boast of thousands of such women as she.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Marvin is right. For if you had a sunstroke," she added, lowering her eyes and speaking in Hindustani, "not all my nursing could save you."

"And your nursing can do wonders, Rekha; it has brought me back from the grave once. I owe my life to your untiring kindness and skill. The 'Gentle Poetess of the Flowers,' as your friends call you, is by no means an indifferent doctor. Rekha, again I thank you."

"You have given me too much thanks already, Lieut. Somers."

"Lieut. Somers! You never used to call me by that name, Rekha. Once I was Harry to you."

"I have no right to call you Harry. But let us not speak of that now. See, the mail steamer is leaving. Look at the people on the 'Apollo Bunder.'"

"Never mind the steamer, Rekha. I want to talk about something else. I have not had an opportunity to tell Gracie all you have done for me; when I do she will love you as a sister—won't you, Gracie?"

"Won't I what, Harry? You forget I have only been in India one week, and I can't be expected to speak the language already. I haven't understood a word you two have been saying."

"I will tell you, Gracie—"

"No, no! Why bore Miss Marvin with it? It would not interest her."

"Not interest her to know that I owe my life to your kindness?" said Harry, lapsing into Hindustani again.

He had become so used to speaking the language during his stay under the roof of Rekha's home that it came from his lips as naturally as his mother tongue.

"There you go again," said Gracie. "Well, I shall go to sleep." And she settled herself among the cushions for a nap.

"If I was of service to you am I not amply rewarded?"

"In what way? Tell me, why did you nurse me back to life, Rekha?"

She looked at him for an instant, and then cast her eyes upon the fair, and almost childish face of Gracie.

"For her sake!" she said in a voice of sadness and not untinged with bitterness.

"Ah, Rekha, what happiness is in store for me! Dear Gracie! Is she not pretty?" he went on, with all a lover's blindness.

He could not see that his words cut like knives into her heart. He could not see that dusky skin grow pale.

"Yes," she answered, stifling her emotion, "she is very pretty."

"And she loves me."

"And you love her!"

The words came with a strange eagerness from between those pearly teeth.

"Love her! Who can doubt it? I would give my life for her!"

This he said in English.

"Of whom are you speaking, Harry? For would you give your life? I think such talk merely a lover's rhapsody—extravagance! No one would really give one's life for the happiness of another, though possibly to save another's life," remarked Gracie.

"I would give my life willingly to make happy one I loved," said Rekha.

"You Hindus are such strange people! You do not seem to value life at all. If you were to live in London or Paris one season, Rekha, you would not be so ready to die. Would she, Harry?"

"I am not anxious to die, but to me love is more than life. You," said Rekha, looking earnestly at Gracie, "have never known the pangs of unrequited love, and do not know how blank, how useless life is under such circumstances. If you did—ah, if you did!—you would think as I do, that life is nothing without happiness in love."

"But why do you talk this way, Rekha?" said Harry. "Surely you have not suffered from such a cause?"

"What should I know of love? I was thinking yesterday how terrible a thing it was to love and know your love is not returned. Imagine, if you can," she went on, turning to Gracie, "loving as you do, what exquisite agony you would suffer to sit by and see your lover in every action lay his heart at your rival's feet, and know that his love for her has so completely filled his heart and life that he would have no room to think of you! Picture to yourself his face all wreathed in smiles at her approach and fall dejected at her departure. And then to crown all, be sure of the fact that she was incapable of appreciating his love. Would you give your life for hers that he might be happy?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"If you loved as I love you would," she murmured to herself.

"How strangely you are talking to day, Rekha!" said Harry.

"Oh, don't mind me," said Rekha, smiling. "It must be the effects of so much reading lately."

Harry Somers looked at her long and thoughtfully. She lay back in her seat and gently fanned herself with a palm-leaf, and keeping time with her small foot to the low, monotonous chant of the boat's crew.

"She is indeed a handsome girl," he thought. "I wonder if she does—but no. It would be foolish to think such a thing. But there is something wrong. The Rigbeda which she has been reading lately is not accountable for all this. Rekha," he said to her in her own language, "do you believe I am your friend?"

She looked at him but gave no answer.

"You may believe it, Rekha; and if ever you need one, give me the opportunity to prove myself that one."

"You are kind, Harry, and if at any time you can be of service to me, I will ask your aid."

"But is there not something on your mind at present that had better be confided to a friend? I am sure there is. Won't you tell me, Rekha?"

"Tell you!"

She half started from her seat, then fell back and buried her face in her hands.

"You do not know what you ask."

"I know you need a confidant."

"It cannot be you."

"I am sure Gracie loves you as a sister for your kindness to me; let her help you."

"Impossible!"

"And why?"

"Oh, Harry, I can't tell you. How can you understand a woman's troubles?"

"Rekha, I know more of the world than you do, and things that appear to you almost insurmountable difficulties would scarcely be difficulties at all to me. If it is an affair of business, or anything of that nature, confide in me. If it is an affair of the heart—"

He paused suddenly as he noticed the warm blood mantle her cheek and brow.

"It is an affair of the heart," he thought.

Before either could speak again the boat touched the beach of Elephanta, and Gracie sprang lightly out, and ran along the path to the keeper's house. Harry assisted Rekha out of the boat and followed in silence.

It is not necessary to describe the wonderful cave temples of this celebrated island; that is the province of travellers. It has, in fact, been described so many times by others so much better than my pen is capable of doing, that I will not attempt it.

Our party wandered through the pillared halls, past figures of such strange, uncouth shapes they could only be devised by brains distorted with madness or nightmare, each with different feelings in regard to what they saw. Harry had visited the caves times before, and now he looked upon them with a certain amount of indifference.

Not so with Gracie. For the first time in her life she looked upon these wonders of a past age of which she had read and had longed to see. Now she was among them they filled her with delight and wonder, not unmixed with awe.

And Rekha? Who shall describe her feelings of awe and reverence as she stood before the awful face of the Vishnu. Although a Christian, she had too long worshipped the gods of her race to look upon them at once as mere images of stone.

Beautiful Elephanta, where is gathered all that is loveliest of the treasures of Flora! Mighty trees that reared their umbrageous heads on high, their giant trunks embraced by twining vines at once beautiful and deadly. Feathery palms of every species, rising in the distance like dark lines against the blue sky. Flowers of wondrous beauty and scent the fragrant goddess had scattered with a lavish profusion. But thorns grew on every rose-tree, and they saw there, gliding away at their approach, the snake whose bite is fatal.

Gracie gave a little scream of terror as it disappeared in the long grass, and clung closely to her lover.

"Oh, why," she exclaimed, "are there such venomous things on this lovely island?"

"There can be no paradise without its serpent this side of the grave," said Rekha, sadly.

After a while they took their luncheon under the ample shade of a banyan tree on the hill-side, and watched the boats in the harbor.

"I can see your home, Rekha," said Gracie, pointing her finger in the direction of Parel.

"Yes, I see it too. Ah, what a spot above all others is one's home! Beneath that roof are gathered all who love me. Yes, I am sure of their love. Why should I wish to leave it to go elsewhere?"

"See how far I am away from home, Rekha. I may never see it again."

"You will see it, Gracie; you will be happy—so happy!"

Her voice was very tender and very sad as she said this.

"I am sure I shall, Rekha," said Gracie, looking with eyes of affection toward Harry, who had strolled some distance away to smoke his Manilla. "And you will be happy too when you are married."

"I happy! I married!"

"Oh, Rekha, how you startle me! And why not, dear?"

"We will not talk of that, Gracie."

"I will leave you two ladies to your own resources for a few minutes while I go and prepare the boat for our return," said Harry, and walked toward the beach.

Beautiful paroquets, brilliant buprestidans hummed among the foliage, and lizards of every hue darted through the undergrowth. The afternoon was sinking behind the hills, bathing the spires and domes of the distant temples in Bombay with a flood of light. The air was filled with the perfume of tropical flowers.

Conversation between the two girls seemed to drag after Harry left them, and Gracie, finally yielding to a drowsy feeling induced by the warmth, the flowers and hum of insects, fell into a doze. Her fair face encircled by golden curls lay in one small white hand, while the other held a bouquet of orange-blossoms which Harry had gathered for her.

"It is no wonder he loves her," Rekha murmured, "she is so beautiful, so like an angel—so different to myself. Look at my tawny skin and then at that face with lilies and roses mixed. But is face all? Ah, yes! face is all. Or, if not all, mind is but a secondary consideration."

She leaned her head upon her hand and thought long and earnestly.

"Oh, why did I ever become a Christian?" she suddenly exclaimed. "If I had remained a Brahmin I could have been reconciled to my fate. But this is more than I can bear! If I could but die!"

She threw herself upon the grass and wept floods of bitter tears. The light upon the temples became more red as the sun sank lower behind the hills. The birds sought the sunlight in the glens on the other side; but the insects still remained and seemed to hum louder than ever.

Gracie moved restlessly in her sleep, and Rekha, drying her eyes, looked up. At first her glance rested upon the fair, upturned face, then went into the high grass beyond.

What was it she saw that held her gaze so fixedly? Her cheek blanched with horror as she recognized in that small coil so close to Gracie's head the vicious and deadly black snake. It was evidently unaware of the presence of the two girls. What terrible danger Gracie was in! Should she but move the snake would bite. What a fearful fate! What then? She would be dead, Harry free! Her heart gave a sudden leap. Had fate so willed? Was Gracie to die and leave Harry to her? Was a belief in fate a part of the Christian religion? No. It could not be. "He loves her," she said. How should she rescue Gracie? That was her next thought. To move would be to alarm the snake.

Just then a footstep aroused the reptile from its slumbers. With a hiss it lifted up its head and saw the sleeping girl. It drew back and coiled itself for a spring. Another instant and Gracie would have been lost to her lover, but another, who had no love to live for—only a love to die for—saved her from death. Rekha, seeing the intention of the serpent threw herself with a cry of farewell to her love between it and its victim. Instantly its deadly fangs closed in her arm, then it released its hold and glided away. Harry was just returning for the two girls, and saw the heroic act of Rekha. The same moment he was on his knees by her side, and with such means as were in his power tried to stop the course of the poison. But all was of no avail. Poor Rekha died in agony, but happy to die in the arms of the man she loved, happy to have given her life for his happiness.

Gracie speaks of her to her children, teaches them to love the memory of the Hindu woman who had given her life to save their mother; but she does not know, never will know, how great an act was Rekha's. Harry will never tell her that.

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THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Does the word grandmother occur in the Bible; if so, where.
2.—Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college.
3.—Give the name of an Uncle of Aaron.

The valuable and costly articles given below will be cheerfully handed over to the first *two hundred and twenty-one persons* who send correct answers to the above Bible questions, just as quickly after the closing day, April 21st, as possible.

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Since the above was written, we notice that in addition to the costly rewards offered above, the sender of the *middle correct answer of the whole competition* from *first to last*, and *the twenty persons next following* who send correct answers—will receive the following rewards, respectively:—

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Then even the *last ones* are to be remembered in a long list of consolation rewards. These rewards will be given to *the last seventy-seven persons* who send *correct answers* to the Bible questions given above.

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1.	To the last correct answer received, One Elegant Silver Tea Service of six pieces, latest design.....	$100 00
2.	One Gentleman's Beautiful Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Waltham Movement, cases finely engraved.....	97 00
3.	One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine American	80 00
4 to 10	Seven Fine Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, value $20 each.....	140 00
11 to 16	Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, $15 each	90 00
17 to 24	Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, value $14 each.....	112 00
29 to 30	Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches, Heavy Crystal, value $12 each	72 00
31 to 35	Twenty-five Elegant Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, value $1.10 each.....	27 50
56 to 77	Twenty-two Solid Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives, value $1 each.....	22 00

Each competitor must, in every case, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the *Ladies' Journal* with their answers. It may be of some advantage to you if you mention where you first saw this notice. The letters *must all be post-marked where mailed* not latter than April 21st, the closing day of this competition. The correct address is Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. The names and post-office addresses (and street and number, when in the city), of those who are successful in obtaining these rewards, will be given in the May number of the *Journal*. Our readers may be assured that all the rewards, as given above, will be promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones, as soon as possible after the close of the competition. We know the publisher of the *Ladies' Journal*, and we are certain he will do as stated above, or we would not give all this space to this long description of this plan. The *Ladies' Journal* is a 20 page Monthly Fashion and Domestic Magazine, a Two full pages of newest music are given in each issue; large illustrations of the latest things in fashion circles; one or two serial stories and a short story; domestic and household hints; besides a large quantity of miscellaneous reading, particularly to interest ladies. In short, it is the cheapest publication, and the best for the money we know of. So if you don't succeed in obtaining a reward, you cannot fail to be pleased with your fifty cent investment.

Don't forget that the regular annual subscription to the Ladies' Journal is fifty cents. So you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

CLEAN YOUR BOILERS

Britannia Scale Purger *Saves Fuel, saves Repairs, obviates Danger.*
Glass Lubricators *Save Oil.*
Tube Cleaners *Save the Tubes.*
Belt Fasteners *Save your Belts.*

For Sale by COPLAND & McLAREN, Cor. Wellington & Grey Nun Sts., Montreal.

SHORTHAND.

The accomplishment of the age. A railroad means of communicating thought—A railroad by reason of its expedition—A railroad by reason of its ease. Complete set of books for self instruction for beginners, post free for 45c. Price list to T. A. McINTYRE and Co., Ontario Shorthand Emporium, 34 King St. East, Toronto.

TO SADDLERS.

The celebrated Elm City Harness Oil can be had from the following Wholesale Saddlery Hardware houses: Field and Davidson, Hamilton; Morgan Bros, Hamilton, Fraser and Johnson, Hamilton; C. Davidson and Co., Toronto; S. Trees and Co., Toronto; T. Woodhouse and Co., Toronto; W. Ellis, London; W. C. Martin, Kingston; J. Smith and Son, Brantford; or from F. P. DALLEY and Co., Hamilton. Sole agents for the Dominion

BEAVER S. S. LINE.
WEEKLY BETWEEN
Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool,
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST
For lowest rates and all particulars apply to
H. E. MURRAY, Beaver Line, Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during the winter months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allen, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Z. Hams, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL.

Toronto, Mar. 27.	Montreal, Apl. 17.
Dominion, Apl. 3.	*Oregon, Apl. 24.
*Sarnia, Apl. 10.	Ontario, May. 1

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool according to steamer and berth, $60, $65, $70, return, $90, $110, $120; all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus:* are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents Montreal

84,000
Sold in 17 Months.

BUY ONLY THE
GLOBE
Walter Woods
HAMILTON, ONT

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON, ONT

M. W. DUNHAM
HAS IMPORTED
90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Ever Imported
From France to America,
Whose Purity of Blood is established by their Recorded Pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Book of France, which is the only Draft Horse Record of that country.

Mr. Dunham has just published a 21,000 [illegible] of his head-[illegible]ly illustrated [illegible] large catalogue for 1891, containing descriptions and pedigrees (many for 10 generations) of
450
STALLIONS & MARES
Now on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Breeders. Catalogue free. Address, M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois. (35 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N. W. R'y.)

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the general public give very little attention to anything he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yonrs respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 5) cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c. in Stock. 360-6.

Clover Seed.

Guaranteed free from all foul Seeds.

Market prices.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

1858. ESTABLISHED 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

Call Early and Secure a Bargain.

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Cheap Goods

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS, at

T. W. JEFFS, QUEENSBOROUGH.

In order to make room for SPRING GOODS, I will offer the balance of my Winter Stock at greatly reduced prices, consisting of

Dyr Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, &c.

Wincies, from 3 cents up.
Cottons, from 5 cents up.
Overcoats, from $4.00 up.
Ladies' Overshoes from 75 cents up.
Ladies' Leather Boots from 85c up.

All goods marked in plain figures. Produce taken in exchange. A call respectfully solicited.

T. W. JEFFS.
(2m.)

Queensboro, January 31st, 1884.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING YOUR

Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

T. ROBERTS,

MADOC

BOOT

AND

SHOE

STORE.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to W. M. SPURR,

Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

B.B. Casement & Co. Nails Iron, Steel GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

B.B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

JOHN A. DIX, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 363. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 10, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Is it not about time for another new baker to come to town? Bread is coming down a little—in quality.

ONE WHO HAS TO EAT IT.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Mr. James Roberts of the township of Madoc, is the owner of an uncommon fine colt, eleven months old. It stands 14 hands high, and girts 5 feet 2 inches. If any person else has a colt that will compete with this we would be interested to hear.

G. S. McTAGGART.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The principal topic of conversation amongst the settlers on the Free Grants in the townships of Wollaston and Faraday is "the land question." The location of land in those townships is at a stand still. It is not on account of the lack of parties anxious to obtain lands—land seekers are in abundance, and are continually making application for location at the office of the Local Agent at L'Amable. As far as I can ascertain all, or most all, have failed. The answer invariably is "the lot has been withdrawn from location"; and on being asked the other day to give the Nos. of some lot or lots that were not withdrawn refused and positively declared that he knew nothing about the matter. This is really a pretty unsatisfactory state of affairs. If the Local Agent knows nothing about these things, who does? I have written our local member respecting it. The indignation and disgust of the inhabitants is complete at our present Government on account of the course pursued relative to those lands. There are parties at present settled miles from a neighbor surrounded by first class lots; but these lots are held for Coe & Co.

This, Mr. Editor, is the dark side of the cloud. There is a sunny side. The people in the Faraday Settlement held a tea meeting on Wednesday evening the 26th of March. The weather proved very unfavorable, the rain poured down and the roads were almost impassible. The attendance was consequently limited to the immediate neighbors. The Rev. E. Scammell, for whose benefit the tea was gotten up, could not attend on account of the condition of the roads. Nevertheless, what was wanting in numbers was compensated by the spirit. The ladies, as usual, provided almost unlimited supplies of "goodies." Mr. Orr was chosen chairman; the music was furnished by Miss Lloyd; singing by Mrs. J. Sexsmith and Messrs. Leveridge and son. As they were disappointed in the expected speakers being necessarily absent, remarks suitable to the occasion were made by Mr. Chas. Payne, Mr. C. R. Oar, and Mr. Wm. Elliott. The proceeds amounted to $12.25. A vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies and the chairman and the meeting broke up.

P. M.

Faraday, March 28th.

☞ The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at all Drug Stores. Large Bottles, $1.00.

☞ Cross & Mounce are now showing the best assortment of millinery, hats, bonnets, &c., yet brought into Ma[doc].

☞ You can get the Burdock Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362.

FOR SALE.

I HAVE a new Lumber Waggon which I will sell on reasonable terms, or exchange for a young horse. Also a double-seated family Carriage for sale.

M. W. SINE, V. S.
Madoc, March 25th. 361

MILK! MILK!

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Madoc village that he has commenced the delivery of pure, fresh milk throughout the village, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage.

He intends to make it a permanent business, and will guarantee to supply a good article.

PRICE 5 CENTS A QUART.

INA McCARTY.
Madoc, March 19th. 360

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so overcrowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, What-nots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.

Village Building Lots FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.
Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE,

No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

☞ Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY, ARCHITECT & BUILDER,

BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory. 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.
Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RICKETTS vs. RICKETTS.

PURSUANT to Judgment and final order for sale made herein bearing date the 3rd day of January, 1884, and the 7th day of March, 1884, respectively, there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court at Belleville, by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at his chambers, Shire Hall, in the

CITY OF BELLEVILLE,
—ON—
WEDNESDAY 16th APRIL NEXT,

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, The following farm property, being Lot No. 7, in the 16th concession of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, containing 100 acres of land, be the same more or less.

About 35 acres all cleared and under cultivation, and well fenced.

Upon the premises is built a log barn, about 30x40.

The property is situated on the main travelled road belonging to Gunter Settlement, and is about 10 miles from Millbridge P. O., and about 4 miles from St. Ola P. O. and village and about 3 miles from the line of the Central Ontario Railway.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE—The purchaser shall pay same a deposit of $10 for every $100 of his purchase money at the time of sale, and the balance within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the law offices of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Robertson & Thomas and Dougall & Faulkner, Belleville.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plaintiff's Solicitor. S. S. LAZIER,
360 4 Local Master.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

SIGN of the OX HEAD

MRS. E. LANGMAN

HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the

CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.

Prize Package Tea,

(NO BLANKS.)

A full stock of Groceries and Provisions, Oranges, Candies, &c., always on hand.

Farm Produce taken in exchange.

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IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

She looked at me in a frightened irresolute way, and then she formed with her lips rather than spoke the words.

"Yes—rather cold—now."

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable in one of the rooms up-stairs while the fogs last?" I insinuated shyly.

But I saw that her breath was beginning to come fast, and the faint pink to tinge her cheek as it did when she was excited.

"Did any one tell you to say that to me?" she asked in a whisper.

"I told Mr. Rayner, when I wrote, that we had a slight fog here on Tuesday night, and this morning I had a letter saying that he thought it was bad for you to sleep on the ground-floor when the mists had begun to rise high, and that he had told Sarah to prepare the large front spare-room for you."

Instead of looking grateful for this proof of her husband's thoughtfulness, she became agitated, and at last her agitation grew almost uncontrollable; she trembled and clung to the bars inside the window, and I saw that her forehead was wet with the effect of some strong emotion—it looked like fear.

"At last—at last! I have been here too long," she gasped.

I thought that the effect on her nervous temperament of making her leave the room against her will would outweigh any physical good the change might do her. The wild look was coming into her eyes which I had seen there twice before, and I was afraid of her being seized with a paroxysm while I stood there on the other side of the barred window, powerless to help her; so I said gently—

"Of course Mr. Rayner would not wish you to go if you did not wish it."

But she shook her head, and, putting her face between the bars to be closer to me, she said, in a low broken voice—

"Do you know what his wishes mean when Sarah carries them out?"

I stood looking at her, appalled. Her terror was so real that it infected me, and for the moment I almost shared the poor lady's mad belief that there was a conspiracy against her. But her next words restored me to my senses.

"Are you against me too?" she asked pitcously. "I always thought you were; but then you were kind to my child—and I don't know, I don't know whom to trust!"

"You may trust me, dear Mrs. Rayner, indeed," said I earnestly. "I would not have suggested your leaving your room if I thought it would cause you so much pain. Indeed I did not know you were so much attached to it."

She shuddered. There was a pause, during which she stared at me sternly and searchingly. But I had no cause to fear her poor mad eyes, so I returned her gaze, and she grew gradually calmer.

"Miss Christie," said she at last, in a whisper, "you have influence in this house. That night when Haidee was ill you made Sarah obey you. If I may trust you, give me this proof—get me one day's respite. Let me stay in my own room till—to-morrow."

Her voice sank till I could hardly catch the last words.

"I will try," said I softly. "And, oh, Mrs. Rayner, shall I tell Sam to take the dead leaves away in a wheelbarrow? I am sure it can't be wholesome to have them so close to your window."

"No, no, leave them—never mind," said she hurriedly. "You must be in the water. You will catch cold. Go—Heaven bless you!"

She shut down the window in a frightened way, and disappeared into the room. I could not see in, for the window-sill was some eight or ten inches above my head. I turned and splashed my way back, with my teeth chattering, to the house, and changed my wet shoes and stockings, half crying for pity for the poor, helpless, forlorn lady for whom I could do so little.

At tea-time she came into the dining-room, and, as Sarah was there, I practised the innocent deception of pretending not to have seen her before that day. I thought it better that the lynx-eyed guardian should not discover that I had found a way of communicating privately with her unlucky charge. So I said again at tea-time that I had had a letter from Mr. Rayner, and that he thought that on Saturday she had better move into spare room.

"Saturday!" interrupted Sarah sharply.

"Yes," said I, rather frightened at telling such a story. "Do you think you would like to go to-morrow, or would you rather go to-night, Mrs. Rayner?" I asked gently.

"To-morrow," said she, with a steady look which I took as an acknowledgment; and I turned to Sarah.

"I will answer for it to Mr. Rayner, if there has been any mistake," I said, as modestly as I could, for it was an awkward thing to have to give orders before the mistress of the house, however tottering her reason might be.

"Very well, miss," said Sarah, to my surprise.

For the second time my use of Mr. Rayner's name had acted like a charm; and I wondered how this woman, who had dared so much to cut me off from communication with Laurence, could camly submit to receive orders from me.

After tea, Mrs. Rayner in her turn surprised me by a warning which seemed to show keen observation. She came and stood by me at the fire-place while Sarah was clearing the table, and once, while the latter was for a moment out of the room, breathed softly into my ear, without turning her head,

"Take care—she hates you, and she is dangerous."

I glanced up quickly; but Sarah was already back in the room, and Mrs. Rayner's face was as impassive as ever.

I was so much used to living in fear of Sarah that the warning did not make any particular impression upon me, and I went to bed neither more nor less afraid of her machinations than usual.

I woke up in the night without being conscious of any cause for doing so. I had started at once into full wakefulness, and I saw that Haidee was sleeping quietly, and that the fire was still alight, but had burnt low; and I thought I would replenish it.

Then, as I raised myself on my elbow, I thought I heard a sound, too faint to be called a noise, outside the door. So I kept quite still and listened intently. I heard nothing for some time, then again a muffled noise as of something being shuffled softly from one stair to another, then again no sound. The turret staircase was uncarpeted; it had once being polished, but the beeswax had worn off long since and had not been renewed. I got out of bed softly, lighted my candle by putting a match to the dying fire to avoid the noise of striking it, crept to the door, and literally put my ear to the keyhole. And, after a few moments, I heard the same soft shuffling again. It might be Nap, Mr. Rayner's retriever, trying to find a stair softer than the rest to lie upon; yet they were surely too narrow for him to make the attempt.

Whoever or whatever it was seemed to be making it way down by very slow degrees, until it seemed that it must be about six or seven stairs from the top. I screwed up my courage and resolved to give the intruder, human or otherwise, a fright. All the locks were kept in good condition at the Alders, and there was not such a thing as a creaking door in the place. I turned the key without the least noise, then the handle, and flung open the door, stamping my foot and brandishing the candle. I heard Haidee scream; I had forgotten her.

My plan succeeded only too well. A figure which had been crouching on the stairs sprang up. It was Sarah.

Before I had time to do more than recognise the savage frightened face, her foot slipped, and, with a piercing cry, she fell backward down the stairs. The staircase had one turn. I, trembling at the door, saw her long thin hands clutching and struggling to save herself at the corner; but she had fallen, and I heard a heavy thud, and then a groan. She had fallen headlong to the bottom.

For one second I leaned against the wall unable to move; then, trembling so that I could scarcely find the top stair, I stepped forward to go down. But on the second stair my foot suddenly slipped, and, if I had not been going very slowly because of my agitation, I must have fallen. On the next stair I slipped again; on the next to that, putting out my foot very cautiously, I found a string fastened across.

With a sudden suspicion, I sat down without advancing farther, and slid my hand along the stair. It was slippery; so were the others. The turret staircase was dark even by day; if I had been running downstairs at my usual pace, nothing could have saved me. It was a trap set by Sarah, if not for getting rid of me altogether, at least for seriously injuring me. She was greasing the stairs one by one when I had heard her; in her alarm at my sudden appearance, she had sprung up, her foot had slipped on the greasy plate below which she had been using, and she had fallen herself a victim to the trap she had laid for me. And, as the horrible truth broke upon me, I heard another groan and a murmur I could not distinguish.

Sick at heart, and for the moment almost as helpless as she, I crawled down the stairs, wondering and fearing what spectacle would meet my eyes at the bottom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

All the stairs below where Sarah had slipped were safe and in their usual state. At the bottom, an almost senseless heap, lay Sarah, with one arm twisted under her and her head in a pool of blood. She was moaning, with closed eyes, and did not know me when her eyes opened and she stared round her.

The noise of her fall had by this time brought out Jane from the distant nursery; and she ran for the cook, who was an older and more experienced woman, and who indeed proved useful in this emergency. It was past midnight; but, late as it was, I was obliged to send Jane into the village for Sam, to tell him to take one of the horses and ride as fast as he could to Beaconsburgh for the doctor. Meanwhile the cook declared her belief that one of Sarah's arms were broken, for she fainted when it was touched; and then, having discovered that the blood was flowing from a great gash at the back of her head, she bound it up as well as she could to stop the bleeding. Then I ran down-stairs for some brandy, which we put to her lips from to time, but in vain tried to make her swallow. And then we sat in the cold, in the dim light of a candle, both of us crouched on the floor, the cook supporting the wounded woman against her knee, I a little way behind, lest she should recover full consciousness and know me.

It was a ghastly thing to be sitting there with that horrid stain on the floor within a few feet, listening to the feeble moans of the wretched woman whom we hardly expected to live until help came, holding our breath when for a few moments the moaning ceased, I thinking of the awful retribution her malice had brought down on her, not daring to speak to tell her I forgave her, lest my voice should have some terrible effect upon her wandering mind. And so we sat shivering not with cold alone, until the front-door bell sounded through the silent house, and Jane, who had not dared to come up-stairs again since she went to send off Sam, opened the door, and we heard the doctor's heavy tread on the stairs.

It was Doctor Lowe. He called first for more light. Jane brought a lamp, and he signed me to bid her to go away. After asking me whether I was hysterical, and hearing me answer "No," he told me to hold the lamp while he made his examination. He said afterwards that I had strong nerves; but nothing but fear of him kept me steady at my post, as, with averted head, I heard the sharp little cries the wounded woman gave two or three times. The cook had been right; the arm that lay under Sarah was broken; the Doctor could not tell yet whether her spine was not injured too. He cut off her long black hair and strapped up her head, which had received a gash which might affect the brain, he said; and he set and bandaged the broken arm. Then we brought a mattress, and very carefully lifted her on to it, carried her to her room, and put her on the bed.

"Who is going to sit up with her?" asked he.

"I will," said I, but added doubtfully, "if——"

"If what?" said the Doctor, turning upon me sharply.

I drew him a little apart and said—

"Doctor Lowe, do you think the sight of any one she disliked very much would be bad for her?"

He looked at me very keenly as he answered—

"No. She won't be able to recognise anybody; but I warn you she will be restless. How did the accident happen?"

"She fell down stairs."

"The staircase leads to your room, doesn't it? How came she to be there at this time of night? Why don't you tell me the truth, and save me the trouble of making stupid guesses?"

I told him the truth, and his only comment was—

"And don't you think the moral of that is that you should leave this place as soon as possible?"

"I sha'nt stay here long," said I, smiling, and thinking of Laurence.

"Oh, you think that young fellow at the Hall is going to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't take a wife from this house."

"But then you wouldn't take a wife from anywhere, Doctor Lowe. If you did you would think more of the girl than of the place she came from, just as Laurence does."

"You have a sharp little tongue. I pity Laurence when he comes home late."

He asked after Haidee; but I could not let him see her, as the staircase was not yet ready; so, after giving me instructions about the treatment of Sarah, he left the house.

There was a fire already in her room, for she was by no means the ill-used creature she liked to think herself. I seated myself in a chair beside it, prepared to watch until morning, when the cook had promised to take my place. Before long the patient began to grow restless, as the Doctor had predicted; she turned her head from side to side, tried to raise her broken arm, which had been set and bandaged tightly down, muttering and moaning incoherently. Presently she was quite quiet, and I hoped she had gone to sleep. I think I must have dozed myself for a few minutes, when I was startled into full wakefulness by a low hoarse cry of "Jim."

She had managed to move her head so that her great black eyes, glittering now with fever, were fixed full upon me; and my heart beat fast, for I though she must know me. But she repeated, still staring at me—

"Jim!" Then she added in a whisper, "They are after you, Jim! It's about the cheque. You must be off to-night. Go to the old place. I'll put 'em off, and I'll let you know."

Then more mutterings and exclamations, and before long she began again to speak coherently—

"It's too risky, Jim. I'll do it, if you want me to; but it's putting yourself in danger as well as me. All right, I'll pass it."

Then she broke out passionately—

"It's an ill thing you're going to do, James Woodfall. What do you want of a lady for a wife? Her money's none so much, and, as for her pretty face, it's the face of a fool. I'm twice the woman to look at that she is, and I'm only twenty-five; and I've stuck to you through thick and thin. Why don't you marry me, Jim?"

And it flashed across me, as she went on addressing to me reproaches, coaxings, encouragement, and defiance, that she was living over again some long-past passages in her life—passages, I could not but gather, of a very questionable character. For it was plain that this Jim, or James Woodfall, who occupied all her thoughts, had been a very bad man indeed, and that Sarah had assisted him in everyway in his wicked deeds.

"Don't go for that, James," she said once imploringly. "It'll be a lifer if they can catch you; and they've had their eye on you lately. There's many a safer way of getting money than that."

Another pause, and then came a speech which chilled me with horror.

"Dead men tell no tales, Jim," said she, in another fearful whisper. "It's easy done, and it's safer. What's an old man's life that you're so shy of touching him? You've done many a riskier thing. Why do you always turn coward at that?"

I could scarcely sit and watch this womanfiend after that. I seemed to see murder in her fierce fiery eyes; and I shuddered even as I moustened her dry lips and touched her burning forehead. She rambled on in the same style, mentioning other names I had never heard, and not a word of me or Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, or even of Tom Parkes, until she broke out angrily—

"Jim's mad about that little Christie girl, Tom, and he says he'll marry her in spite of everything, and I've got to bring it about," she hissed between her teeth.

What awful confusion in her mind was there to connect me with her criminal lover of years before? There suddenly woke up in my mind the remembrance of the evening when, hidden in my "nest," I had overheard a conversation between her and Mr. Rayner's mysterious visitor, who had afterwards turned out to be Mr. Carruther's manservant, and I remembered that she had then expressed jealousy of some man called "Jim." Was it the same man? How was it that he never appeared? I had thought at the time that she must mean Tom Parkes, and that the woman she was jealous of was Jane; but, on the whole, she got on well with Jane; and the only person in the house against whom her animosity took any serious form was myself. And now she fancied this "Jim" wanted to marry me—and I had never even seen him!

She was rambling again into the present, though, for the next speech that caught my attention was—

"It's a good weight Tom—Jim might have lent you a hand. The water's deep in the cellar; but it won't hurt the jewels, and the plate'll clean. Come on."

Was it the Denham Court robbery that was on her mind now? I held my breath while she went on—

"Tom, that sneaking Christie girl's got wind of it somehow. Jim's that gone on her he won't listen to me; and, if I don't prevent it, she'll be his ruin."

Again that strange confusion of my name with that of the unknown Jim! My brain seemed to be getting as much confused as her own. I held tightly to the arms of my chair as I listened to her ravings, as if in a futile attempt to steady body and mind. I was mad to discover who this James Woodfall was, and I left my chair, and drew, as fascinated, nearer to the bed as she said—

"Take care, Jim. You risk too much. There must be some thief-taker in the world clever enough to recognise the forger James Woodfall in jewel-robber——"

At that moment, while I listened with pulses beating high and eager eyes for the name, the door opened, and the sick woman, distracted by the noise, cried, "What's that?"

It was the cook come to take my place. But the reaction from the high-pressure tension of my nerves during the last few hours was too much for me. I fell fainting to the floor.

The next morning I awoke late, with a headache and an unpleasant feeling of having gone through some horrible adventure. I told Haidee, who had been very much alarmed, poor little thing, by my antics at the door when I frightened Sarah, and by the noise of her fall, a much modified story of the whole occurrence, and then ventured down the stairs very cautiously; but Jane, instructed by the cook, had already removed the grease and made them safe again.

But I never again went down those stairs at night-time without a shudder.

I telegraphed to Mr. Rayner to inform him of the accident, without, of course, mentioning the cause, as soon as the Doctor's early visit was over—he said she was suffering from brain-fever, and ought to have a regular nurse. I received a telegram from Mr. Rayner before dinner time—

"Am much distressed about accident. Give her every care. Have sent off an experienced nurse already."

And by the afternoon train she arrived—a silent, middle-aged woman, the very sight of whom inspired respect, which in my case amounted to awe.

The fright in the night had made Haidee rather feverish again, so that I thought it better to delay her coming down-stairs yet another day. But she got up and sat by the fire in my room, and I sat with her during a great part of the day. Just before dinner we heard a light unaccustomed step on the stairs and a knock at the door, and Mrs. Rayner came in. Seeing her in the full light of my four windows, I was shocked by the change in her since I had first come to the Alders, little more than two months before. Her cheeks were so wan and hollow, her eyes so sunken in their sockets, and her lips so drawn and livid that I seemed to be looking at the face of a dead woman. She made little reference to the previous night's adventure, only saying—

"I hear Sarah is ill. I had to go in search of my breakfast myself this morning. I hope she is better."

But the look on her worn face of relief from a hated burden belied her words. She had not dared even to visit her child while that harpy was about. I was sorry Sarah's illness had been caused by me; but I could not feel much sympathy with her; her wandering speeches of the night before had shown her real cruel, vindictive self too plainly.

When we were called to dinner, which Mrs. Rayner said she would have with me to-day, I went down first, in order to leave her with her child for a few minutes. At the foot of the turret stairs, where a mat had been put to hide the traces of the horrible stain, I found the elfish Mona, as dirty as usual, playing with a large bunch of keys—Sarah's housekeeping keys. I thought they would be safer in my care than in Mona's; so I took them from her, nor without a struggle and many fearless screams and howls on her part. I did not come into much contact with this young person now, as, when neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rayner appeared at meals, she had hers in the nursery with Jane, which she much preferred, as it did not entail so much washing and combing.

I thought to myself how much annoyed Sarah would be if she knew her keys were in my possession; but I was glad I had found them when, later in the day, after tea, Jane came to me and said Mrs. Saunders, the nurse, could not drink the draught ale from the cask, and wanted some bottled stout.

"And cook says, 'What shall we do?'" miss. She's making such a fuss about it."

"Where is the bottled stout kept, Jane?" said I, thinking of my keys.

"It's either in the cellar, miss—but Mr. Rayner keeps the key of that—or else in Sarah's store cupboard."

"That is in the left wing, isn't it?"—

"Yes, miss."

"Very well, Jane. I have found Sarah's keys; so I will look in there and see if I can find any," said I.

I did not much like taking this task upon myself; but it would not do to offend the nurse; and I thought it better to venture into Sarah's domain myself than to trust the duty to Jane.

"Oh, and, if you please, Miss Christie, could you get us out candles and some moist sugar? They are in there I know, for Sarah went to Beaconsburgh for them yesterday."

I said I would; and, lighting a candle, I rather nervously pulled open the heavy door of the left wing and entered that mysterious part of the house sacred to Mrs. Rayner. Oh, how cold it was as the door closed behind me! I was growing nervous after the adventures I had had lately, and I did not like the muffled thud of that door as it swung to after me. The storeroom was the first door on the right, I knew; and I trembligly tried the keys until I came to the one which opened it. I shivered. It was colder than ever in there, a great bare room, with shelves and cupboards, and old hampers and boxes, and odds and ends of lumber. I could not help thinking how angry Sarah would be if she knew I was in the room, where no member of the household but herself ever ventured, and which had therefore grown into an importance it did not deserve, for it was a very ordinary apartment, and the cupboard I first opened, in search of candles and moist sugar, was a very ordinary apartment, with the usual stores of jams and pickle jars and household stores of all kinds, except, of course, I thought angrily, as I shivered again with the cold, the candles and moist sugar of which I was in search. I opened another cupboard, I searched on the open shelves, but could not find either of the things I wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE WIZARD OF WALWORTH.

I was recently in company with the medical officer of health connected with a parish the name of which need not be here mentioned. He was on a dilapidated-dwelling expedition, and in a dreadful little room in one of a long row of rotten old houses we found a man and his wife. It needed but a single glance to discover that they were deeply plunged in poverty. The woman was apparently much older than the man, whose age could not have been more than 26, and she—in a dirty, tattered gown, and with her head tied in a rag as though she suffered from neuralgia—was about to sit down to a meal, of which dry bread and a roasted herring were the chief ingredients. But I was most struck with the husband's appearance. It was unmistakable that he was not of the common back-street type of humanity. He was intelligent looking and smartly built, and, attired in decent clothes, would have presented quite a genteel appearance. At ordinary times he might probably have passed as good looking, but he decidedly was not so now, with his face distorted into an insolent, scowling sneer, occasioned seemingly, by the medical officer's stare of surprise. "You in this place, Hamshire?" he remarked. To which, with a bullying and defiant manner, the man (the woman, who seemed nervous and afraid of him, began to cry) made answer, "Here—yes. You are precious sorry for me, no doubt; and more sorry still for Mrs. Hamshire, who is always glad of something to set her off sniveling. You may go to h—the whole lot of you, for all I care, and take her with you."

When we had examined the other rooms of the house and emerged in the street, I remarked to my companion: "You appeared surprised at finding that man, who was without his coat, living here with his wife. Who and what is he?" "He is about as thorough-paced a rascal as you would find in a day's marching," was the reply. "I certainly was surprised to see him. I thought he had left the neighborhood months since. I should have supposed he would have been glad to do so, considering how narrow an escape he had of being sent to prison—to penal servitude, probably. His wife, the woman you just now saw—was implicated in the affair I am alluding to. But I believe she was more to be pitied than blamed for the share she took in it. A stupid creature. She should have known better than marry the fellow, and she old enough to be his mother. It was a queer story altogether." Naturally I was curious to know in what its queerness consisted, and enquired to that effect. "Well, the truth is," was the reply, "if I knew all the details of the story I should only spoil it by attempting its recital. There is only one individual who can tell it properly, and that is the victim himself, or rather, I should say, he whom our friend in the dirty shirt-sleeves designed as his victim. There is not much of romance in the matter," he continued, laughing, "as regards the characters who played the leading parts in it. You have seen Mr. Hamshire and his wife. Their confederate was a vagabond who, for many years, had been practicing as a sly fortune-teller, but he has judiciously kept out of the way since the exposure. The hero of the tale is a foolish old fellow who keeps a general store in one of the by-streets a few minutes walk from this. If you have a desire to hear the story, I will introduce you to the chandlery storekeeper by and by, and he'll relate it readily enough. But you will understand it better if you are first made acquainted with the circumstances that led up to it.

"The chandlery business I have mentioned was not always in the possession of its present proprietor. It belonged to an old person whose name I forget, but we will call her Mrs. Ingledew. The woman who is now Hamshire's wife is her niece, and lived with her assisting in the business for many years. It was a valuable concern, in a small way, the good-will and lease being worth £600 or £700 probably, and it was generally understood in the neighborhood, as a matter of course, that the niece would come in for and continue the business when old Mrs. Ingledew died. It seems to have been so understood at all events, by one individual that lived thereabout—by Mr. Hamshire. I can't tell you anything as to his antecedents, but he seems to have been a fellow who lived by his wits without resorting to downright criminality. He was always, as I am told, smartly dressed, had some pretension to being good-looking, and a large share of imprudence, and on the strength of that capital he formed the design of making love to Martha—the niece—who was turned forty, with a view to marrying her and stepping into the comfortable little property that old Mrs. Ingledew must presently leave behind her. And she, like the weak minded simpleton she is, listened to and encouraged him, though she dared not do so openly, for the old lady, her aunt, though past eighty, still had a vixenish temper, and if there was one thing more than another she strongly objected to it was Martha getting married. But that didn't prevent it. The aunt's constitution seemed to be at last breaking up, and Mister Hamshire, thinking he had so good a thing in hand that he had best secure it without delay, pressed his suit with the niece, and they were quietly married, not so quietly, however, but that the old lady, who was bedridden by this time, somehow heard of it and was so deeply offended that she made a new will in place of the old one, in which the niece appeared as the legatee, and seemingly with no other object than to increase the bitterness of her relative's disappointment she bequeathed with a small exception, the whole of her property, including the shop business, to a past-middle-aged bachelor lodger, who occupied a room in the house—a slow and harmless individual who lived on a small pension paid him since his retirement from some government office. The exception mentioned was that the neice was to have the furniture as it stood in two rooms on the premises, and the privilege of residing in them rent free for the term of twelve months after the aunt's demise. That event happened about a month after the marriage, and you need not be told that Hamshire was furious when the will was read. He was first disposed to quarrel with the fortunate inheritor, but discovering what a timid and nervous person he was, and how easy it would be to impose on him, he affected to make light of the matter, and, with his wife, took up his abode in the apartments provided for them, while Mr. Wicks, the bachelor, having nothing else in particular to do, resolved on carrying on the chandlery business himself. But now, having revealed so much to you," said my medical friend in conclusion, "Mr. Wicks himself shall tell you what next happened."

Mr. Wicks, on whom we called that same evening, was nothing loth. He is an easy-going looking man, of short stature, and so stout that the only indications of his shop apron being secured with strings appear in the bow in front. He has a polished bald head, and large, mild blue eyes, and is, I should judge, of a nature so unsuspicious that if the credit system is a recognized feature of the concern he will probably extend the business far beyond the condition in which old Mrs. Ingledew left it, whatever his ultimate profits may be. He exhibited great trepidation when he was informed that Mr. Hamshire was still resident in the neighborhood, but became somewhat reassured when he was informed that it was highly improbable after what had transpired that he (Mr. Wicks) would ever be troubled by him again. "I am heartily glad to hear you say so, sir," said the chandler, "but one never knows what such a cunning rascal as he is may be up to. I pity his wife, and forgive her, though she did very nearly frighten out of my life by appearing to me as the old lady's ghost. But no doubt it was he who put her up to it." "But it was some time before you suspected him?" "My good sir, I had no reason for doing so. He used to laugh at my ridiculous nervousness. I well remember how he laughed," continued Mr. Wicks, wincing a little still at the unpleasant recollection, "when I found the devil's coachman in my bed." "Found what?" "The devil's coachman, sir. That was the first of it, and it happened when they had been in the house not more than a week. Three nights in succession the confounded thing reappeared there, though, of course, I killed it each time. I didn't know what it was called till Hamshire told me. It is a sort of beetle, long and narrow, with two little horns on its head. I showed the last one to Hamshire, and he laughed, and said it was a good thing I was a man of too much sense to believe in the superstitious nonsense ignorant people put so much faith in. 'They call the thing the devil's coachman,' said he, 'and they believe that is sent by Old Nick to make known to the person to whom it appears that he will be making a journey his way shortly.' I never was a superstitious man," continued the innocent chandler, "and of course I wasn't frightened, but I had lived in the house a good many years, and such a thing had never happened before, and it wasn't a pleasant thing to happen now. I had the bedding all turned out and the bedstead examined—Hamshire's wife used to attend to that sort of thing, just as she had always done and I saw no more 'coachmen.' But something a great deal worse was in store for me. Two or three nights after, when I had been in bed a little while, and the clock on the mantel shelf had just done striking 12, I heard a sound that caused my head to bounce up off the pillow as though it was an india-rubber ball. It was the most horrid dismal groan, sir, that ever was heard by human ears, and it seemed to come from inside the pillow. I am not a drinking man, I never was. All I had in that way all the evening was one glass of warm rum and spruce after I shut up the shop, so there could be no mistake as to my being sober. The sound was like that of a person with a dreadful pain in his inside, and who was giving vent to his feelings with his lips tight shut to keep him from screaming. I thought that perhaps I might have been in a half doze and fancied it, and I got up and moved the pillow and the bolster: and while I was doing so, as plain as you hear me speaking, I heard the horrible noise again, not in the pillow this time, but in the wall, just at the spot where my head lay. Hamshire and his wife slept in the room overhead, and wishing to be convinced that I was not mistaken—the awful noise was repeated every two or three minutes—I slipped on part of my things and went up and knocked at their door. They were abed and asleep, it seemed, and when I told him through the key-hole what I had heard, Hamshire answered in a pet that I had been dreaming, and advised me to have a glass of grog and go to bed again. However, he got up after a little persuasion, and so did his wife, and they came down to my room. I had heard outside the door that she did not wish to come, and I heard him mutter, 'What good will it be, you fool, if you don't come?' 'I shall faint with fright if I hear anything dreadful,' said she. 'All the better,' said Hamshire. I have been told since, that overhearing this should have opened my eyes, but it did not. I think I wanted her to come down, and rather liked his insisting on it. Nothing had been said over the coachman business, in reference to the old lady, but, somehow, I couldn't help connecting her with the awful noise in the wall, and I had some idea that her niece, who knew her way so well, might be able, perhaps, to throw some light on it. But she was no more able to do that than he was. As we all three stood close to the wall, the stifled cry, or whatever it was, was heard again quite plainly and Hamshire's wife was as good as her word about the fainting and went off dead, crying out: 'Oh, aunt, aunt!' as she was doing so. Of course I didn't faint, but I funked, I confess it. But Hamshire kept as cool as a cucumber. 'I wouldn't care about being her aunt, whether she is,' he remarked, 'if that is her present voice. 'Pon my word,' said he, 'it is enough to make one believe some of the rubbish we hear about unquiet spirits, who repent some great wrong they did in this life and haunt the place where they used to reside.' Then he suggested that the sound might have come from the room at the other side of the wall, and when he had carried his wife up-stairs, we went there and listened. But there could be no mistake about it. The unearthly noise was still to be heard, and it was in the wall. It was heard on and off—sometimes gently and sometime louder—until the clock struck 1, and then it stopped. I didn't go to bed again that night, but Hamshire did, but next morning he came down and told me he was very sorry, but his wife was that nervous on account of her aunt's spirit haunting the house, that he was afraid they would have to leave. If I had any suspicions before of his having a hand in causing the noises—which I candidly confess I had not—this was enough to disarm them; and I begged him not to leave the house, or, at all events, to wait a little and see if the strange sounds were repeated. They were repeated that night and the next in exactly the same way and at exactly the same time; and what with worrying and having my nerves unstrung by the want of rest, the matter began to tell on me. I consulted with Hamshire as to having a clergyman in to see what it meant. But he said if I did so the whole neighborhood would soon know all about it, and the business would fall off, and the lease of the premises be rendered worth next to nothing. 'Besides,' said he, in an off-hand sort of way, 'it's no use talking to a man like me, who never went to church in his life, about clergymen. I'd just as soon, if not sooner, apply to old Planchard—Blanchard, whatever his name is, the Wizard. He's got quite a reputation for squaring matters with unquiet spirits, I'm told.' But when I asked him who told him, he replied: 'Hanged if I know. Surely you don't believe in such humbug?' Neither could he tell me where the wizard lived, nearer than that he had heard it was somewhere in the neighborhood of Walworth common. 'But you take my advice,' says he, 'and keep the matter to yourself. You saw the 'coachman' three times, remember, and you've heard the noise three times, and now, perhaps, you won't hear 'em any more. My wife,' he says, 'is going away this evening to stay with a cousin for a week, so you won't have her to worry you, and I shall sleep at home as usual.' Well, his wife went away. She bade me good-bye before she went. There were no noises in the wall that night, nor for two nights after. But the night after that I had a twister! I had ventured to go back to my bed again, but I didn't lock the door, in case anything happened and I wanted to run up-stairs in a hurry, and tell Hamshire. I burned a light—a small night-light—standing on the hob in the fireplace. I don't know now long I had been asleep, but a strange sound awoke me, and there was the ghost of old Mrs. Ingledew standing in the doorway, with the door wide open. I was wide awake and sitting up in bed, and there could be no mistake about it. There she was, as though she had just got out of the coffin I had seen her lying in, with one hand screening her eyes, as though to see me better in the half dark, and vengefully shaking her other fist at me. Then the door closed, and she vanished.

"I won't deny, gentlemen, that I was in a mortal fright, if ever a man was, though my conscience was easy enough. If I had ever wronged the old lady, or done anything to induce her to leave me her property and disinherit her niece, it might have accounted for her vindictive appearance. But I had done nothing of the kind. I jumped out of bed, and at first thought I would go up and tell Hamshire; but on second thought I resolved that I would not. He was such a disbeliever, as he had made out to me, that he was almost sure to laugh at me, and he would do so more now that his wife was away. I turned it over in my mind,—and a pretty sort of distracted mind it was, as you may guess,—and I came to what certainly was a most foolish conclusion—namely, to go and find out the wizard Hamshire had mentioned as being somewhere near Walworth common, and take his advice on the subject. I said nothing about the ghost, but, next morning, making a pretence that I wanted to go to Thames street to see about some butter and bacon, I asked Hamshire to mind the shop for an hour or two, and he consented, and off I went. You must understand that I wasn't so much off my head that I went prepared to believe anything the fellow might tell me. If he really was a wizard, of course he would know more than an ordinary man possibly could, and going along, I laid my plans for testing him. I found where he lived without much trouble, and without giving my name obtained an interview with him. He took me all aback by his reply to my first few questions. 'Did he undertake,' I asked, 'to hold communication with spirits of the other world?' To which he answered coolly that he undertook to try: but when, as in my case, the spirit was that of an aged person, and a female, it was sometimes difficult. 'Our friend here,' remarked the simple old fellow, breaking off in his narrative and directing my attention to my companion, who was looking much amused 'can hardly keep from laughing; but he should bear in mind that at the time I had not the least reason to suspect that there was a conspiracy between the three, and that, therefore, when the wizard made mention of an 'aged person and a female,' and further, when, by way of 'going straight to business,' as he said, he offered to write the name in full of the deceased if I would set down the first letter, and he did so, right off—I say it wasn't very surprising if I began to think that he was what he pretended to be. I told him about the hauntings, about the 'coachman,' and the awful noises in the wall, but about nothing else, when he shook his head and said he was afraid more was to follow. 'The next manifestation,' said he, 'is the appearance to you of the old lady herself. By your statement I am surprised that you did not see her last night.' As I have told you, she had already visited me, and I was more impressed than before with his supernatural talent. I asked how many such 'appearances' there were likely to be, and he replied that it was uncertain—it all depended on how soon what the old lady required was ascertained, and her wishes complied with. 'The sooner the better,' said he, as no doubt she would continue to trouble me in some shape or other—and some of the shapes were such as I shouldn't care to see twice—as long as she remained dissatisfied. Could he give me any idea of what she was dissatisfied with, and what I had to do with it? Not without communing with her. Would he do so? For a fee of £20 he would; but he was afraid she would prove a troublesome subject, and it would probably take a week. "Well gentlemen," continued the agitated chandler, "I am ashamed to say that I thoroughly believed in the fellow, and agreed to give him £5 down and the rest if he fulfilled his promise. I said nothing to Hamshire, though all through the next week I was troubled; some nights I heard the moanings in the wall, but the ghost did not appear again. It was late in the evening, and he said he was ready for me if I was ready for him, which, of course, meant if I had brought the fifteen pounds. I paid him the money, and then he advised me, since what he had to show me might give me a shock, to brace my nerves with a glass of brandy. I did as he suggested, and he seated me in a chair and told me not to move, and then he put out the lamp, making it pitch dark, and in a few minutes there began to appear in letters of flame reflected in a mirror against the wall opposite me the 'spirit's message.' The letters appeared one at a time, quivering for several seconds and then disappearing, and, speaking in the dark, the wizard told me to remember the letters and make out for myself what they spelled. That wasn't very difficult. What they spelled was: 'Give back to my niece what I have robbed her of, or I will haunt you to the end.' That was all, but it was enough for me. I hardly know how I got home, or what I did when I got there. I had only one thing in my thoughts, and that was to obey the 'ghostly message,' and get my peace of mind restored. I lost no time about it. The very next morning—Hamshire's wife had come home from her cousin's—I had them down and gave up to them all the ready money old Mrs. Ingledew had left me, and I gave up the lease as well, asking nothing in return but a receipt for the property, that I might show it to the wizard in proof that I had done what the spirit required. But I wasn't to get off so easy. My nerves had been so upset that I had brain fever, and came so near to dying that Hamshire's wife when closely questioned by the doctor as to certain things I was always talking about, in my 'wanderings,' in a fit of fright, went on her knees and confessed all about it. It was she who, under her husband's directions, had placed the 'coachman' in my bed. The horrible noises in the wall were made by a cat, muzzled and suspended by a string tied to its tail, and let down between the double partition of lath and plaster through a hole in the floor of their room. It was she who acted the ghost, which she could well do, being much like her aunt in features, and of just her stature. She explained, also, how that the wizard was in the conspiracy, and that the flaming letters of the ghostly message were made with phosphorus on the dark wall behind me, and opposite the mirror in which they appeared. The money was to be divided between them; but luckily the division had not yet been made. It was equally lucky for me that my doctor was a man of determination, and that he had a lawyer friend of his own sort. Between them, and by threatening to put the whole affair in the hands of the police, they got back every pound of my money, and that was the pleasant news they had to tell me as soon as I got a bit better, and was strong enough to hear it. And here I am after all, as you see, and where Hamshire is you likewise have seen. As for the 'wizard' he hasn't been seen since.

Famous Caves.

The Famous Kentucky Caves, in the United States, have a formidable rival in Fish River Caves, New South Wales, which form one of the national wonders of Australia. From the official catalogue of the New South Wales Court at the Calcutta Exhibition we learn that these caves are of vast extent, and singularly attractive, having a variety of very intricate galleries or passages, only to be traversed in safety under the care of the experienced local guide employed by the Government. The subterraneous scenes herein disclosed are indeed magnificent — well worth the time and trouble of paying them a visit. There is a whole group of these grand subterraneous halls and bewildering galleries, and each one of these series is known by a different name:—The New Cave, the Lucas Cave, the Bell Cave, the Lurline Cave, &c. Several objects of interest are to be viewed at and in the Fish River Caves; and amongst these are the Great Archway, the Carlotta Arch, the Meeting of the Greeks, the Pinnacle Rock, the Interiors, the outside entrances, and the adjacent woodlands scenes. The Carlotta Arch—a curious natural archiway in the roads—excites much astonishment and admiration. These caves, so remarkable for their stalactitic and stalagmitic formations, are of such an immense extent that whole days are necessary for their due exploration. One of these enormous caverns is estimated to be no less than 500 feet in height, and of a proportionate length and breadth. The strange forms gradually assumed by the drippings of the limestone rocks throughout are almost infinite, and not to be anywhere else surpassed in beauty. In one place there is the weird, rock-like semblance of a well-stocked menagerie; and in another place the pendants from the roof and slabs below are of a still more fantastic and extraordinary character. When lighted up with the magnesium wire these sublime palaces, "which Nature's hands have deftly formed," present a truly gorgeous spectacle, being filled with delicate pendants and drooping sprays, gigantic columns and shadowy arches—all resplendent with dazzling, illusive gems. In the New Cave, the scene developed by the magnesium light is described (by Barton) as "one of surpassing loveliness," the appearance of a heavy fall of snow being produced; the rocks in the rear presenting to the imagination a black, frowning sky. Occasionally a sparkling waterfall heightens the effect of the scene. The Government has had constructed a number of wire ladders for the convenience of visitors in ascending and descending some of the caves.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never neglect a cold. The attack may not seem severe, but a cold is a cold, and therefore an enemy to be looked after with the greatest watchfulness.

To ensure the crackling of pork being crisp and eating short, just before the pork is done moisten the skin all over with a little butter, dredge it with flour, and place it near the fire to brown.

It may not be known to some housewives that if flour is kept in a closet with onions or cabbage it will absorb unpleasant odors from them; you may not notice this until the flour is cooked, but then you will.

Irish poplin is likely to be once more fashionable, and interest in its manufacture is again instanced by the action of the Queen, who has selected this material for the bridal dress of her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Boil some water with salt, pour it over the onions hot, let them stand all night, then peel and put them into cold salt and water. Boil double distilled vinegar with white spice, and when cold put your onions in a jar and pour the vinegar over them; tie them down tight with leather. Mind always to keep pickles tied down close, or they will spoil.

TO WHITEN LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.—Take a pound of fine white soap, cut it up into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has quite melted put in the linen, and boil it for half an hour. Now take it out, having already a lather of soap and warm water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

A large moustache with elaborately curled ends was the pride and delight of the bartender of the Chicopee Hotel at Chicopee, Mass. He woke from an after-dinner nap the other day and found that "the boys" had shaved it off. Now "the boys" find strange and uncomfortable drugs in their drinks.

A LIVING TOMB.

A Colorado Miner Rescued From a Horrible Fate.

Richard Swan, a mining speculator of Leadville, Col., was rescued from a horrible fate recently, being found in the bottom of a deserted mine shaft, into which he had fallen six days before, and which had since been his living tomb. His rescue was by the merest accident. James Barry and Charles A. Dean, two miners, while on their way to work heard the groans of some one in distress. For some time they were unable to locate the sounds, but finally found the opening of a shaft which had almost been closed by the snow and ice. They could then more plainly hear the distant cries, and knew that the person who uttered them must be lying at the bottom. How deep the shaft was they could not tell, for the depths were black as midnight. Ropes and mining timbers were procured, and Barry was let down the shaft. On reaching the bottom and striking a match, he found a man lying face downward just in the entrance of a drift leading from

The man was unconscious, and h mistakeably depicted the agonies of death from starvation. The unfortunate man was raised to the surface and carried to the city, where, after restoratives had been applied, he recovered consciousness.

He says that six days ago he was walking up the gulch to look at some mining property, when all of a sudden he was precipitated down the deserted shaft spoken of. He was not aware of its presence, as the mouth was completely blocked over with snow. From the fall he suffered a sprained ankle and a bruised arm, but was not otherwise hurt, as he struck upon his feet. All that night he made attempts to climb out of the shaft, and only ceased his efforts when his strength had completely given out. His suffering was terrible. As near as he can tell, for three days and nights he kept up the endeavor to escape from his tomb. Frequently he says he heard men passing by, but he called to them in vain. Finally the hunger and the exposure made him so weak that he could not stand up, and giving up in despair he lay down on the spot where he was found. He must have lost consciousness soon afterward, for he says he knew nothing more till he awoke in the cabin where he was taken after being rescued.

Salmon Fishing on the Coast of Labrador.

One of the most important of the Labrador fisheries next to the cod is that of the salmon, though they are by no means as extensive here as they are in the lower Canadian provinces, especially of Restigouche and the Bay of Chaleur, on the south side of the River St. Lawrence. The salmon go up the river to spawn; returning, they are found in the adjacent waters of the river along the coast, in the late summer and early fall. The number of fish annually captured is immense. The best, and in fact only real season for capturing these fish is a few weeks in the early autumn. They are caught in gill nets, large or small, with a regulation mesh of six inches. The nets are placed along shore at the mouth of the river, or across some channel of the stream, and visited every day. The fish entangle themselves in the meshes, which are made sufficiently large to allow the young fish to escape by passing entirely through them, and are held until the fisherman comes and secures his catch. The fish are then cut open from head to tail, and carefully cleaned inside and out, all the black skin being peeled off the backbone. They are then soaked in fresh water, then in salt brine, and finally packed in barrels. There are seldom more or less than twenty-three fish to a barrel. As each barrel brings about $12 cash, each fish is valued at fifty cents. This, of course, is the first cost of the fish.

Salmon-fishing is only in its prime for about four weeks, between, say, July 25 and August 25. This fishing is plentiful all along the rivers on this coast, and there is seldom one boat has not several fisheries upon it. I should say that a barrel of salted salmon will average about 200 pounds in weight. Salmon are, other than above, preserved by drying, smoking, and canning. The latter process is rarely, if at all, employed in Labrador; the other two seldom. They are smoked much as herring are, and dried in the sun much as codfish on the fish-flakes. Salmon are caught with the hook and line by those who care to angle for them and as the rivers and bays are quite full at the proper season, it is a work of pleasure and profit to practice the rod with this king of fish in his native element and at home, when he is most abundant.

Early Life of Osman Digma.

With reference to the early life of Osman Digma, the Suakim correspondent of the London *Times* writes that he was originally a broker and trader, and principally a slave trader, in Suakim and Jeddah, where he received a severe financial blow when, some years ago, a British cruiser captured two slave dhows full of victims, on the way to Jeddah. Osman Digma's trade then fell from bad to worse, his house property in Suakim was all mortgaged, and he became hopelessly involved. Being of no great distinction by birth, his selection by the Mahdi to lead a religious rebellion is attributed to the accident that Osman Digma, in one of his incursions far south for slaves, met the Mahdi, who formed a high estimate of his ability and of his influence, acquired through successful trading. It this history be trustworthy, passions for other objects than holiness are the key note of Osman Digma's character and motives, and it is against all probability that he will cast his goods and his position into the broken balance of battle. He is no ignorant fanatic, and he cannot himself believe the myths which he multiplies in order to control his followers.

There is a physician in Rochester whose heart makes only twenty-six pulsations a minute. He is 44 years old, and enjoys excellent health. The average of healthy men is sixty-five; heart beats to the minute.

M. Jules Claretie said that a high medical authority told him lately that he attributed the great increase of drunkenness among women in Paris to the war. During the siege, especially, they contracted the habit, when there was little to eat and they wanted to keep themselves up. Fifteen years ago, he says, habits of intoxication were rare among Parisiennes.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, APRIL 10, 1884.

Our Mines and Minerals.

A MINER'S OPINION OF THE EXTENT OF THE DEPOSITS OF NORTH HASTINGS.

Last week Mr. Ernest Gaujot, well known to most of our readers from his late connection with the Catling gold mine, made the following interesting statements before the Geological Committee at Ottawa, regarding the mines and minerals of North Hastings. From Mr. Gaujot's opinion we should judge that the mineral deposits of this section have been but slightly developed as yet :—

Mr. Gaujot stated that he had visited nearly every mine and mining district in the world and was satisfied, from personal observation and experience, that minerals of various kinds existed in abundance in North Hastings, particularly gold and iron. He gave a detailed statement of his management of the Consolidated Mine, depth and width of excavation, the nature and extent of the ore, the value ranging from $6 to $80 per ton, the number of men formerly and at present employed, the territory which he considered gold producing; and while he knew that the quartz and ore in many places were rich in gold, the great drawback was, that no process had as yet been discovered by which the gold was all secured, or without heavy loss in its treatment, although a great improvement had been made in this department. When this difficulty had been overcome, which he believed soon would be, handsome profits would be realized. He then referred to the various specimens of iron, what townships he considered iron producing, its range, its value per ton, the cost of securing it, facilities for getting into market, the importance of red hematite to American manufacturers, to mix with and enhance the value of the heavier qualities of iron, and thus making it invaluable to them and supplying a market for all that could be produced. In reply to a question whether these mines could be developed to advantage, and worked profitably by our own people, he said, he believed they could, if the people could only be induced to invest their capital in the project; that he was personally interested in the iron mines of Madoc, and to show the confidence of the Americans, particularly the Cleveland Iron manufacturers, in the mineral wealth of the County and how sanguine were they of reaping a large benefit from their investment, they had purchased from the Ontario Government 100,000 acres of mineral lands with the hardwood in three Townships in the County of Hastings, at about 75 cents per acre.

Mr. Gaujot further stated that from travels and explorations, by himself and others throughout the County, he is satisfied himself that, besides gold and iron, which were most abundant, there existed silver, galena, phosphates, mica, and asbestos, which in time would be largely and lucratively developed.

MURDERED FOR A HEN.

WHEELING, April 3.—Mrs. Richardson, a widow residing at Cedar Creek, was brutally murdered yesterday by Jane Thompson and two other women. The trouble grow out of a dispute over the ownership of an old hen. The assailants used knives and clubs. All have been arrested.

Wilkinson, Kirkland, Bunting and Meek have been committed by the Police Magistrate of Toronto to stand their trial at the ensuing assizes, on the charge of conspiracy.

☞ Easter Cards and Birthday Cards just received at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

North Carolina has suffered damage by forest fires to the extent of over a million dollars. The fires are still raging.

☞ TO BLACKSMITHS—No. 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at J. DALE & SON'S.

Five hundred cattle in the United Kingdon are affected with foot and mouth disease.

☞ The best Table Salt, in small bags, just to hand, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Lord Lorne has submitted a scheme for the settlement of the Irish question.

The affairs of Egypt have fallen into an almost hopeless state of confusion.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

About a week ago a little daughter of Mr. Henry Puffer, of Hastings, stepped upon a rusty nail. No serious results were anticipated from the apparently trifling wound until Sunday when tenanus, or lock-jaw, set in and to which the little sufferer succumbed the same night.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—A frequent cause of gout and rheumatism is the inflammatory state of the blood, attended with bad digestion and general debility. A few doses of the Pills taken in time are an effectual preventative against gout and rheumatism. Any one who has an attack of either should use Holloway's Ointment also, the powerful action of which, combined with the operation of the Pills, must infallibly effect a cure. These pills act directly on the blood, which they purify and improve. Having once subdued the severity of these diseases, perseverance with the Ointment, after fomenting the effected joints with warm brine, will speedily relax all stiffness and prevent any permanent contraction.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

Heneries are being started near Trenton.

Belleville is to have a new city directory.

Picton is to have a $2,500 skating rink.

The Belleville Street Railway is offered for sale.

Scarlet fever is prevalent throughout Prince Edward.

Ploughing has commenced in the front townships.

A Dramatic Club has been organized in the village of Eganville.

A Bath Gentleman lost a $50 bill in Napanee last week. An honest man did not find it.

Scripture's steam saw mill, Colborne, was burned to the ground the other week. Loss $5,000. No Insurance.

There were fifteen births, seven marriages, and seventeen death sregistered during March in Belleville.

The Grand Trunk Railway are now running a special excursion train to Manitoba every Wednesday evening.

There are 17 persons in the county gaol; 12 men and 5 women. Two of the former and two of the latter are lunatics.

A Nepean farmer recently sold to an Ottawa butcher three hogs, whose united weight turned the scales at 1,420 pounds.

A number of passengers rode from Norwood to Peterboro on the Ontario and Quebec railway last week. They were the first.

They have to pay a license fee of $300 in Picton for running a billiard table. We imagine there will not be many tables in operation there this year.

Hon. John Stephenson, of Napanee, died on Tuesday morning last. He represented Lennox for some years, and was Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

A exchange takes the trouble to state that "Rev. Geo. McRitchie, of Almonte, was not a blacksmith in his early lite." We simply rise to remark that we never said he was.

Some wags advertised a carnival for the evening of the 1st of April, at Kingston. A large crowd of persons in costume attended, and found the words "April fool" on the door.

We note that the townships of Cramahe and Brighton are making arrangements to enforce the provisions of the "Tree Planting Act" passed last year by the Ontario Legislature.

Mr. John Banwell, of Picton, received intelligence from England last week that an uncle of his had died in New Zealand and left him by will property valued at alout $25,000.

A young man named Bailey, of Rawdon, was shot in the cheek by a ball from a revolver which was discharged by being struck by the handle of a grind stone which he was turning.

Prince Edward County has been made a chancery division, and Judge Jellet appointed master. All chancery cases in the county will hereafter be tried in Picton instead of in Belleville.

Twenty-seven tons of sturgeon, caught in Smith's Bay, near Waupoos Island, have been shipped from Picton this winter. The fish brought an average price when dressed, of five cents per pound.

The grist mill of Latti's mills, Tyendinaga, owned by Messrs. Wallbridge and occupied by G. L. Grass, was burned on Wednesday morning with 600 bushels of wheat. Loss about $10,000; insured for $4,000.

An old man in Clayton advertised for a wife. He found an old woman in Gananoque who was willing to marry him, but before accepting her he asked her to keep his house a week. They are not married yet.

An old lady upwards of sixty years, Mrs. Nichols, of Marmora, slipped on a treacherous piece of ice last week and broke her arm. On account of her age it is feared it will take a long time to heal.

The *News-Argus* says a fatal accident took place in Rawdon on the 27th ult., by which Mr. Benjamin Pashley, a hale, hearty old man of commanding appearance and generally esteemed, met an untimely end. The day previous he and his son held a joint auction sale, and on the 27th the old gentleman, while moving some effects, fell from the waggon and sustained such injuries to his spine that he died on the 31st.

The quiet little village of Toledo was thrown into a state of excitement and grief on Sunday last over the sudden death of Rev. S. S. Leathley, Episcopalian minister of that place. While the rev. gentleman was delivering a sermon in the Town Hall on Sunday he was suddenly attacked with a fainting spell, and upon being taken to the office of Dr. Kilborn almost immediately expired. His death is probably the result of heart disease.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

T. ROBERTS,

MADOC

BOOT

AND

SHOE

STORE.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The little children leap and run,
You hear their voices ring
Far down the wet and hazy street,
It is a sign of spring.

And invalids their crutches old
Down to the corner bring,
And stand and bask within the sun,
Another sign of spring.

And girls upon the front gate get
Their lovers on a string;
Which is, I think, another sign
Of sweet and gentle spring.

And tramps upon the Esplanade,
They laugh like anything,
And sniff the summer breeze that comes,
A certain sign of spring.

The youth he pawns his overcoat
For what the coat will bring,
And buys a light and coolish suit,
Another sign of spring.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES, with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound* or *ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any other disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two Girls Wanted.

TWO Girls wanted, to work in Cheese Factory for the season. Apply to MISS CARRIE GOLWAY, or to Mr. Robert Rollins, Madoc. 363

FOUND.

ABOUT two weeks ago, near the village of Madoc, a Finger Ring. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at this office. Madoc, April 5th. 363-2

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell his House and Lot, the corner of St. Lawrence and Wellington streets, in the Village of Madoc. Well situated for business, with a good dwelling house. For price and terms, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq.

HIRAM RIGGS.

Madoc, April 7th, 1884. 363-4w

TENDERS

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, 21st of April, for the erection of a Brick Hotel, in the village of Madoc. Plans and Specifications may be seen at Moon's Hotel. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

MRS. MOON.

Madoc, April, 8th. 363-2w

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 B. A. S. WILSON.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY forbid any person or persons negotiating with J. S. Stewart, M. D., Belleville, for a note signed by me on the 25th day of February last, payable in two months, for ten dollars. The note was given as part payment for treatment at his hands, but having made a miserable failure of his pretended medical skill I pronounce the payment of the note absolutely void.

JOHN WAGER.

Nugent, April 5th, 1884. 1w

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

NOTICE.

License District of N. Hastings.

A MEETING of the Board of License Commissioners will be held in the Town Hall, in the Village of Madoc, on

Wednesday, 23rd of April, 1884,

at the hour of 10 o'clock, a m.,

For the purpose of granting Tavern and Shop Licenses for the ensuing year. Applicants for Tavern licenses who are not licensees for the current year are John Christie, for his house at Thanet; James Best, for a house at Keller's Bridge, in the township of Madoc; J. Green, for a house at Maynooth, known as Green Hotel; George Gordon, for a house in the township of Limerick, known as Bain's formerly; T. I. Peris, for a house at Bancroft in the township of Faraday; Wm. Greenfield for a house at Bancroft. 26 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses were issued for the current year. Applications have been made for 28 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses for the ensuing year.

Dated at Madoc this 1st day of April, 1884.

E. MOUNCEY,

362-3w Inspector.

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the MADOC HOUSE, in the

Village of Madoc,

—ON—

FRIDAY, 18TH APRIL 1884,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the following lands and premises, namely: The south half of lot number 7 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

The place is about 3½ miles from the Village of Madoc. About 30 acres cleared. A log house, and a log barn are erected upon the premises.

For terms of payment and further particulars, apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
Vendor's Solicitor,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Madoc, March 29th, 1884. 362-3

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

—o—

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

Hardware!

—x— —

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD,

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WOOL BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOP BRUSHES.

—o—x—

FULL LINE OF MACHINE

OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

—o—

TINWARE.

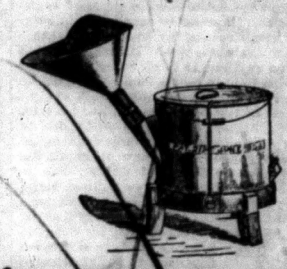
We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
COLLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

—o—

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

—o—

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

—o—

SPECIALTIES,

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL,
BUCKTHORN
FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,

Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—Good

—Friday

—To-morrow.

—Sunday next is Easter.

—Six bicycles are now in the village.

—"Citizen's" letter will appear next week.

—The Madoc House is to have a new Register in a few days.

—A "crazy quilt" is the latest craze to occupy the minds of maidens.

—The seven-o'clock closing movement has "gone up" for the season.

—The pensioners of this district were paid their quarterly allowance on Tuesday.

—Ploughing commenced on Mr. S. Rollins' farm, adjoining this village, on Tuesday.

—A grand ball and oyster supper is to be held in this village on Monday evening next.

—Mrs. Wright has just received a quantity of choice cheese from the Sidney factory.

—A ball and supper will be held at Lapam's hotel, Bridgewater, on Monday night next.

—The customary spring forest fire which has its origin in a brush-heap will soon be reported.

—There will be plenty of work for carpenters, masons and bricklayers in Madoc this summer.

—Easter services in St. John's Church Thursday (to-day) evening, Friday morning and evening, and Sabbath.

—Deans sells 2 papers Marcon's Seeds for 5 cents; 2 papers Steeles' Seeds for 5 cents. Don't forget the place, please.

—A number of Cheese Factories throughout this neighborhood will commence the season's operations in about two weeks.

—The next regular meeting of the Council of the township of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall in this village on Monday next.

—For the newest and most first designs in Spring Millinery, go to Cross & Mouncey's.

—Francis Mackie, a very estimable young man, about 25 years of age, son of Mr. James Mackie, of the Dominion Hotel, Belleville, died on Saturday last, a victim of consumption.

—The latest New York, London and Paris styles of Millinery at
CROSS & MOUNCEY'S.

—Two lazy and dirty looking specimens of humanity with a performing bear, went through the village on Tuesday afternoon. It were almost a crime to give the vagabonds a cent.

—LACROSSE—All the old members, and as many new ones as wish to become members for 1884, will be kind enough to meet at the REVIEW office on Friday evening, at eight o'clock. Last call.

—And now it is Stirling's turn to endure a siege by the Salvation Army. The first shots will be fired this week. We hope our friend of the *News-Argus* will surrender gracefully, if not willingly.

—The new Blood Purifier, "Fountain of Health," one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

—M. W. Sine, V. S., has had a night bell attached to his office, for the convenience of those requiring his services during the night. The bell communicates to his sleeping apartments in Mrs. Wright's.

—See the new styles in Spring Millinery at Cross & Mouncey's.

—A wagon load of young people from this village visited a sugar bush a short distance in the country on Tuesday night. The jovial farmer thinks one visit of the kind enough, as the waste of good sugar was enormous.

Committed.

Mr. W. Dingman, late a resident of this village as agent of the Central Ontario Railway, was arrested last week at the instance of Frank Conlin, late of Eldorado, regarding some business matters between the two. We understand Magistrate O'Flynn committed him on Tuesday for trial. Bail was accepted

A Bad Fire.

All fires are bad, but that of Friday night last which destroyed the dwelling house of Mr. L. Eager, about three miles from this village was especially so. The family had gone to bed as usual, but shortly afterwards Mrs. Eager was roused by the smoke pouring into her room, and when the alarm was given the occupants of the house had barely time to escape in their night clothes, and nothing of any value was saved. Mr. W. Rikley, who was staying in the house that night, lost about $20 worth of property. Mr. Eager is heavy loser, and we are sure he will have, as he is entitled to, the sympathy and support of his neighbors.

Remorse of Conscience.

The *Intelligencer* says that Nathan E. Baldwin, aged 22, a native of New York, entered the police station, Belleville, on Thursday last and stated that he had committed two forgeries, for which he desired to be punished. He is a good looking fellow and was very fairly dressed. He asserts that about a year ago while in the employ of Heal, Murphy & Co., a lumber firm doing business on the White River, near Hesperia, Michigan, he received an order for $5 which he raised to $45. This was cashed by Mr. G. S. Webster of Hesperia. Soon after he forged an order on Mr. A. P. Waite, another lumberman, for $20 and that was cashed in Everett. Since then he has wandered around. His desire now is that he will be extradited, punished for his offences, and after his sentence has expired he will lead a better life.

THE HENS BEGIN TO LAY.

The farmer's wife is happy,
And she chuckles all the day,
When the sun is shining warmly
And the hens begin to lay.

She hunts about the straw stack,
And she searches thro' the hay,
And she pokes about promiscuous
When the hens begin to lay.

Law Case Settled.

The important arbitration suit between P. Marrin and F. Marrin respecting the homestead and longstanding accounts has at last been determined, and so far as we have heard to the entire satisfaction of both parties concerned. The arbitrators were John Caskey, Reeve of the Township, C. F. Aylsworth, P. L. S., and Alex. A. McDonald, Solicitor. C. Gream, Esq., appeared before the arbitrators for F. Marrin.

Honors.

Mr. Frank Reid, late of this village, passed a very highly creditable examination at the Ontario Veterinary College, of Toronto, last week, when he graduated as a full fledged V. S. In addition to his high standing in many of the branches, he had the honor of carrying off the gold medal for general proficiency, over all the other students. We beg to congratulate our young friend on his success. Mr. Reed is spending a few days in the village this week, seeing old friends, previous to his locating in Illinois, for the practice of his art.

County Court.

Among the cases tried at the County Court in Belleville last week, was that of Barnum vs. Pusey, for an action on an account for horse hire, teams, etc., furnished to deft. by plff. Defence was that the deft. was not liable, as he was acting as President of the Hastings Iron Company, and that the claim is against the Company and not him personally. The Hastings Iron Company were made the defendants, and a verdict given against them. Verdict for deft. Pusey. Denmark & Northrup for plff., Bell & Biggar for deft.

Methodist Union Celebration.

The *Mail* says:—The Methodist Union has now passed both the Commons and the Senate, and only awaits the royal assent for it to become law. A similar measure was introduced into the Local Legislature, and passed without opposition. The only change of importance made in both bills was to alter the date on which the Union should take place from July 1st to June 1st. This was done in order to render legal the meetings of first annual conferences of the United body, which according to the constitution will meet in June. It is proposed to celebrate the consummation of Methodist Union by appropriate religious services in all the churches of Canada, and already steps have been taken by Rev. Dr. Rice toward that end.

Now is Time.

For the Health Inspectors to make their strolls about the streets and neighborhood.

To remove the heap of ashes and winter accumulation from the back yard.

To take shovel in hand and clear away the rubbish in front of every residence,

For people to learn to make a sty for their herds of swine and keep them from constantly annoying the neighbors of their thoughtless owners.

For the Council to pass a by-law for the imprisonment of all cows, pigs, and geese found anywhere within the corporation.

For the boy to lay aside his skates and lay in a stock of marbles.

And for the farmer to make ready for the labor which is to supply the country with bread next winter.

Village Council.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday evening. Present—the Reeve and Messrs. Aylsworth, Maybee, Kirk and Kerr.

The Reeve reported that he had ordered 200 feet of Hose for the fire Company, as ordered, at 96 cents per foot, same quality as now on hand.

A number of accounts were ordered to be paid.

Mr. John Geary applied for 300 feet of lumber and plank to extend a sidewalk to his house, he agreeing to do the work himself. On motion the request was granted.

The question of new sidewalks for the coming season was discussed. Mr. Aylsworth said several parties had spoken to him about a new sidewalk from the south side of St. Lawrence street to the Cemetery. The Reeve did not think it advisable to go heavily into new sidewalks this year, as we were now keeping in repair more walks than many villages of the size in the country. It was thought advisable for the members to take their usual excursion over the streets and sidewalks of the village in order to see for themselves what repairs would be necessary.

The appointment of Mr. John Huff as Chief Constable was considered satisfactory to the Council, and a By-law appointing him for the year was passed through its several readings and adopted.

The Chief was instructed to inspect and order the necessary cleansing of the yards of the village, and also to hand in monthly reports for the information of the Council.

Council adjourned.

Obituary.

MRS. MACKENZIE BOWELL.

(Intelligencer.)

With a deep regret which will be shared by a very extensive circle of friends, we announce the death of Mrs. Bowell, wife of the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, which sad event took place suddenly at Hermosa, California, on Tuesday, 1st inst., from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. Bowell was the eldest daughter of the late Jacob G. Moore, Esq., of this city, and was aged 56 years. In December, 1847, she became the wife of Mr. Bowell, and for upwards of 36 years was to him a loving and faithful wife—a partner and helpmate in every sense of the word. For several years Mrs. Bowell's health was delicate, but through the anxious care of a devoted husband, she regained health and strength, and had, to all seeming, a long life of happiness and of public usefulness before her. Unfortunately, however, about two years ago her health again began to fail, and last season it became apparent that her lungs had become seriously effected, and, on the advice of her physicians, she was removed to the milder region of southern California, in the hope that the mild and salubrious climate of that country would restore her to health, or at least arrest the progress of the disease which threatened her life. The reports were satisfactory for a time, but so slow was the progress towards recovery that apprehension was not allayed. Still, it was with a great shock that the news was received that the dread destroyer had completed its work.

Mrs. Bowell was a lady of kind and charitable disposition, and a most devoted mother and her life was well spent. Her nature was strongly religious, and for many years she was a member of the Methodist Church of Canada. She was most loved by those who knew her best, and will be greatly missed in Belleville. She leaves, surviving her, a widowed husband and a family of five, namely, Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, Mrs. C. P. Holton, Mr. John M. Bowell, Miss Bowell, and Mr. J. C. Bowell. To the sadly bereaved husband and family, and sorrowing relatives, we, in common with the people of Belleville, extend our warmest sympathies in this hour of their affliction. Her remains will be brought here for interment.

Tall Wood-sawing Stories.

From our neighboring exchanges we take the following startling records of wood-cutting feats:—

Norwood Register:—"Mr. R. Ferguson, of Dummer, says that Mr. D. McNaughton sawed, split and piled four cords of wood in 9 hours."

Bowmanville News:—"We hear that a chopper of the name of Harry Lebber, in the employ of Mr. Robert Dunlop, of North Monaghan, cut eight and a quarter measured cords of black ash between six o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening last Tuesday, with a Wetmore axe. Who can beat this for a day's work?"

Pembroke Standard:—"A Frenchman employed by Mr. T. Murray sawed ten cords of cordwood in a day and three-quarters. We would like to see a man who can beat that."

If the above fellows can produce any substantial backing the REVIEW will trot out a man who says he can clear a five-acre field of timber before breakfast. Will somebody please make a note of this? We know newspapers nor wood-cutters would'nt use the truth carelessly in a matter of this kind.

Married.

FAIR—GARDNER.—At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 9th April, by the Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., Robert Fair to Hattie Gardner.

MASON—TUCKER.—At the parsonage, on the 8th April, by the Rev. E. N. Baker, M.A., Henry Mason to Mary Tucker, both of Rawdon.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING; ETC., ETC., PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yoemen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

FOR THE FARMER.

Swarming, and How to Manage It.

In the writer's apiary two large tin pails filled with water are always kept near the shop door, with a fountain pump hanging over them; and if a swarm shows any disposition to leave, or is slow in clustering when other swarms are expected, it receives such a sprinkling that it soon "hangs itself up to dry." With such a pump and plenty of water it is next to impossible for a swarm to abscond. The implement is also useful to prevent uniting or clustering of swarms issuing at the same time. Near the tin pails stand two splint clothes baskets, lined with cotton cloth, and each basket is furnished with a burlap cover stitched to one side of it. As soon as a swarm has clustered it is taken into one of these baskets, the cover flopped over, and if another swarm or something else demands immediate attention the basket and its contents can be set to one side, to be disposed of at leisure.

After seeing the ease with which bees can be managed when allowed to swarm naturally, the energy with which they work, and the excellent results obtained, the writer is decidedly opposed to artificial swarming—and also to queens with clipped wings. In the first place, when the bees swarm, the queen has to be found and caged. The bees roam around a long time, and sometimes finally cluster. If another swarm comes out they are certain to unite with it. When the bees do return they often go piling into the wrong hive, perhaps hives; and if they do catch on to the proper one, instead of going in they often cluster all over its outside. Sometimes, after the queen has been allowed to run in she comes out again then of course the bees will follow her. In my experience a swarm having an unclipped queen can be hived and be at work in that "whooping," "zipping," go-ahead style, in just about the same time that it takes a swarm with a clipped queen to make up its mind, sullenly and doggedly, to go back home.—*American Agriculturist.*

Plantain and Other Weeds.

As to destroying the weeds after they are once on the farm—there are weeds and weeds, and a knowledge of their nature will be a great aid in the warfare against them. Like other plants, they are annual, biennial, or perennial. Annual weeds come up, and die the first season, and that is the end of them. But before they depart, they make abundant provision for a succession, by producing a multitude of seeds to carry on the work. The earlier such weeds are destroyed, the better, as some perfect their seeds when quite small. The cultivation of crops that must be frequently worked by hand or horse implements, is the most ready way of getting rid of them. Biennial and perennial weeds the first year from sowing, prepare to produce seeds the next year, and are usually not conspicuous the first season, there being only a tuft of leaves lying close to the ground, looking innocent, but preparing for mischief, by laying in provisions for an active growth the next year. The biennial, the second year, shoots up a flower stalk, perfects its seeds, and dies. The perennial shoots up a flower stalk, perfects its seeds and don't die, but on the contrary lays up in its roots provisions for a more active campaign the third year, and so on continuously. When such weeds are established, their spread should be prevented by cutting off their seed-stalks, or rather flower-stalks before seeds are formed. If the flower stalks of a biennial weed are cut away, the plant will die sooner or later, and give no further trouble. Not so the perennial weeds, the measures for their extermination must differ with the nature of the plants and their numbers. In some cases, pulling or digging up the roots will be cheapest; in others, the constant cutting of the leaves as soon and as often as they appear at the surface of the ground, will answer. Again, it may be best to smother the weeds with a heavy growth of Buckwheat, or the Southern Cow Pea. This last makes a remarkably dense mat of vines and foliage, under which nothing can live. We have thus indicated the general methods to be followed in the destruction of weeds. Those persons will be most successful in applying them who acquaint themselves with the plants known as weeds, and are able to recognise them at every stage, and who consider their habit of growth in undertaking their destruction. Every farmer should recollect that a sharp hoe properly applied to any weed in its youth, will avoid much trouble in future.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Kitchen and Market Garden.

Success in the garden largely depends upon having good seeds and sowing them in the right time. Do not depend on seeds of doubtful vitality, but test them beforehand. Count out twenty seeds and sow them in a cup or other vessel of soil, and note what share comes up. The seeds of tender vegetables should not be sown until the proper time to plant corn. In raising vegetables for market sow those kinds that are popular in the locality.

Plants in hot-beds should be hardened off gradually to prepare them for the open air. Hot-beds at this season need close attention. If the sashes are left closed a short time, the hot sun will destroy the plants and undo the work of weeks. In sowing seeds success often depends upon bringing the soil in close contact with them. Some gardeners tread down the soil over the seeds with the feet.

Asparagus is a crop well suited to farmers, always in demand and the market rarely overstocked. If not sold at once it will keep several days. Sow seeds to raise plants with which to set out a field next year. Prepare the soil as for a root crop, mark out drills fifteen inches apart and sow the seeds rather thinly, covering an inch deep. When well up keep clean by use of the hoe and thin with the hoe, leaving the plants as far apart as the width of its blade. If they have good soil and good cultivation the plants will, in one season, grow large enough to set out next Spring.—*American Agriculturalist.*

The Berry Patch.

Former notes upon the cultivation of the small fruits, have been given from time to time. Perhaps the very persons for whom they are especially intended—the farmers, thinking they have no fruit garden, have passed them by. By fruit garden, we mean essentially a berry patch. As farmers more than most others deprive themselves of the small fruits, which they might and should have in abundance, we have endeavored to show that their culture is a simple matter. Let the determination once be made to have an abundance of small fruits and all the rest is easy. To make a beginning, unless some friendly neighbor will furnish plants, there must be a small outlay at the start. If only a few plants of each kind of fruit are procured to begin with, these can be increased very rapidly, indeed some multiply themselves. No investment will bring such a large return in health and family comfort, as that expended for the plants to stock a berry patch. Send to some reputable dealer for his catalogue, make a selection and send the order early. The express or mail will bring the plants in due time. When the plants come, there must be a place ready to receive them. Select the best land that can be found near the house. It is well to have it in sight, as trespassers will be less apt to trouble it. It would be better to have prepared the soil for the patch last fall, but do it now, rather than to postpone the garden for a whole year. Prepare the soil as well as you know how with the means at hand. This means well-rotted manure, and thorough working with the plough and harrow.

Saving the Road Wash.

Every road not on a dead level has more or less debris which has a fertilizing value washed off upon its side. The water itself is valuable, and will make grass wherever it spreads. In a hilly country or one of gentle grades, nearly all this water, and the fertilizing matter it carries, may be turned off at frequent intervals upon the adjoining pastures and meadows The dust and debris of the highway consists of finely pulverised soil and stone, which contains more or less lime, potash, and other valuable material so minutely divided that water makes it immediately available for plant food. Iron and steel tires, horse and ox shoes, and above all the frost, have been at work upon it all through the winter. Appreciable quantities of manure have been dropped upon it by beasts of burden, and their feet have mixed it with the road dust, and made a nice compost. Its value is seen in the rank growth of grass and briars wherever it lodges. It will pay big wages for all the labor needed to turn this wash off, through culverts or an open ditch, on to the adjoining pastures and mowing land.—*American Agriculturist.*

QUEER ANIMALS.

The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge has received a crab from Japan that measures, from claw to claw, nearly twelve feet. In some observed by Professor Ward the claws were five feet in length.

Professor Noury, director of the Museum of Natural History at Eltcouf, in hunting the grebe, noticed a nesting bird push its floating nest from shore, sitting upon its side and paddling the nursery that contained the eggs, thus conducting it out of danger.

A frog discovered in Germany has an ingenious method of protecting its eggs from birds. They are deposited in a swampy place, and immediately become luminous in the dark, predatory animals avoiding it, thinking it fire. The light of fire-flies has been proved a means of communication between male and female.

A vessel off Para reports falling in with a mass of spiders floating in the air. The rigging and sails were covered with the web, the long threads of which formed the balloon for the tiny æronauts. For several miles this spider swarm continued, the captain estimating that there were millions, which had undoubtedly been blown from land.

A gigantic jelly-fish stranded at Ceylon weighed over two tons, and at night gave out a light sufficient to read by. In ten days it had evaporated so that it weighed only a few pounds. In specimens of the genus aurelia aurita there is 92 52 per cent. of water, the solid matter forming a small of 1 per cent. In large forms of Rhigostoma there is 5 per cent. of solid matter.

Professor Elliot of New York City, is conducting some interesting experiments to test the sensibility or insensibility of insects to pain. A dragon-fly was fastened to a board and its abdomen severed from the rest of its body. The latter was then fed to the insect by piecemeal, which it ate with evident relish, the parts eaten of course dropping out of the severed end. Having eaten its own abdomen, it was served with six spiders and sixty flies, swallowing them all and losing them immediately, evidently suffering no pain.

The forthcoming report of the "Challenger" on deep-sea fishes will contain some remarkable forms new to science. Many are luminous, showing fiery spots upon the head, like the headlight of a locomotive, or along the fins. It is supposed that these are their means of communication. Some of the localities from which they were taken were two or three miles from the surface, where, if a man stood, the pressure would equal that of two obelisks like the one in Central Park piled upon his back. The temperature of the water is just below freezing.

The Population of Russia.

On Jan. 1, 1882, the inhabitants of Russia numbered 91,118,514 living in sixty-three provinces and eleven districts. During the year 1881 there were 4 848,863 births and 2 826,438 deaths registered, the growth of the population being 1,217,425 inhabitants. At this rate the population would rise to a hundred million in 1890, and in sixty to seventy years it would double. At present the population of the empire is ninety-four millions. The growth of population is largest in the southern parts and smallest in the northern, where also the mortality is greatest. It is difficult to say whether this is to be attributed to the climate or the economic conditions of the country. The average of life in Russia is twenty-six years in Europe and thirty-one in Asia. This fact is explained by the enormous mortality of young children. It has been ascertained that sixty per cent. of the children die under the age of five years, which means one and a half million of deaths per annum among young children. It has also been proved that more than half of the male population die before attaining the age of military service. On an average, a person is born in the Russian empire every eight seconds, and a death occurs every eleven seconds. In St. Petersburgh a human being passes away every fifteen minutes.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Terrible Sufferings of a Shipwrecked Crew—Only One Left to Tell the Tale.

On Feb. 19 the brig A. G. Jewett, loaded with coal and machinery, left Philadelphia bound to Matanzas, Cuba. She was a trim vessel of 371 tons, was under the command of Capt. Joseph Reed, and hailed from Belfast, Me. She had picked up her crew in Philadelphia a few days before sailing. These were the Captain, two mates, six sailors, and a cook.

On the day after setting sail the brig passed the Delaware Breakwater. On Feb. 21 and 22 the weather was foreboding, but the winds favored the vessel's course. During the night of the 22nd the brig struck the Gulf Stream. A strong wind, which had been blowing from the south east, turned into a violent gale. The sea rose high and the waves broke over the vessel, which labored terribly. The storm increased in violence, and the gale shifted and came from the south-west. The buffeting of the waves shifted the brig's cargo, and she sprang a leak. The storm was so fierce that the pumps could not be worked with any effect. At 5½ o'clock on the morning of the 23rd a heavy sea struck the brig, throwing her on her beam ends. She foundered shortly afterward. Capt. Reed and the cook sank with her.

The two mates and the four seamen swam toward a boat which the waves had torn loose from the vessel, together with a spar to which it had been spliced. The boat was full of water, and would have sunk but for the spar. The men climbed into her, and clung to the gunwales. The waves broke over them again and again. They had no food, water, oars, or sails. At daylight the gale had decreased in violence, but the water was still terribly rough. It became frightfully cold. The men to keep the upper part of their bodies out of the water stood on the boat's seats, still clutching the gunwales, which were the only part of the boat not submerged.

In the afternoon Mr. Clarke, the first mate, said that his strength was leaving him. He could not stand on the seat any longer, and sank down into the water, his body resting on the boat's bottom. For a time he managed to keep his head and shoulders above the gunwale. A succession of chop seas swept over his head, and a little while after he died. His companions, to lighten the boat, threw his body into the sea. Not long after the death of the first mate one of the sailors died from exhaustion. His body had hardly been let over the side of the boat when another sailor loosened his grip on the gunwale and fell back dead. He also was dropped into the water. Only three remained when night came. There was no moon or stars. The flooded boat was tossed high one moment and submerged the next. The night was terrible, and it seemed like a lifetime to the two men who lived to see dawn. The other had died in the darkness.

At noon on Feb. 24, Second Mate James Pratt was the sole survivor of the crew of the brig A. G. Jewett. For nearly two hours longer he was tossed around. He had been in the boat fifty-four hours when he saw the bark Edward Cushing bearing down upon him. He was too weak and numb to make even a signal of distress. The bark was out from Boston and bound for Aspinwall, where Pratt was landed on March 14 He was anxious to return to the United States, but was entirely destitute, all his effects having been lost with the A. G. Jewett He told his story to the United States Consul at Aspinwall, who sent him home on the Pacific Mail steamship Acapulco, which arrived in New York recently.

The California "Big Trees."

A correspondent of the *Advance* says:—"The largest tree is the fallen 'Father of the Forest,' with a traceable height of 452 feet, and measuring 112 feet in diameter at its base—a stupendous ruin truly! The interior, a hollow cavity, probably burned out centuries ago, is sufficiently spacious to afford ample room for a couple of mounted horseman to ride abreast for 200 feet, then dismounting, if so disposed, our cavaliers could ascend a ladder, and through a very respectable-sized knot-hole emerge into the outer world again—by no means a formidable undertaking, as we can cheerfully testify. The noble 'Mother of the Forest,' 327 feet in height, denuded of her bark, and, of course, dead, white and ghost-like, is still standing, though her top limbs are beginning to fall. The bark removed from the poor defrauded Mother' was exhibited at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, where it was burned with the partial destruction by fire of that building some years since. In 1853 one of the most imposing of the family group was cut down, occupying five men twenty-five days in performing the herculean work, which was accomplished by using augers, the borings being made toward the centre of the tree. Upon the top of the stump, smoothed and polished, a pavilion had been erected, and the sizeable room enclosed upon festive occasions serves for a dancing hall, and is large enough to accommodate thirty-two 'sets' upon the floor, it is said, at one time.

"The Mariposa Grove, in Mariposa County, is a public domain, having been given by an act of Congress in 1864 to the state of California. It is two miles square, and from its greater area, larger number of trees and the wildness of the locality, was even more impressive to us than the Calaveras Grove. Many of the big trees have been scathed by fires, particularly in this forest, where, as Professor Whitney says, they have evidently swept through again and again, greatly marring its beauty. But amid all these fierce conflicts, though scarred and battered, many of these brave old veterans have sturdily maintained their hold upon life while others have bowed their lofty heads in the dust. There are not a few of these prostrate monarchs here in the Mariposa Grove, in the debris of whose mouldering trunks, shrubs, loveliest wildflowers and soft, velvety mosses spring up, gracefully beautifying all that remains of their former stately majesty and grandeur. Through one of the standing trees—the monster 'Wawona'—the stage road has been made to pass an aperture not quite equal to a similar one cut through the stump of the 'Dead Giant,' in the Tuolumne Grove, through which wooden tunnel our loaded six-horse horse stage-coach was driven in easiest transit."

The truest wisdom is resolute determination.

How Contracts are Made.

To make an agreement binding, one party must make an offer, and the other accept it. It takes two to make a bargain. The parties must be of the same mind at the same time. A man asks the dealer what the price of an article is; the dealer answers, giving the price; the buyer says he will take it. There is no contract here unless the dealer then agrees to sell it. When a man makes an offer and another accepts it, the second must let the first know that he accepts it. If a man agrees to guarantee that another will pay for what he purchases, those who trust the party on the faith of the guaranty must notify the person who made it, or he will not be bound.

Again, if one offers to pay one hundred dollars for a horse, the seller to accept within twenty-four hours, the proposer is not bound unless the other does accept within that time. More than this, one who makes an offer can withdraw it at any time before it is accepted.

If an offer is made and no time is stated for the buyer to decide whether or not to make the bargin, the buyer must decide within a reasonable length of time. The length of time that is reasonable differs according to the commodity that is bargained for. Railway and mining shares, for example, must be bought quickly or not at all, for the law will not permit a buyer to wait until the price of goods is sure to have changed; before deciding. With other things that have a steady value, a longer time for reflection is permitted.

The offer must be accepted as it is made. If a seller offers ten barrels of flour at six dollars a barrel, he is not bound to sell five barrels at that rate. When land is offered for sale and the buyer offers to take it if the title proves to be good, the buyer has not made a contract that will bind the seller.

A contract that is made in sport, or as a mere matter of form, is not binding.

If a man makes a promissory note while showing another how well he can write, the note is not binding upon him, unless it has been sold to some person who knew nothing about it and paid for it.

A man who is embarrassed in business gives a bill of sale of his property to a friend, so as to cheat his creditors. No contract exists and the creditors can hold the property. But the person in whose favour the bill of sale is made out can hold the goods against the fraudulent debtor.

Another case of this kind is often seen in newspaper articles. We read that a lady and gentleman go through the marriage ceremony at a public entertainment to amuse their friends, and afterwards find that they are really married. This is not true. The marriage contract is no more binding than any other contract unless it is made and intended seriously, not in sport.

The contract must be made freely and not under compulsion. If a robber holds a pistol at a traveller's head and threatens to shoot him unless he gives a note for a sum of money, the note thus obtained is worthless. Again, a landlord takes a boarder's wedding suit from him on the day the latter is to be married, and refuses to give it up until a note is give for board due. The landlord cannot enforce the payment of a note so given.

False statements made by either party will make a contract worthless. If a person buys land, the seller saying that there are twenty five acres in the plot, the buyer may refuse to accept it, is there are in fact only twenty-three acres.

The Poppy Fields of India.

As we got further southward, we came upon the great poppy fields, cultivated for opium, which formed a remarkable feature in the landscape. They were scarlet in color, mingled occasionally with pink. In other parts of the country we had seen the beautiful, though baleful fields of poppies, dressed in bridal white. The effect of either is very fine when the eye measures the singular display by miles in extent, the rich, glutinous flowers nodding gracefully in the gentle breeze. We were told that from six to seven hundred thousand acres of land, mostly in the valley of the Ganges, were devoted to the poppy culture. A large share of these opium farms, as they may be called, belong to the English Government, and are cultivated by their agents. Those which are conducted on private account are very heavily taxed, and are carried on in the interest of the Parsee merchants of Bombay, who control a large share of the opium trade, handling not only their own product, but also that of the Government.

Some Marvels of the First Ice-Palace.

(Built by the Empress Anna Ivanovna, on the Neva, 1739.)

The inside of this great "plaything" was more wonderful than the exterior.

One of the apartments was the royal chamber. In it was a dressing-table fully set out with a looking-glass and all sorts of powder and essence boxes, jars, bottles, a watch, and a pair of candlesticks and candles, all fashioned in ice. In the evening these candles were smeared with naphtha and set in a blaze without melting. A great ice-mirror was hung against the wall. On the other side of the room was the bedstead, with bed, pillows, counterpane, and curtains, deftly wrought in ice. A large fire-place was on the right, with an elegantly carved mantel, and within it, upon the curious andirons, were placed logs of ice, which were occasionally smeared with naphtha and ignited.

The other principal room was alternately termed the dining-room and the drawing-room. An elaborately constructed ice-table extended through the apartment. On each side were settees or sofas handsomely carved. In three of the corners were large statues; in the other was a handsome timepiece provided with wheels of ice, which were visible through the transparent case. All the other parts of the palace were fitted up in a corresponding manner.

There are 81,000 masters and mistresses teaching in the public schools of France, and out of this number no fewer than 48,043 receives salaries below $200 a year, while only 579 receive salaries above $530.

A striking proof of the force of the wind storms in England in December and January last was afforded at the annual sale of timber on the Clumber Park and Worksop Manor estates of the Duke of Newcastle. The catalogue contained no fewer than 67 lots, which included 2,613 trees uprooted in Clumber Park, and 673 trees and 159 poles blown down in Worksop Manor.

CASHIER BARRON'S MURDER.

A Tragedy That Has Been For Six Years Shrouded in Mystery.

Despatches from Dexter, Maine, give some of the results of an investigation of the new developments in the mysterious crime committed there six years ago. Cashier Barron of the Dexter Savings Bank was found dying in the vault of that bank, an apparent martyr to the trust reposed in him by the bank's depositors. Since that time the belief that he was murdered has been somewhat shaken by the ill success of the detectives in finding the author of the crime. But whatever may have been the belief of those familiar with the case, few have ever believed the suicide theory that grew out of some apparent irregularities in the bank's books.

Lately rumors have been started that the wife of one of the murderers, now deceased, had revealed certain facts confided to her by her husband. It was the theory of the detectives who worked on the supposition that Mr. Barron had been murdered that the crime was committed by skilled professionals, and one such character was released from prison, where he was confined for another offence, on the supposition that he would confess, and implicate others. This, however, he failed to do, and the tragedy has remained a mystery.

According to the new developments, the murder was committed by three men, one of whom, named Chase, has since died. Although it is said that the widow of the dead man has admitted that her husband confessed before his death and implicated the other two, the only positive evidence of such confession comes from a young man named Lanphear, who worked for Chase. Here is his statement as it was given to a correspondent:

"What do you know about Chase assisting in the murder of Barron?" was asked.

"I only know that he told me that he assisted in killing him," he replied.

On being pressed for details of that conversation he said:

"About three years ago I was working with Chase in the woods, and to satisfy a suspicion I had about his connection with the case, I ran into the camp one day and said. 'The Sheriff is after you for the Barron murder.' 'The devil!' he said and started for the woods. Afterwards we came together at the camp, and he told me about the case, but threatened that if I told anybody he would kill me. He said that he and the other two men drove over to Dexter on the day of the murder with a double team, which they left about a mile from the village, and were standing near the door of the bank building, when a woman came out. They then went in and did the job. He put on the handcuffs, and the other two bound and gagged Mr. Barron."

"Did they intend to kill Barron?"

"He said that they went after the money, and were determined to get it. After they left the bank they took their team, drove over through Barnard, left their team in an abandoned barn, and went home on foot. The next night one of the other men got the team, and soon after left the country."

The remainder of the evidence may be summarized thus: The three men named correspond in appearance to the description given of the men seen leaving the bank on the night of the tragedy. At least two of them were in great need of money before that day to pay notes which were afterwards paid; and although they appeared to be poor previously, they subsequently gave signs of having an abundance of cash. One of them, when spoken to concerning the theory of suicide, answered. "Suicide or not, I know who put the handcuffs on him." These circumstances, taken in connection with the supposed bad character of the men, form the only basis upon which the theory of murder is revived.

Origin of the Post Office.

The Post Office is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the post or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of Government despatches. There was a Chief Postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the Crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals—that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying correspondence of the public by means of Crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A post office for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. Charles I., by a proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present Post office. By this proclamation he commanded "his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town in or near that road." Neighboring towns such as Lincoln and Hull were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed; but two years afterwards a second proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the King's Postmaster General, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the King to enhance the Royal power and to bring money into the Exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his Parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the Government would afford "the means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected Royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchal party by means of one of the Sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another, Royalists and Parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a State Post, and the institution had come down without a break from the days of Charles I. to our own.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Exhibition at Antwerp—A Jealous Husband—The Oldest Inhabitant—An Intelligent Horse—Buried Alive—&c., &c.

The Roman Catholic clergy no longer oppose cremation, which is becoming very common in Italy.

The plans of the great exhibition to take place at Antwerp next year have been decided upon, and the work will begin next month.

The electric lights on the high masts at Los Angeles, Cal., can be distinctly seen from the island of San Clemento, eighty miles out at sea.

A petition signed by 10,000 Scotchmen against the abolition of the feather bonnet in the British army is to be presented in Parliament very shortly.

The London *Medical Times* says that a hundred deaths have been probably caused by carelessness as to dairy drainage and water supply, for one that is traceable to adulteration.

The newspaper columns headed "Born," "Married," and "Died," have been variously paraphrased in the West. One paper has it "Hatched, Matched, Dispatched," and another "Buds, Blossoms, Cypress."

A jealous husband slapped a man's face in a Providence street car because the man's eyes had been staring at his wife's face. The car stopped a block further on, and a little girl entered and led the man away. He was totally blind.

Detroit has been boasting of its oldest inhabitant. There seems to be no doubt that he is 105 years old. He was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1779, and was in the Irish rebellion of '98. He drinks whiskey and smokes a black and wicked-looking pipe.

At the meet of the Southdown fox hounds at Fortelade, in England, the other day, a fox went straight for Poynings, ran into the church, and took refuge in the pulpit. He was quickly brought out of the sacred edifice and turned loose, when he was immediately run into by the hounds and killed.

A man named Chenworth, who lives in the village of Cowboy, Kan, owns a horse which he sends to a store three miles distant for provisions. A note tied to the horse's mane has a list of the articles wanted. They are strapped in a bag to his back. The animal never stops to nibble grass, but goes the whole distance at a brisk trot.

A young Parisian who lately came suddenly to his end by the knife of a comrade was found to be curiously tattooed. Beneath his breast a serpent raised his head in the direction of the heart, and all around were inscribed: "I have been deceived in the past; the present torments me; the future frightens me." The death wound was at the words, "I have been deceived in the past."

There are five spiritualistic organs in France, four in Belgium, two in Holland, eight in Spain two in Italy, and three in Germany. In addition to several journals devoted to the cause in England and the United States, it has one organ each in Austria, Russia, Mexico, the Antilles, Chili, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Australia, India, and Cape Colony.

At Brussels lately an elderly porter, who bore an excellent character, was sent by his employer to take some money to the bank. He did not return, and his wife found his body at the Morgue. He had been found dying of cerebral appoplexy in the street. It is surmised that he had been robbed of the money, and had wandered around in great mental agony, afraid to go home.

An interesting ceremony took place at Birmingham, England, recently, on the occasion of the "home-coming" of a man named Hall, after twenty years' penal servitude for wife murder. Thousands of people, it is stated, met Hall at the railway station and gave him an enthusiastic reception, greeting him with loud cheers until he was driven off in a cab with his relatives. These tokens of sympathy and esteem must have somewhat surprised Hall. Wife murder was, twenty years ago, looked upon as a rather serious offence, even when, as in the case of Hall, it was committed under circumstances of extreme provocation.

A peer's daughter, who is the wife of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and has lived with her husband for seven years in India, and accompanied him to the Mediterranean, in a letter to the London *Standard*, declares that "the moral tone of English ladies (especially of those whom one is forced to associate with in military life and at military and naval stations) is decidedly low. Most of them, from their school days, have wasted their time poring over dangerous novels and immoral books, and their everyday conversation is such as most gentlemen in civil life would blush to hear."

A singular instance of kleptomania was brought before the Criminal Court in Paris the other day. An Englishman and his wife, the former aged 67 and the latter 63, were arrested for stealing some objects of trifling value at the Magasins du Louvre. They live in the neighborhood of Paris, and are in possession of an income amply sufficient for all their requirements. Both of them declared that the impulse to appropriate the stolen articles was irresistible. They were consequently examined by physicians, who gave their opinion that this statement, extraordinary as it may appear, was perfectly correct, as regards both husband and wife. The prisoners were in consequence acquitted on the ground of irresponsibility for their actions.

The writer of a paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expresses the opinion that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive, while official statistics show that the mortality among sailors from shipwreck averages one in 4,000. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned; and it seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a frightful death weighs on the mind of many of the French, as, according to a recent declaration of the President of Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the lid of the coffin is screwed down.

For two successive years the dwellers in the valley of the Ohio River have been visited by the disaster of destructive floods. Whole villages have been submerged beneath the swelling waters. Thousands of persons have been made destitute by the ruin these floods have wrought and many lives have been lost.

The flood this year exceded in volume, in violence and destructiveness that of last year, and caused greater distress. Scarcely, too, had the Ohio begun to subside when the news came of a frightful cyclone, sweeping through several of the Gulf states, and carrying widespread desolation with it.

Each of these calamities carries with it a distinct warning. Both were rendered possible, and even inevitable, by the reckless destruction of forests, which has been going on for years in the regions visited by flood and tempest.

The same result, indeed, follows wherever the woods are cut down regardless of their uses to the land, and of their protection of the safety and health of man. Floods and cyclones are now common in California, where the forests have been wantonly destroyed. Once these dread visitors were almost unknown on our Pacific Slope.

The bed of the beautiful river Ural in Asiatic Russia has become in process of time the channel of frightful torrents, which rush down and wreck the human settlements on its picturesque banks. The river used to be broad and clear, and full of fish. The destruction of the forests in the upper valley has caused it to dry up into a small and sluggish stream, no longer navigable, and deprived of its finny habitants. When the deep snows upon the Ural Mountains begin to thaw, there is no longer any barrier to the freshets which come roaring down to the river-basin.

The floods which, overflowing the banks of the river Danube, carried such havoc and misery to the Hungarian dwellers on its banks a few years ago, must be attributed to the same cause. In many parts of Europe, Asia and America, indeed, regions may be found, once flourishing and fruitful, which are now dreary wastes, deserted long since by human beings, as a result of the cutting down of the forests.

In Norway alone, of European countries, is great care taken by the Government to restrict the wholesale destruction of the timber growths; where floods of a serious character are unknown.

The reason why floods and wind-tempests invariably follow the disappearance of forests is a very simple one. Forests hold the moisture which proceeds from heavy rainfalls. They enable that moisture to be gradually distributed, and to filter slowly to the river valleys, instead of rushing into them from mountains and hills. They hold the snow, and protect it from the rays of the sun, so that it takes weeks for it to melt and flow down the slopes.

The rivers, when thus protected, are supplied with only a moderate and normal amount of water. As soon as the forest disappears the rivers and streams inevitably dry up; and the floods pour from the highlands down through the channels, when the thaws come, unimpeded by the protecting trees.

It is stated that for some years past there had been a wanton and reckless cutting down of the forests in the region of the Alleghanies, and near the sources of the Ohio River; and we can easily trace the recent floods to that unwise policy.

Cyclones, too, are necessarily more violent and desolating in districts where they sweep, uncheked by the barrier of dense forest growths, over many miles of open country. They thus acquire a force which, if broken by meeting in their progress the obstacle which the woods interpose, would lose much of its violence.

A Chinese Wedding Procession.

I had not been to the hotel in Hong Kong five minutes before my attention was distracted by a terrific noise. Rushing to the front balcony I was just in time to see quite a remarkable wedding procession. At first from the noise and general style of the affair, I thought it was a funeral, but I soon discovered the difference. A funeral procession is a more cheerful institution than a wedding procession, with the possible exception, perhaps, of the hired mourners. Besides this there is the other differences; the corpse at a wedding is a live one instead of a dead one. I think if I had my choice I would rather be the dead than the live corpse.

The inferiority of the female sex is one of the fundamental principles to which the Chinese hold. Even Confucius does not seem to have had a very broad and elevated sentiment in this regard, for he is quoted as having said:—"Of all people women are the most difficut to manage. If you are familiar with them they become forward, and if you keep them at a distance they become discontented." Many women are in the habit of praying that they might be born men in the next world.

But this wedding procession. First came a dozen musicians who were beating gongs and blowing fish-horns, each apparently without any reference to the rest. They followed a company of men and boys bearing flags and lanterns, after which came a series of gilded tables with elaborately carved and pointed canopies over them, and all sorts of eatables upon them. The display of fruit was quite tempting, and I longed for a slice of the roast pig and the roast sheep. But there were also native dishes, which, by experiment, I found to be far from appetising. Thus far everything was arranged just as the funeral procession would be, and was composed of the same features.

But now there was a slight departure from the funeral order of things. There came a magnificent sedan chair, the windows of which were thoroughly curtained, but which I was told contained the happy bride. This gorgeous sedan chair was followed by others, also by gaily decorated jinrikishas, in which were seated the relatives of both the contracting parties. More so-called musicians followed, and the processions wound up with a load of boxes, which I inferred contained the marriage offerings, and, perhaps, the trousseau of the bride.

A Terre Haute, Ind., man employs his divorced wife as a servant girl, and the neighbors say that she has a better wardrobe than when she was his wife.

In a fit of rage Adelbert Clark, of Elba, N. Y., beat his wife cruelly. The neighbors who were attracted by the noise took Clark into the woods, thrashed him, tarred and feathered him, and sent him home.

Order is heaven's first law.

Silence never yet betrayed any one.

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

Conscience is man's most faithful friend.

The worst men often give the best advice.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself?

Charity comes too late that comes for the asking.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty or young at eighty.

Youth is a continual intoxication, for the fever of reason.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Let us enjoy the fugitive hour. Man has no harbor, time has no shore; it rushes on and carries us with it.

Some old men like to give good precepts to console themselves for their inability no longer to give bad examples.

Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things that are above reasoning.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil, so fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavor.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

The most lucrative commerce would be to buy men for what they are worth, and to sell them for what they estimate themselves. Despotism does the contrary, and that is why it always becomes bankrupt.

Health is the bed-plate on which the whole mental machinery may rest and work If this be displaced or cracked, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed and made ineffective.

Good luck is good sense and good courage with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and fore-thought. Bad luck is laziness, stupidity, carelessness, recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty for bad management.

The White Elephant.

From the published descriptions and illustrations we have now a good idea of what Barnum's so-called white elephant is like. Mr. Tegetmeier, of the *Field*, has described it as having patches of colour, caused by the absence of the usual colour cells about the head, ears and forelegs. Properly speaking, the animal is a pied elephant, and I have seen several in India marked very like it. Mr. Sanderson, who has great experience in elephant catching, says it is not very uncommon to find such, and denies that there are any white elephants in existance. He has caught, I think he wrote, about two thousand elephants and had only come across two that were entirely of a much lighter colour than usual. One of these gradually grew dark with time, and the other, which had sandy coloured hair, died. This may be his experience; but Mr. Carl Bock, author of "The Head Hunters of Borneo," has just published his "Temples and Elephants," being a narrative of explorations in Upper Siam and Lao. He arrived in Bangkok in June 1881, a few days before the arrival there of an albino elephant, a coloured portrait of which he gives in his book.

The King of Siam has for one of his titles "Lord of the White Elephant;" and the Order of the White Elephant was sent to her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales in 1880 by his Majesty. For many years pied animals, such as the one brought here lately, have had to do duty in Bangkok for the real sacred albino, which is very rarely found. Mr. Bock says there is a record of one having been caught in 1658, and another two years later. His description of the arrival of the rare animal is as follows:—"Then came the hero of the day, the white elephant himself, in company with three others, all so-called white elephants, in comparison with which he certainly deserved the proud title. Were I to describe him as *white*, I should lay myself open to the charge of colour blindness, but he was quite an albino, the whole body being of a pale reddish-brown colour, with a few real white hairs on the back. The iris of the eyes, the color of which is held to be a good test of an albino, was a pale Naples yellow."

It is strange that the Siamese, who regard the white elephant as sacred, have not long ago established a race of them; for although the elephant will not readily breed in captivity, by enclosing a large tract of suitable country and turning into it such as were heavily marked with large patches, a sure sign that they were inclining towards albinism, the desired result would be attained in time.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in men's lives than any other class of causes.

A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE. This is, and must continue to be, the exclamation of every one who has used PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, for it is, without exception, the only remedy in the market that will remove corns without pain. All we ask for the Corn Extractor is a fair trial, for it will give to you what it has already given to thousands of others suffering from corns, unbounded satisfaction. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sold every where. Beware of cheap counterfeits. Poison & Co., Kingston, props.

A deep true love will lift a soul out of the shadows of selfishness and the mud of fleshliness when all other powers combined have failed to extricate it from the slough.

Some men smoke for a time and think they will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

$4,000.00 REWARD.

In "Ladies' Journal" Competition No. 5, Closing April 21st.

The proprietor of the *Ladies' Journal* offers another long list of rewards, by far the most valuable yet given. This is likely to be the closing competition of the season.

THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Does the word grandmother occur in the Bible; if so, where.
2.—Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college.
3.—Give the name of an Uncle of Aaron.

The valuable and costly articles given below will be cheerfully handed over to the first *two hundred and twenty-one persons* who send correct answers to the above Bible questions, just as quickly after the closing day, April 21st, as possible.

THE REWARDS.

1.	One Grand Square Rosewood Piano,	$400 00
2.	One Fine Cabinet Organ, value	225 00
3.	One Beautiful Silver Tea Service	110 00
4.	One Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch. Box Case, latest style, elegantly engraved	100 00
5.	One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine Waltham ..	90 00
6 to 10.	Six Elegant Black Silk Dresses, Suite to us from Peter's Great Silk House, Toronto, $30 each	180.00
11 to 16.	Five Beautiful Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitchers, valued at $30 each.....	150 00
17 to 20.	Five Ladies' Elegant Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at $19 each.....	95 00
21 to 25.	Five Gentlemen's Heavy Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at $18 each.....	90 00
26 to 31.	Six Elegant New Spring Print Dresses, pattern from Pettey's, Toronto, $5 each	30 00
32 to 36.	Five Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, valued at $17 each.....	85 00
37 to 42.	Five Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, $16 each	80 00
43 to 47.	Five Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches, $15 each	75 00
48 to 54.	Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, $5 each	35 00
55 to 66.	Twelve Sets, (half dozen each), Triple Silver Plated Tea Spoons, $4 each	48 00
67 to 105.	Thirty-nine Beautifully Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, $2.50 each	97 50
106 to 159.	Fifty-six Volumes, Beautifully Bound, Tennyson's Poems, $2.25 each.....	126 00
161 to 221.	Sixty-one Elegant Triple Silver Plated, on Solid Steel, Butter Knives, $1 each	61 00

Every competitor must send fifty cents in Post-office order, scrip or small coin, (no postage stamps), for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent for one year to any desired address. Post-office orders are procurable at any post-office, and are an absolutely safe way of remitting. Letters should be registered unless remittance is made by post-office order.

Since the above was written, we notice that in addition to the costly rewards offered above, the sender of the *middle correct answer of the whole competition* from *first to last*, and *the twenty persons next following* who send correct answers—will receive the following rewards, respectively:—

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.	One Wanzer Sewing Machine, $80 ...	$00 00
2 to 7	Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued $15 each	90 00
8 to 15	Eight Open Face Extra Heavy Crystal Solid Nickel Watches, $12 each.....	96 00
16 to 21	Six Well-Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems, $2.25	13 50

Then even the *last ones* are to be remembered in a long list of consolation rewards. These rewards will be given to *the last seventy-seven persons* who send *correct answers* to the Bible questions given above.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.	To the last correct answer received, One Elegant Silver Tea Service of six pieces, latest design.....	$100 00
2.	One Gentleman's Beautiful Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Waltham Movement, cases finely engraved.....	97 00
3.	One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine American	80 00
4 to 10	Seven Fine Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, value $20 each.....	140 00
11 to 16	Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, $15 each	90 00
17 to 24	Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, value $14 each	112 00
25 to 30	Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches, Heavy Crystal, value $12 each	72 00
31 to 55	Twenty-five Elegant Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, value $1.10 each.....	27 50
56 to 77	Twenty-two Solid Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives, value $1 each.....	22 00

Each competitor must, in every case, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the *Ladies' Journal* with their answers. It may be of some advantage to you if you mention where you first saw this notice. The letters *must all be post-marked where mailed* not latter than April 21st, the closing day of this competition. The correct address is Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. The names and post-office addresses (and street and number, when in the city), of those who are successful in obtaining these rewards, will be given in the May number of the *Journal*. Our readers may be assured that all the rewards, as given above, will be promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones, as soon as possible after the close of the competition. We know the publisher of the *Ladies' Journal*, and we are certain he will do as stated above, or we would not give all this space to this long description of this plan. The *Ladies' Journal* is a 20 page Monthly Fashion and Domestic Magazine. Two full pages of newest music are given in each issue; large illustrations of the latest things in fashion circles; one or two serial stories and a short story; domestic and household hints; besides a large quantity of miscellaneous reading, particularly to interest ladies. In short, it is the cheapest publication, and the best for the money we know of. So if you don't succeed in obtaining a reward, you cannot fail to be pleased with your fifty cent investment.

Don't forget that the regular annual subscription to the *Ladies' Journal* is *fifty cents*. So you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

Dyspepsia and Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go, and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine, in large bottles at 50 cents.

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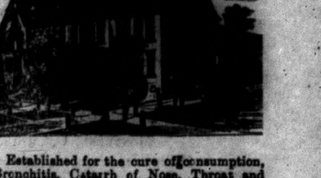

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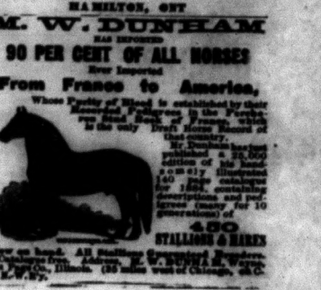

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J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

Call Early and Secure a Bargain.

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

1858—ESTABLISHED—1858

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING YOUR

Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

J.B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

J.B. Casement & Co. Stoves, Irons, Zinc AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN S. OLIVER, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 364. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 17, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It has been the custom in most of our large towns and cities for the past few years, among the merchants, to close their shops at seven o'clock in the evening during the winter months, and last winter the merchants of Madoc signed an agreement to that effect, and to hold good until the first day of May, but this was too much for some of the narrow minded ones. It is not enough for their clerks to be confined from daylight to dark, one might almost say, during the warm weather, and from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. in the winter, (which actually means half-past 7 or 8 to the clerks), year in and year out, but they must needs break their agreement, and extend the nominal time for closing to eight o'clock a couple of months earlier than the agreement stated. The clerks were willing to stay in until eight in the evening during all the warm months when it is most natural for human beings to be out enjoying the healthy fresh air and delightful weather the Good Being sends us, and only asked for one hour more time during the cold months, and even this is deprived them. All work and no play ruins both mind and body, and it is becoming a very popular custom for merchants to close their stores every Friday afternoon in the summer and at six or seven in the winter, and I have no doubt this will soon become the prevailing custom among all, (excepting chinese and negroes,) or some material change for the better made in the hours of the average merchant, when he will be enabled to cease vegetating and commence to live as God intended man should live.

Yours respectfully,
M. S. S.

Virtue, saith the wise man, exalteth a nation, but vice is a reproach to any people.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I saw an article in the REVIEW of the 27th ultimo, headed "Political Morality," wherein the writer endeavors to make it appear that the Conservative party are in no way complicated in the Bribery Scandal lately brought to light. I would ask what was the object of the bribers; they neither held seats in the Legislature; they could not expect to form part of the coalition cabinet they were endeavoring to accomplish, therefore they must have been working in behalf of the minority of the House whom they had hopes of bringing into power. This appears evident from Wilkinson's own statement. He conveys the idea that he had failed in bribing the electors at the last election to secure a majority opposed to the Mowat Government, so he was trying to buy up a sufficient number of its supporters to cause its defeat. Again the writer of said article states that the Reform members had made the first proposals and that the gang of bribers were drawn into the plot by the Mowat Government. That is an assertion unfounded by the facts produced by the evidence. It has long been a notorious fact that the Quebec Blues (that rule our Federal Government) have tried by every expedience in their power to control the Province of Ontario, that they then would have supreme power over the whole Dominion. Witness the many strategetic attempts to change the administration of our Local Government to one that would be subservient to their views and caprices in preventing the ratification of the boundary award, gerrymandering the constituencies of Ontario, and add to that the wholesale bribery to turn the elections in their favor. Every man in the province who is not a slave to his party must be convinced.

CITIZEN.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Berry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

☞ Cross & Mouncey are now showing the best assortment of millinery, hats, bonnets, &c., yet brought into Madoc.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at all Drug Stores. Large Bottles, $1.00.

☞ You can get the Burdock Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

FOR SALE.

I HAVE a new Lumber Waggon which I will sell on reasonable terms, or exchange for a young horse. Also a double-seated family Carriage for sale.

M. W. SINE, V. S.
Madoc, March 25th. 361

MILK! MILK!

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Madoc village that he has commenced the delivery of pure, fresh milk throughout the village, and respectfully solicits a share of their patronage.

He intends to make it a permanent business, and will guarantee to supply a good article.

PRICE 5 CENTS A QUART.

INA McCARTY.
Madoc, March 19th. 360

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, What-nots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to W. M. SPURR,
Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)
H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.
Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

☞ Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,

ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.

Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.
Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

FOUND.

ABOUT two weeks ago, near the village of Madoc, a Finger Ring. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at this office,

Madoc, April 5th. 363-2

T. ROBERTS,

MADOC

BOOT

AND

SHOE

STORE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

SIGN of the OX HEAD

MRS. E. LANGMAN

HAS removed to Mr. Joseph Caverly's Shop, nearly opposite his residence, on St Lawrence street, where will be found the

CHOICEST Cuts of Fresh MEATS.

Prize Package Tea,

(NO BLANKS)

A full stock of Groceries and Provisions, Oranges, Candies, &c., always on hand.

Farm Produce taken in exchange.

MRS. E. LANGMAN.
Madoc, Feb. 19, 1884. 350-3m

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. B. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
23 Front St. East, Toronto.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXIII. (CONTINUED.)

At last I caught sight of a black bag lying on the floor; it looked like the very black bag Sarah had had in her hand when I saw her start for Beaconsburgh on the previous day; perhaps she had not taken her purchases out yet. I took it up; but suddenly my attention was diverted by the fact that in one of the boards of the floor on the spot where it had lain there was a tiny ring. If I had not had my attention very much on the alert in this unaccustomed place, it would have escaped my notice. As it was, I put my finger through it, and found that it raised a trap door.

I raised it only a few inches, and shut it again directly—not that I had no curiosity about it, but that I had also some fear. An unsuspected trap-door in a house so full of surprises as the Alders had an interest of a rather appalling kind. At last I gathered up my courage, and little by little raised the door and put it right back, not without a horrid wonder whether there was any spring in it which would shut me down if I ventured on the ladder I saw below me.

The rush of cold air when the trap-door was wide open seemed to take my breath away. I held my candle over the opening, and saw that some three feet below the ladder was green and slimy, and that a foot below that there was water. Was it a well? Suddenly there flashed through my mind Sarah's words in her delirium of the night before—"The water's deep in the cellar." I looked about me for something to try the depth of the water with, for go down I must. I found a rod that looked like those used for the bottom of window-blinds, and cautiously, candle in hand, ventured on the ladder. It was quite firm.

As soon as I was on the bottom dry step, the fourth from the top, I saw that I was in a large cellar, on one side of which were empty wine-bins which looked rotten and green. Above the level of the water the walls were green too. There was a tiny grating high up, from which down to the water there was a long green streak, as if water continually ran down there. I heard the drip, drip at intervals while I stayed. The cellar ran to the left—under Mrs. Rayner's room, I suddenly thought with horror. Did she know that she might as well be living over a well? I tried the depth of the water; it was between three and four feet. Then I looked through the rungs of the ladder I was standing on, and thought I saw something behind it. Putting out my rod, I felt something soft which shook at the touch. I peered round the ladder and saw on a big deal table the top of which had been raised to about eight or ten inches above the water's level, the little trown portmanteau I had seen Tom Parkes carry across the lawn, the same that I had afterwards discovered inside the back-door. And I remembered now where I had seen it before—stowed away at the bottom of a cupboard in the room I had occupied at Denham Court. I knew it by an old Italian luggage-label, "Torino," which I had noticed then.

It was within arm's reach through the rungs of the ladder. With trembling fingers I opened it—for it was not even fastened—and, to my horror, drew out from a confusion of glittering things with which it was half filled a serpent bracelet I had seen Lady Mills wear. I put it back, closed the portmanteau with difficulty, and clung to the ladder, overwhelmed by my discovery.

Again my brain seemed to whirl round, as it had done on the previous night when Sarah had been on the point of revealing James Woodfall's other name. My candle slipped from my fingers, fell with a hiss and a splash into the water below, and I was in darkness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I gave one cry as my candle fell, and then, instinctively shutting my eyes, as if to from hide myself the dreadful fact that I was in darkness, I felt my way up the ladder out of that dreadful cellar into the store-room above. It was seven o'clock, and only just enough light came through the one little grated window high up in the wall for me to see that there was a window there. But once on the store-room floor, I crawled cautiously round the square hole I had come up through until I came to the door, which I shut down with a strong sense of relief. Then I groped about, stumbling over hampers and boxes now and then, and scarcely able to repress a cry at each fresh obstruction, until I came at last to the door. I had left it unlocked; and the moment after I touched the handle I was on the other side. Luckily I had slipped the keys into my pocket at first sight of the black bag; and, after long but impatient fumbling, I managed in the dark to fit in the right one and to turn the lock securely. Then I groped my way along the passage; and I never in my life felt such a thrill of heartfelt thankfulness as I did when the great baize-covered door swung to behind me, and I found myself once more in the lighted hall.

I flung myself into a chair, overwrought and exhausted by what I had suffered in the left wing, and it was not for some minutes that I noticed an envelope directed simply, in Mrs. Manners's handwriting, to "Miss Christie, The Alders," which lay on the table beside me. I tore it open, and, scarcely glancing at her kind little note saying she had received the enclosed when she called at the Beaconsburgh post-office that afternoon, pressed Laurence's letter to my lips again and again before I opened it. It said—

"Nice, Friday.

"My own sweet Violet,—I had hoped to find a letter from you waiting for me on my arrival here; but I know very well it is not your fault that I am disappointed, even if I do not hear from you for a whole week—for I will never doubt my darling again. I have had the battle with my mother prematurely, and gained the victory. I intended, as you know, to break my resolution to her gently; but she herself hurried the denouement. We broke the journey at Paris, stopping there last night. As soon as we got there, I opened my writing-case and wrote a tiny note to my darling, just to tell you how I walked up and down the deck of the steamer and sat in a railway carriage, thinking of you and the last look I had into your beautiful loving gray eyes in the drive on Tuesday night—such a long time ago it seems! I left the room for a minute to order something to eat, with my letter closed up and addressed to you on the table, ready to be enclosed to Mrs. Manners. When I came back I found my mother there; she had torn open my letter and was reading it. Then we had a scene. I asked for my letter, and she tore it up and flung it into the fireplace, with some words about you that sent my forbearance to the winds, and I told her she was speaking about my future wife.

"'Your future wife,' answered she, drawing herself up to her full height and rolling out her voice in a way that always reduces my father to nothingness, 'is Miss Longham of Greytowers.'

"'You have been misinformed, mother. In such a matter it is always better to get your information at first hand. Your future daughter-in-law is Miss Violet Christie, the most beautiful girl in Norfolk or out of it. And as for Miss Longham, if you are so bent upon having her for a daughter-in-law, and she doesn't mind waiting, you can save her up for Jack.'

"I expected a lot more nonsense; but she was so much taken by surprise that that speech broke the back of the difficulty; and now, though she receives all my attentions frigidly and we are getting along very uncomfortably, she knows her control over her eldest son is at an end. I only wish, my darling, that my promise to my father had not prevented my telling her this while we were still in England, for I begin to fany this journey 'for her health' was nothing but a trick—a plot, for there were two in it—for getting me away from you. However, I suppose I must live through the two months now somehow, as I promised her. She will keep me to that.

"But I am in a fever of anxiety about you. I will not distress you by a lot of vague suspicions that are rising in my mind to torture me; but I beg of you, my beautiful gentle love, to let me know every little event that happens at the Alders. I pray Heaven you may have very little to tell. And now I entreat you to comply with this my earnest, solemn request. Don't trust your letters to any one to post—don't even post them yourself—but give them to my youngest sister, to send on to me. She teaches in the Sunday school. Get Mrs. Manners to send you up to the Hall on some pretext on Sunday; get Maud alone, and you will find she will do what you ask. Tell her to remember her last promise to me in the conservatory, and I'll remember mine.

"Keep this letter where no one can get at it—not in a desk—if you don't tear it up. I feel already such a hunger for a sight of your sweet face—I can't think of the touch of your little clinging hands about my throat without the tears rising to my eyes. I think I must jump into the sea if I cannot find some means of getting back to you sooner. Good-bye; Heaven bless you! Write to me; don't forget. Keep safe and well, till you are once again in the arms of

"Yours devotedly for ever and ever,

"LAURENCE."

It was new life to me, it was heartfelt unutterable joy, to read this and to put my cheek against the signature, to tuck it inside my gown and feel that I was in possession of the most precious treasure the whole world could produce, the first real long letter from the man I really loved.

I went into the dining-room, took it out again, and began kissing each line in turn, I was so silly with happiness. I had got to the middle of the second page in that fashion, when the iron bar which fastened the shutters suddenly fell down and swung backwards and forwards almost without noise. I thrust my letter hastily back into my gown and stared at the shutters, too much startled to think what could be the reason of this, when one of them slid softly back, and a man was in the room before I could get to the door. With a cry of relief I sprang towards him.

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, how you frightened me! I thought you were a burglar."

"My poor dear little girl, I often come in this way to save kicking my heels at the door; but I wouldn't have done it, frightening you out of your wits, if I had known you were in here. I thought everybody would be occupied with the two invalids. And how are you, little woman?"

I was so delighted to see him back once more, to feel that at last there was some one to look up to and trust in the house again, that I laughed and cried together as he shook my hands and patted my shoulder, and told me that it would never do to leave me at the Alders in his absence again; he should have to take me with him. I laughed.

"Why, I am too useful here, Mr. Rayner! I don't know what they would have done without me, with first Haidee ill, and then Sarah. You see, as Mrs. Rayner is never well enough to give any directions, I was obliged to take a good deal upon myself; and I hope you won't be angry when you hear all I've done."

"No, my child, I am sure I shall not," said he, helping himself to some cold beef on the sideboard—there was no regular supper at the Alders, but there were always meat and biscuits on the sideboard after tea for those who cared for them. "How is Mrs. Rayner?"

I told him that she was no better and no worse, and that she had moved to-day into the front spare room.

"To-day?"

"Yes. She was so reluctant to leave her own room that I took the liberty of telling Sarah I would answer to you for delaying the change this one day. Was it too forward of me?" I asked timidly.

"No," said he very kindly, drawing me into a chair beside him at the table; "I give you full permission to use my authority in any way you think proper."

"Thank you, Mr. Rayner. And, oh, I don't know what you will say, but I made Sarah take Haidee's cot up to my room! The dressing-room in the left wing is so very cold. And then I sent for Doctor Lowe. Was that right? I had heard he was the best doctor in Beaconsburgh."

I asked this rather nervously, for I knew Mr. Rayner disliked Doctor Lowe. But he was in too good a humour to find fault with anything.

"All that you have done is perfectly right, and always will be, in my eyes; so you may never fear what I may say to you, child. Have you any more news? I want to hear about Sarah's accident, and whether you were very much alarmed when you heard about the robbery at Denham Court."

"I have a lot to tell you," I said hesitatingly; "but I won't tell you any of it to-night, Mr. Rayner, because it is all bad, miserable news, and I won't spoil your first evening. It is bad enough to come back to a house as full of invalids as a hospital. But it will all come right again now you are back."

Mr. Rayner laughed, and seemed much pleased. He put his hand on mine, which was lying on the table, and looked into my face very kindly indeed.

"Do you think so, my child? Are you so glad to see me again?"

"Yes, indeed I am. You can't think how dull the place is when you are away. There is nobody to talk or laugh, and one creeps about the house as if one were in a Trappist monastery, and didn't dare to break the sacred silence."

"Thanks, my child; that is the very prettiest welcome home I have had for—years," said he, with much feeling in his voice.

And he kept me a long time chatting to him and listening to his account of what he had seen in London, until at last I grew very sleepy while he finished the story of his adventures; and I said I must really go to bed, or I should never be able to get up in time for breakfast. As it was the clock struck eleven before I went up stairs.

The next morning at breakfast the talk war chiefly about the robbery at Denham Court. Mr. Rayner had read the accounts of it in the newspapers, besides the bare mention of it I had made in my letter to him; but now he wanted to hear all we had heard, and whether we were very much alarmed by it. Mrs. Rayner said very little, as usual; and I only told him Mr. Carruthers's story, reserving the suspicious things I had seen for when I should be able to talk to him alone. The opportunity soon came.

I went into the schoolroom after breakfast, thinking I would employ the hour and a half there was to spare before church-time in just beginning my letter to Laurence. But I had not got beyond, "My own dearest Lou——" when Mr. Rayner came in and smiled in a mischievous manner that brought the color into my cheeks when he saw what I was doing. I put away my letter at once, so I do not know how he knew to whom I was writing.

"Am I disturbing you?" he said.

"Oh, no! I was only writing a note to pass away the time."

"Well, and now for all the 'bad, miserable news' which was too overwhelming for me to hear about last night."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I don't know where to begin, and it seems ungenerous to tell it you now, as the person it concerns most is ill and unable to answer for herself!"

"Well, trust to my generosity, child," said he gravely. "I suppose you mean Sarah. Has she been annoying you again?"

"Oh, yes! But that is not the worst. If it had been only that, I would not have told you anything about it until she was well enough to defend herself. Indeed I am not so inhuman as to have any vindictive feeling against the poor woman now, when her very life is in danger. But I must tell you this, Because I know something ought to be done, and you will know what it is."

"Tell me first how she has annoyed you, and—how the accident happened."

"She stopped a letter of mine by running after the postman and getting it out of the bag by some excuse or other."

"When was that?"—"On Wednesday."

"That is the most unwarrantable thing I ever heard of. I knew the woman was prejudiced against you; but one has to forgive old servants a good many things, and I never guessed she would dare so much as that."

"Oh, don't be so angry with her, or I shall never dare to tell you the rest, Mr. Rayner!"

And it required several questions and guesses on his part to draw out from me the account of the accident to Sarah, and the inevitable suspicion as to how it came about. Mr. Rayner turned quite pale when I came to my slipping on the stairs and catching my foot in the string, and he looked up and out of the window from under his frowning brows with an expression of hard fury that made me instinctively move away from him on my chair, it was so terrible, so merciless. And I had still so much that I must tell him! It was with averted head that I whispered all the suspicious things I had seen and heard connecting Sarah and Tom Parkes with the Denham Court burglary—my view of Tom carrying something across the lawn; his returning with Sarah; the fact of two men in a cart having been seen outside—I did not say by whom, but I fancy Mr. Rayner guessed; my seeing the brown portmanteau inside the back-door; and lastly my discovery of the portmanteau in the cellar under the store room, and my recognition of it and of the bracelet I took out of it at haphazard as having both come from Denham Court.

Mr. Rayner listened with the deepest interest, but with some incredulity.

"My dear child, it is impossible—at least I hope from my soul it may turn out to be so! Poor old Sarah is, I acknowledge, the worst-tempered and most vindictive woman alive. But the accomplice of thieves! I cannot believe it." He got up and walked about the room, questioned me again closely, and then remained for a few minutes in deep thought. "She would never dare! Sarah is afraid of me, and to bring stolen goods into my house would be a greater liberty than even an old servant would take, I think."

"Ah, but you were away, Mr. Rayner! She may have reckoned upon getting the things out of the house before your return," I suggested.

"And Tom Parkes too, a fellow I have a great liking for, and whom I have trusted with money too over and over again," he went on to himself, scarcely noticing my interruption.

I wondered Mr. Rayner did not ask me for the store-room keys and go himself to prove at least one part of my story; but I did not like to suggest it, half-fearing, coward that I was, that he would ask me to go with him to that dreadful cellar.

"Don't say a word about this to any one, child," said he at last. "I must sift the matter to the very bottom. It is possible that they may both have been cheated by some clever knave into assisting him innocently. But didn't you say you saw Tom Parkes carrying what you took for the portmanteau on Tuesday night?"

"Yes, Mr. Rayner."

"But the burglary was on Wednesday! No, no; you may depend there will be some explanation of the matter as soon as Sarah is able to give an account of herself. In the meantime I will make inquiries, and I will set your mind at rest as soon as possible." He remained silent again for a little while, then shook his head, as if to dismiss all disagreeable thoughts, and said, in his usual bright tone, "And now I have a little bit of news for you, which I hope you will think neither bad nor miserable. How would you like to leave the Alders for a short time, and spend a couple of weeks on the borders of the Mediterranean?"

I looked up at him in bewilderment, which amused him.

"You look at me as if you thought me a magician who could transport you against your will to the uttermost parts of the earth by a wave of my mind. This is how it is. I have to see one of Mrs. Rayner's trustees on important business at once. He is staying at Monaco, which is, as you know, not far from Nice, where, I learnt by a letter from Mrs. Reade the other day, she and her son are staying. But I dare say that is stale news to you, and anyhow it is a matter of no consequence."

This was said so mischievously that I could not help growing very red indeed and being thankful when he went on—

"Having to go there myself, I thought the change might do my wife good; and this morning I tried every inducement to persuade her to go, but in vain, as I expected. But for Haidee some change is absolutely necessary, as the Doctor told you. And, as I cannot look after the child entirely by myself, I pondered as to who could do it for me, and I decided upon you."

"Oh, but," I began, the impossibility of my travelling alone over Europe with Mr. Rayner and Haidee being clear even to my not very wise brain.

"Now listen, and hear how cleverly I have managed it. Haidee goes to look after her papa, Miss Christie goes to look after Haidee, Mrs. Christie goes to look after Miss Christie."

"My mother!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I went to see her yesterday, and proposed the plan to her, not forgetting to put in a word about our friends at Nice. She was delighted, and asked your uncle's consent at once. We have already settled that she is to meet us at Liverpool Street on our arrival in town next Friday morning."

"Next Friday!" said I, utterly bewildered. "And leave Mrs. Rayner all alone here?"

"Unless you can persuade her to go with us. You can wheedle a bird off a bough, and I really believe you have more influence with her than I have."

Indeed it seemed so; for I had often wondered how she could be so obstinate with him, when to me she always seemed as weak as a reed.

"There, child," said Mr. Rayner, taking a letter from his pocket and putting it into my hands. "You don't seem able to take it all in. Read that."

It was a letter in my mother's handwriting. I opened it, still utterly bewildered. It said.

"My darling Violet,—Your kind friend Mr. Rayner is waiting; so I can pen you only these few lines; and I don't know how to express my feelings at his generous offer. He says I am to write to you and persuade you to go; but I do not think you will need much persuasion. He has directed me to provide an outfit for you at his expense, and bring it with me to Liverpool Street Station, where I am to meet you on Friday, though I don't like starting on a journey on a Friday. Heaven be praised for sending us such kind friends! I have no time for more, as Mr. Rayner is waiting. With best love from your uncle and cousins, in the fond hope of seeing you very soon,

Your affectionate mother,

"AMY CHRISTIE."

My dear mother! It was just like her to see nothing so very extraordinary in this offer, to take it as a matter of course, and thank Heaven for it in the most simple-minded way, while it troubled me somewhat still. I read the letter twice through, and then tried depreciatingly to thank him for the outfit he had got her to provide.

"Oh, does she mention that? I told her not to do so," said he, laughing.

"You don't know my mother. When she has anything to tell, she can not resist telling it. This letter is just like her. But she has done two things she never in all her life did before—dated her letter and put a postscript."

CHAPTER XXV.

As soon as we came out of church that morning, I found an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Manners, and asked her shyly if she could give me any message to take that afternoon to Miss Maude Reade at the Hall.

"Laurence told me to ask you," I whispered timidly; it is because he particularly wants my next letter to be enclosed in hers. He didn't say why; but he is very emphatic about it."

"Dear, dear," said kind Mrs. Manners anxiously, "it is a pity young people cannot get on without so many subterfuges! I don't know whether Mr. Manners would approve. But there—I promised Laurence I would help you—and there is no harm in it—and so I will. Come up to the Vicarage after afternoon service, and I'll give you a packet of tracts for her."

I thanked her; but she had already turned to reproach a deaf old woman bent with rheumatism for not coming to church oftener, and to promise to send her some beef tea jelly next day. I made my way to where Mr. and Mrs. Rayner were standing, the former advising old Mr. Reade to send his plate, which was known to be valuable, to the bank at Beaconsburgh for safety.

"Jewel-robberies are epidemic, you know, and I dare say we haven't seen the last of this series yet," said he. "There was Lord Dalston's, and now Sir Jonas's; but they never stop at two. You remember some years ago, when there were five big robberies within six weeks? I shouldn't wonder if the same sort of thing occurred again."

"They wouldn't try for my little store; it wouldn't be worth their while," said Mr. Reade, with undisturbed good-humour. "If Laurence were at home, perhaps I'd get him to send the lot off; but I can't see after things myself; and, if I put 'em all in a cart and packed 'em off to Beaconsburgh, the chances are they would all get tilted into a ditch. So they must take their chance in the old chest at home. I've given Williamson a blunderbuss—but I think it frightens him more than it would a thief—and I sleep with a revolver at my bedside; and a man can't do more."

"Don't you think the thieves will be caught, Mr. Rayner?" asked Gregson, the village carpenter, timidly. It was rumoured that he had fifteen pounds and a pair of silver muffineers hidden away somewhere; and he turned to Mr. Rayner, who always took the lead naturally in any discussion, with much anxiety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

A poet hath remarked that "All paths lead to the grave." He undoubtedly referred to allopaths and homœopaths and hydropaths and all the rest of the M. D. paths.

Books Made of Clay.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away, and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and places where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the place of Kouyunjik. The clay books which it contained are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was of course done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it; then each table or book was numbered and as signed to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could readily find it, just as our librarians of to day number the books we read. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc., etc. Perhaps those little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight as the young folks of to day do in stories of the birds, beasts, and insects of Assyria. The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by the instrument called a sun dial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sun dial for accuracy. Indeed we have to regulate our modern inventions by the old Babylonian one.

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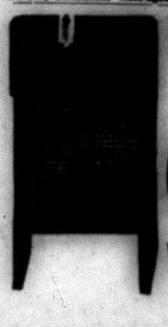

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AGRICULTURAL.

Shade Trees.

The importance of shade trees should, under no circumstances, be overlooked by the farmer, and where there is a vacant spot where these gifts of Nature can be given a location, it should be done. Now is the time to prepare for spring planting, and this should be accomplished one moment the frost is out of the ground, and before the buds of the spring trees to be transplanted begin to swell. They can be used for both utility and ornament around farm dwellings, and they may be planted near the borders of cattle yards, thus affording the luxury of shade for domestic animals in very warm weather. In pastures, trees can be set out in groups for the like purpose, especially when the fields are to remain permanently in grass. The cost is so unimportant that there is no excuse for its omission by any farmer. The prettiest country home is the one that is almost hidden from view by foliage.

Value of Milk to Young Animals.

To wean a calf as soon as it can crunch corn and eat grass, is to wean it earlier than Nature intended, and earlier than it is profitable to wean it. The same rule applies to the litter of pigs. Abundance of milk at calving and farrowing time can only be secured by anticipating the drain and keeping the flesh of the dam up to a reasonably high standard during the winter, and feeding liberally during the flow. The parent animal that starts in with a full flow, because of being in a condition to make this possible, can, without undue trouble, have the flow kept up to the maximum, but if she starts in a low condition, with an udder meagrely filled, she will not be likely to rise to a high standard of milk production during any portion of the season.

The Bee of the Future.

"I'm an apiary, sir!" said a shiny being who called upon me the other day. "A what?" "An apiarist is, I believe, the more correct term, sir, and I am soliciting orders for my new hives!" How that man did talk. He had got hold of some scheme—and I am seriously informed it is actually a feasible one—for increasing the normal size of the common domestic bee (*Apis ignoratissimaly*) somehow knocking two cells into one, and producing a sort of a double-barreled bee, "and adding enormously to your stock of honey, sir." It appears that we can absolutely increase the size of our bees indefinitely, and that the men of the future will have hives as roomy as an omnibus. Appalling prospect! Think of a bee as big as a rat bounding into your greenhouse, bellowing hoarsely while he ravishes the orchards, or flopping into the nursery sugar-basin, glaring with its huge eyes at the terrified baby. Edith Evangeline—for Sarah Ann's have gone to a better world—would drop down insane, a lump of hysterical despair. We shall have to suppress these things by act of Parliament at last. Meanwhile, my shiny friend does not lack for orders, and if he has his will he will speedily improve off the face of the earth the little busy bee whom we used to sing of, and, because we sang of, to love.

Farmers' Homes.

Frank D. Curtis, in his address before the New York State Agricultural Society, said several good things in regard to farmers' homes, but none more to the point than the following, in regard to the location and surroundings of the dwelling:—"A house on a hill, with no trees around it, looks cheerless and unhomelike. Have grounds around the dwelling. Tear away the fences, they cost money, and are useless. I mean fences shutting the house up as if there was danger of its running away. Let there not be less than an acre of dooryard; ten will be better. Make a rich lawn of this and cut the grass. It can be no waste, but it will be a thing of beauty; and a thing of beauty is a joy forever. There need not be any loss to be tasteful; nature and beauty are synonymous; good taste and economy can therefore be made handmaids to each other. Set your fruit trees in this inclosure, and dig around them with a spade each year, and top dress the whole, and the trees will grow finely, and the grass will grow luxuriantly, and the house will grow beautiful, the children will grow contented, the fathers and mothers as they grow old will grow happy, the neighbors will grow to emulate and excel, the township will grow attractive, and the young men and the young women will grow up to feel that there is no place after all, like 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

How Cheese Can be Made in India.

The close connection and interaction of religions, statescraft, and science in the modern world is illustrated in an interesting way in a recent number of the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of London." The British Government, desiring to introduce cheese-making as an Indian industry was met by the difficulty that the religious beliefs of a large portion of the population of India placed an absolute veto on the use by them of cheese, in the manufacture of which rennet obtained from the stomach of an animal had been employed. The leaves of a species of Pinguicula are used by the Laps to coagulate reindeer-milk; and the Government circulated in India a request for information as to any Indian plant which was known to have a similar property. Surgeon-Major Aitchison called attention to *Withania coagulans*, a Himalayan and Northern India plant, the seeds of which were said to coagulate milk. A quantity of this material was sent from Kew to Mr. Sheridan Lee, of Cambridge, for examination. He was able to extract from it a ferment identical with the rennet ferment of the gastric mucous membrane of animals, and capable of preservation in solution as a commercial article in a similar way. The ferment exists in the seeds in considerable quantity, and is readily and cheaply extracted from them.

Roots for the Dairy.

Recently the writer visited a large dairy which was daily giving hundreds of pounds of very rich milk. The ration fed was clover hay, a small feed of grain and about a half bushel of sugar beets per day. The point raised is, why this particular herd of cows, mostly due to calve in March, should, within fifty days of calving time, give each more than eighty pounds of milk per week. The dairyman could not explain the fact, but this he knew, that clover hay and beets not only made the cows give good yields of milk, but it also caused them to give milk ten months instead of six or seven, as when fed on hay or grain. The beets, we think, are not rich in nitrogen, but they do contain an abundant supply of natural juices. Clover hay is very rich in nitrogen, and if oat sheets are fed, all the better. This brings up the inquiry: Do not the juices of roots—and ensilage, for that matter—possesses a food value, although rated by chemists as water?

The discrepancy between what should be the proportionate value of green grass and the same grass in the form of hay, can but raise the inquiry why the superior feeding value of green and naturally succulent food. Does this explain why the owner of the dairy in question was so successful in extending the season? The feeding value of the beet, as rated by the chemist, is small, estimated by what he can find in it, and the fraction found would not account for the increase in production unless the water reported be given a food value when combined with the acids, alkalis, etc, of the stomach of the cow. This is an interesting point, and one in which we wish every dairyman would interest himself. Who will be the first to raise an acre or two of sugar beets next season, and try their feeding value, as compared with dry foods?—*Pennsylvania Farmer.*

Queer Conveyances.

Some birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water. Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, the little birds assemble to wait the coming of the cranes from the north, as people wait for the train at a railway station. With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it; they get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many some will have to flit back again to the hedges until the next train. How they chatter their good-byes—those who go and those who stay. They have no tickets, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if its storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese, travelling together in steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the waters. They are close companions on the way. By-and-by they reach the beautiful south country. There they build nests and sing—as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer time. Surely it is plain that God cares for the sparrows.

Hunting Fish with Dogs.

Captain Mayne Reid in his last story, "The Land of Fire," now appearing in *St. Nicholas*, gives in the March installment the following interesting description of a peculiar Fuegian manner of fishing: "By this, the four canoes have arrived at the entrance to the inlet, and are forming in line across it at equal distances from one another, as if to bar the way against anything that may attempt to pass outward. Just such is their design; the fish being what they purpose enfilading.

"Soon the fish-hunters, having completed their 'cordin' and dropped the dogs overboard, come on up the cove, the women plying the paddles, the men with javelins upraised, ready for darting. The little foxy dogs swim abreast of and between the canoes, driving the fish before them,—as sheep dogs drive sheep,—one or another diving under at intervals, to intercept such as attempt to escape outward. For in the translucent water they can see the fish far ahead, and, trained to the work, they keep guard against a break from these through the enclosing line. Soon the fish are forced up to the inner end of the coves, where it is shoalest; and then the work of slaughter commences. The dusky fishermen, standing in the canoes and bending over, now to this side, now that, plunge down their spears and fizgigs, rarely failing to bring up a fish of one sort or another; the struggling victim shaken off into the bottom of the canoe, there gets its death-blow from the boys.

"For nearly an hour the curious aquatic chase is carried on; not in silence, but amid a chorus of deafening noises,—the shouts of the savages and the barking and yelping of their dogs mingling with the shrieking of the sea-birds overhead. And thrice is the cove 'drawn' by the canoes, which are taken back to its mouth, the line reformed, and the process repeated till a good supply of the fish best worth catching has been secured.

Suspicions.

Groundless suspicion is not only a cause of torment to the suspicious person, but it often proves a positive injury to the person suspected. Many a man, originally innocent, has been driven, through the pressure of unworthy suspicion, to become that which he was once falsely thought to be. There is hardly a single action which is not susceptible of more than one interpretation; and those who would do justice to their fellow-men should not only remember that fact, but also the wise old Roman law, that, in a doubtful matter, the kindlier interpretation is not less just than safe. And those who profess to follow Christ will have the additional incitement to careful watching of this possible means of influencing others for evil, that one of the offences for which the sorest punishment is reserved in Christ's kingdom, is the giving occasion for any of his little ones to stumble. Take the kindlier interpretation, act on no suspicion which is not supported by grave reasons, if you would avoid putting a rock of perhaps fatal offense in the pathway of a brother.

A teacher asked a bright little girl what country was opposite to us on the globe. "I don't know, sir," was the reply. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

STUFFED MONARCHS.

Ridiculous Collection in a Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Many, even among Londoners, are unaware that one of the weirdest relics of "pomp and vanity" in connection with the grandeurs of the past, lurks in a recondite corner in Westminster Abbey—in an eyrie up a winding stair, triple vailed with dust, defended by a low door of venerable oak. In Pope's "Life of Seth Ward" we find the fact recorded that "'Tis the custom of the servants of the church on all holidays to show the tombs and the effigies of our sovereigns to the meaner sort, at a toll of two cents per person;" and a brave sight it must have been to look on Henry VII. and his fair Queen, Henry V., and the noble Prince Henry, King James' eldest son, and James and Elizabeth and Anne, all in the chapel, done in wax, clad in their own garments, as they lived. And these Old World royal phantoms are there still, visible to the inquiring and practical eye of the adventurous explorer of the nineteenth century! Not all, alas! for wax, silks and velvets are perishable substances, and Father Time has scant respect even for regal periwigs and farthingales. It is said to have chronicled that there exists, hidden away under the antique abbey roof, a certain vast cupboard, as close locked as Fatima's blue chamber, whose ancient and worm-worn door conceals a veritable Golgotha, to wit, the straw-stuffed body of Edward III., clad in mouldy rags, his whilom beauteous Queen with a battered plate, and illustrious Elizabeth of York with naught save a ruff to cover her, and a half a hundred gruesome things beside. Such of these figures as still remain more or less erect (eleven in all) are rickety, and need a friendly prop; and yet they are wondrously fresh, considering their tale of years and all the London fogs that have enwrapped them. Charles II.—what we can see of him through a glass plentifully scrawled with the names of visitors—looks debonnaire enough, if wan, for one who was nothing if not merry.

In George III.'s time (1754) the figures of William III., Mary, and Anne are described in a local chronicle as the gems of the collection, "greatly admired by every eye that beholds them;" and they are worthy of admiration still. Anne is conspicuous for gaudy attire and a redundancy of paste jewels, the meretricious effect being relieved by the magnificence of a pair of lace sleeves, into the fabric of which the royal arms of England have been introduced. William looks as saturnine as might be expected and turns away in seeming pettishness from the wife he loved so well; nor can his displeasure be in any way quite justified, for Mary, if the least steady and dignified of the distinguished company, has propped herself with becoming caution in the angle of her dress, and seems in no present danger of falling on her face. Not so Lord Chatham, the "Great Commoner," who is in a shamefully tottering and imbecile condition, with periwig awry and ankles bent, and, though one may recall to memory the fact that he was a martyr to the gout, yet it is a pleasant relief to find that this figure is a spurious one, having been manufactured on the premises in 1779, the popularity of the distinguished statesman rendering it possible to raise the exhibition fee by his mimic presence from three to six pence, to the benefit of the minor canons and lay vicars. The Guide Book of 1783 observes: "The eagerness of connoisseurs and artists to view this figure, which hath been introduced at considerable expense, and the satisfaction it affords, justly place it among the first of the kind ever seen in this or any other country." Well, it must be admitted that the earl of Chatham makes but a poor show now—no finer a one than that of great Queen Bess, close at hand, whose plastic representative is mentioned by Dryden as having perished in his time. The present figure stood in King Henry VII.'s Chapel so late as 1783, and is probably the one which was specially fashioned by order of the chapter to commemorate the bi-centenary of the Collegiate Church in 1760. At any rate the present Queen Bess is a fraud of the deepest dye, fit only to fright babes withal. The phantom of Nelson—who, cheek by jowl, stands poised upon one toe—is chiefly remarkable for an accurate portrayal of his diminutive size, and for the breeches and vest of white cloth, which are his own. So, it may be presumed, is his hat, for it was borrowed and used by Maclise, R. A., when at work on his fresco in the Parliament House hard by. The original and identical coat worn by the hero at Trafalgar is, as all the world knows, one of the most sacred relics of Greenwich Hospital; but this hat and these breeches, to say nothing of sundry gold medals and other decorations, may also be looked upon without suspicion, and treated with respect accordingly.—*London Telegraph.*

A Sixteenth Century Breakfast.

Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., has been holding forth to the inhabitants of Peckham on the advantages of a "free" breakfast-table. It is to be feared that in this degenerate age we shall never think of that solution of the question which commended itself to our ancestors and even to the epicurean Brillat Savarin. "I breakfasted," he says somewhere, "as one should—that is, not at all." In Holinshed, whose chronicle appeared in 1577, one reads: "Heretofore there been much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfast in the forenoon, beverages or nuntions after dinner, and thereto rear suppers generally, when it was time to go to rest . . . now these odd repasts, thanked be God, are very well left, and each one in manner (except here and there some yong hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." And yet one scarcely knows whether the nineteenth century man would be most depressed at having to go without his breakfast or at being called upon to fact the kind of morning repast which was in fashion in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, as one gather from the household book of the Percy family. The following is a pretty substantial breakfast for two persons in Lent and seem to indicate a healthy appetite in "my lord and lady" of Northumberland: A loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, one quart of beer, one quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconn'd hearings four white herrings, and a dish of sprats."—*London Paper.*

Two Connecticut lovers has just made up after a quarrel which took place 58 years ago. Some people cannot hold malice.

MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK.

Not by a Miracle, but by Patience, Ingenuity, and Practice.

A hundred years ago most persons, if asked how the dumb could be made to speak would no doubt have answered without hesitation: "By a miracle!" Yet nearly a quarter of a century earlier, in 1763, a German, Samuel Heinicke, had started a school in Leipsic for teaching deaf mutes to talk. This school is still in existence, and other schools based on Heinick's method, which, of course, has been greatly improved, have been founded in different countries, so that at the present time the teaching of the dumb to speak forms an important branch of education. Few persons who have not paid special attention to the subject have any idea of this.

On the west side of Lexington avenue, extending from sixty-seventh to sixty-eight street, New York, stands a five-story brick building with a quaint little cupola over its central division. It is called the institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. Within its walls nearly 150 little tongues, upon which nature has imposed the burden of silence, are daily taught the intricacies and usefulness of speech. As a rule children are dumb solely because they are deaf, and therefore unable to hear and imitate the vocal sounds uttered by those around them. It is very rare that the vocal organs of a deaf mute are defective. On the other hand, children under 7 years who have learned to speak perfectly almost always become mute if they lose their hearing, as they frequently do by such causes as measles, scarlet fever, and cerebro-spinal meningitis. Children born deaf are technically termed congenital deaf mutes, and those that become so in early childhood are called semi-mutes. Strange as it may appear, it is generally easier to teach the former than the latter to talk.

Since the child cannot hear, his other senses must be enlisted as substitutes for hearing and the method of teaching him to speak must, therefore, consist in making him see and feel the words spoken to him. How this is done can best be seen in the primary class, made up as a rule of children from 6 to 9 years old. At present it consists of about a dozen little boys and girls and is taught with much skill, patience, and good humor by Miss Keeler. These little ones who entered the institution perfectly dumb in September last are all able now to utter simple words and sentences distinctly while one or two can speak almost fluently. But another thing that surprises the visitor quite as much as their speaking is the youngest of these children can write readily and legibly as well as spell correctly any word he can utter.

The difficulty of teaching the dumb child to speak is in reality, not so great as it may seem to the reader. Nearly all deaf mutes can utter inarticulate sounds resembling somewhat "Ah," "Oo." The first step is to teach them to utter those simple vowel sounds correctly as well as o, oo, o, i, and the easier of the consonants, as p, b, t, f, and o.

"To teach the vowel sounds," says Mr. David Goneberger, the principal of the institution, "it is generally sufficient to let the pupil place his hand on the teacher's chest, where he can feel the vibration, and to let him watch the shape of the teacher's mouth, for, in order to distinguish between their varieties, the deaf mute depends entirely on watching the relative positions of the lips and the tongue. These organs are the two principal agents in vowel modification."

The details of instruction are, of course, numerous, and, as a full examination of them would be tedious in a sketch of this kind, the following characteristic examples are selected to give a general idea of the process; In the formation of ah, the most open of full vowel sounds, the mouth and throat are opened wide and the tongue lies in its natural, almost horizontal, position, while in forming long e, the closest lingual or palatal sound, the mouth is much less opened, and the tongue is raised convexly within the dome of the palate, pressing against its sides and leaving only the smallest possible passage, through which a vowel sound can be uttered. Ah is consequently the easiest and e the most difficult vowel sound to teach. In teaching the pupil, besides having his attention directed to the teacher's mouth, which is opened as wide as it can be consistently with the production of the sound, is also made to place one hand on the teacher's and the other on his own throat, so as to feel and imitate the peculiar vibration. The vibration of e can also be felt under the angle of the jaw and upon the crown of the head. Another method of teaching e is to make the pupil feel that while in sounding o the laryux is depressed, in sounding e it is raised.

Modulation of the voice is taught from the very outset. When the pupil's voice is too high and shrill, pressure on the front of the larynx diminishes the tension of the vocal chords, and thereby lowers the pitch. Simultaneous pressure on both sides of the larynx increases the tension of the vocal chords and elevates the pitch. The nasal tone is corrected by directing the pupil's attention, through holding the back of his hand alternately to his own and the teacher's mouth and nose, to the fact that in the proper utterance of the sound the breath escapes through the mouth, and not through the nose. If this does not succeed, the teacher closes the pupil's nostrils by pressing them between the thumb and forefinger, and thus forces the breath through the mouth.

The simplest consonant sounds, and consequently the most readily taught, are r, t, and k. The pupil is made aware of the differences in the utterances of them by having the back of his head held close to the teacher's mouth, and then he is encouraged to exercise his own vocal organs until he is able to emit his breath in the same manner. He is assisted in the production of the sound by having the fore part of his tongue pressed downward and a little backward with a paper folder.

As soon as a pupil has succeeded in uttering a sound correctly, the letter, or combination of letters, representing it is written on the black board and he is encouraged to repeat the sound, and write the letter himself so as to clinch the indentification. As soon as he is able to utter simple vowel and consonant sounds he is taught to combine them into easy words, as "toe" "tea," "out," "eye," "cow," which are immediately written upon the blackbord. At the same time the meaning of such words is explained to the pupil by means of pictures and objects. Thus he is simultaneously taught to utter articulate sounds to read them from the lips of his teacher, to associate words with their signification, and to write the letters and words as he learns them. the most difficult sounds for a deaf mute to learn are the hissing sound of s, ch, and j, but these are acquired like the rest by patience and practice.

The pupils in most cases show a remarkable aptness to learn, and they express a peculiar delight when they first find out the real object of the funny puffs, blows, and hisses, which they learn to produce, and they labor cheerfully to overcome the difficulties necessarily attending their attempts at articulation.

The development of speech sounds occupies, according to the capacities of individual pupils, from three to four or, at the utmost, five months. They are kept in the primary class generally for one year, then instructed in the English language, and finally carried through higher branches of study. The more advanced pupils, as a rule, enunciate clearly, though they are apt to fall into a kind of lisp. But when their attention is called to it they quickly remedy the defect. It is not an uncommon thing to see one of these advanced pupils talking with his hand on his chest. Being asked why he holds his hand there, he replies that it assists him in modulating his voice.

Progress on the Panama Canal.

There are many who yet doubt whether De Lesseps and his associates will eventually succeed in piercing the Isthmus of Panama with a practical canal. The work has now been fairly commenced, and some $40,000,000 has thus far been expended, not including the money paid for the Panama Railroad, but it is plainly apparent that the magnitude of the undertaking has been greatly underestimated, as it is also that the canal cannot be completed by the year 1888, the time announced by M. de Lesseps for its opening.

Lieut. Raymond P. Rogers, of the U. S. Navy, has lately passed over the line of the canal, where every facility was afforded him of making a thorough inspection, and his report brings our information concerning the work up to date. The number of men employed in all sections is probably at least 15,000 brought chiefly from Jamaica and Carthagena, and the amount of excavation has gradually increased until 700,000 cubic meters per month have been reached. It was hoped that the month of February would produce 1,000,000 cubic meters, and that later the amount of 25,000,000 meters would be removed each month. The rainy season begins in May and continues till December, and it is estimated that the rains will reduce the examination of the dry season by about one-fifth, so that it is not unlikely that from the 1st of May next an annual excavation of 25,000,000 cubic meters may be counted upon.

It is not impossible, with the requisite money, that the sections of the canal, exclusive of those of Obispo, Empire, Culebra, and Paraise, may be ready for service by the year 1888, but it does not seem possible that these most formidable sections, with their cuts of great depth and width, can be made ready, nor that the ports at the extremities can be completed for some years later. Consider the section of Culebra, with its great excavation of more than 25,000,000 of cubic meters, and suppose that the large amount of 300,000 cubic meters be removed each month from it; at this rate it would take seven years to complete the section.

There is an immense amount of machinery and material now on hand or contracted for, and it is probable that there remains sufficient funds from the amount already subscribed to meet promptly the current expenses for two years to come. After that, with the enterprise well begun and with a fair proportion of the whole excavation already removed, it would seem plausible that the prestige of M. de Lesseps' name, and the confidence which the investors of France have in his ability to carry through successfully this great work, would procure the further necessary subscriptions. Whether the estimated sum—600,000,000f.—will prove sufficient time alone can decide; but as one third of this amount has already been expended, it would seem insufficient to complete this most formidable undertaking.

The climate has thus far not proved so fatal in most of the sections as might have been anticipated. Of course, exposure to the sun, heat, and fatigue have produced fevers and have occasioned mortality; but, as a rule, the employes of the company seem in fair health, and the Europeans have suffered more than the laborers, natives of the tropics. But, while most of the sections have not been very sickly, the neighborhood of Panama has proved an exception to the general rule. Here, during the past six months have appeared, in larger numbers than usual, pernicious fevers, and there have been several cases of yellow fever which have proved fatal.—*Scientific American.*

For Want of Money.

It is now generally admitted by the German military authorities that financial considerations alone prevent the immediate adoption of a magazine, or repeating rifle, as the general armament of the infantry of their army. Not only would the direct expense of providing the new weapons be very great, but the cartridges now used with the Mauser, of which immense supplies are stored in the German fortresses and arsenals, would be rendered useless, as, owing to certain weak points in their manufacture, they could not be safely fired from a magazine rifle. How enormous must be the amount of ammunition which would have to be replaced may be deduced from the fact that, according to lately published returns the war establishment of the German army comprised on the 1st of January last, including all ranks and arms of the service, no fewer than 2,075,563 officers and men, while the total number of trained men available in the empire will shortly not fall far short of 3,090 000. Of the actually organized forces 1,521,405 are infantry soldiers; so that, even leaving out of account altogether the ammunition which would be required for magazine carbines carried by troopers, gunners, engineers, &c., it is evident that the cost of substituting new cartridges suitable for a magazine weapon for the present stores of breech-loading ammunition would be very great. That the general introduction of a magazine rifle will be sooner or later inevitable is no longer denied, but the change of armament will be deferred by Germany to as distant a date as possible, unless some one or other of the great European armies, by adopting the new arm, oblige Germany to follow her example.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, APRIL 17, 1884.

OUR CRITICS.

The REVIEW claims to be thoroughly independent in politics. Perhaps "neutral" would more properly be the word, as we do not pretend to touch political questions except when some matter of special prominence comes up, and these we have always treated from an anti-party standpoint, and *truthfully*. Our columns are always open for the discussion of all public questions, by whosoever may choose to write, and that this has been amply taken advantage of by both political parties, our readers well know. Like all good and useful papers, however, we have our critics,—not of the broad, liberal, conscientious sort, that endeavor to point out errors in the interest of truth and justice, but over-zealous political critics who sometimes imagine that we are trying to annihilate the great, virtuous and unerring political party to which they own allegiance and are abject slaves. The REVIEW modestly disclaims any such idea; we could not if we would, as there is no political party with such qualifications on the face of this earthly footstool. Nobody is liable to whine unless he has a sore spot touched, and no one can point to an editorial utterance in this paper that was written from a party standpoint. Our article three weeks ago on "Political Morality" has called forth two letters, one from "J. P." appearing two weeks ago, and another from "Citizen" in this issue. As both writers have seen fit to "go for" the REVIEW under assumed names we do not choose to reply, more than simply to say that both have either wilfully or ignorantly charged us with sentiments for which they can not quote one sentence in the said article in justification. We hold their names, of course, in confidence, but we want their criticisms over their own signatures, showing that they believe themselves in what they are writing about, and not ashamed of their position, and then we will defend every word that we have written. The trouble is with them and so many others like them they are so blinded by their "green spectacles" that they will not see the least flaw in their own party and nothing but flaws in their opponents. This is not very creditable to otherwise honest and intelligent men, and we presume their knowledge of this fact is what compels them to keep their real name from the public. They are welcome to criticize us all they wish, however, but we must ask them not to charge us falsely. "Citizen" says, in the article in question, we "endeavored to make it appear that the Conservative party was in no way complicated in the Bribery Scandal." We did nothing of the sort. He says we "stated that the Reform members made the first proposals." We did not. He says we "stated that the gang of bribers were drawn into the plot by the Mowat Government." This is equally untrue. Our article was quoted approvingly by Grit, Tory, and Independent papers, but they quoted our exact words, and did not, like "J. P." and "Citizen," endeavor to make it appear we meant something we did not say. They are both able writers on public questions and we cannot but regret that they cannot be more liberal and unbiased in their views, and deal with questions as they *are* and not as they would *like* them to be.

THE "Rivers and Streams" question has received a quietus at the hands of the Privy Council to whom it was referred. The judgment was in favor of the Ontario Government and against McLaren.

The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

For the newest and noblest designs in Spring Millinery, go to Cross & Mouncey's.

Deans sells 2 papers Marcon's Seeds for 5 cents; 2 papers Steeles' Seeds for 5 cents. Don't forget the place, please.

See the new styles in Spring Millinery at Cross & Mouncey's.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

The choice cuts of meat cost 15 cents per pound in Belleville.

A thorough-bred stock horse is to be imported into Prince Edward.

Napanee merchants are giving away watches with every suit of ready-made clothing sold.

Large quantities of pike are being speared and shot every day at Demorestville, Ont.

Belleville realized $185 from the dog by-law in 1883, and collected $350 for billiard licenses.

The body of the late Mrs. Bowell is expected to arrive in Belleville about the 20th instant.

The late Hon. John Stephenson's estate at Napanee is estimated at from $100,000 to $200,000.

Prince Edward County is in a blaze of temperance excitement. The Scott Act is soon to be submitted.

A temperance society called the Blue Ribbon was lately started in Deseronto, and has already 175 members.

Ma. Peter Chambers, of Adolphustown, has a family of six children all down with diphtheria of a most malignant type.

The Barrie Township Council are to all appearances determined to enforce the law with respect to killing deer during the close season.

A love-sick young man, who had been jilted by a fickle sweetheart, attempted suicide by jumping off the foot-bridge at Napanee last week. He was prevented.

A fellow named Michael Hackett was arrested in Port Hope for begging. When taken to the police station and searched, there was found upon him $113. He was sent to gaol.

A few days since, a robber or robbers forced the door of the post office at Smithfield and got away with some sixty dollars in postage stamps and valuables of various kinds

Nathan Baldwin, the self-accused forger appeared on remand at Belleville on Saturday and was discharged, as the Michigan authorities did not want him. He states that he will go to that state at once.

Young Taylor, the defaulting Bank Clerk, of Belleville, has written to the Bank returning the cheques stolen and expressing his regret that he had kept them so long. He said that his father would settle the matter.

D. L. Paul, a young merchant of Bath, was placed in jail on Friday last on a capias taken out by a Kingston firm. He was released on payment of part of the debt and on Monday he skipped out of the country, leaving several other debts unpaid.

The Gazette says that the liquor dealers of Prince Edward have resolved not to make use of the Central Ontario for carrying their freight, in consequence of the efforts of the managers to bring about the adoption of the Scott Act. The railway will perhaps survive the falling off in revenue.

A Row at a Raising.

(Intelligencer.)

There was a row at a raising on the farm of Elizabeth Reid, in the 7th con. of Huntingdon, on the 10th inst. It appears that Hiram Reed accidentally—he says—pushed a post against Harford Reid. After a few hot words, explanations followed and all became serene. Nelson Reid, who was among the helpers, appeared angry over the occurrence and on being spoken to by Hiram showed that he was not at all pleased with what had transpired. After an interchange of expressive salutations, Hiram alleges that Nelson picked up a wooden brace of a barn and attempted to strike him, but the blows were warded off and the brace taken from him. Then Nelson threw stones at Hiram, the latter says, and got another brace and struck Hiram on the right eye and right hand. The combatants clinched and were then separated. The trouble will be ventilated and settled in the police court here.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

STRUCK BY A FALLING TREE AND DYING BY INCHES, FOR TWO DAYS AND A NIGHT.

Mr. Robert Ledgerwood, a highly respected farmer, living in the township of Montcalm, in North Hastings, met his death under the following melancholy circumstances. It appears that he left his home on the morning of Tuesday, the 1st inst, informing his family that it was uncertain whether he should proceed to the sugar works or to another place to chop. As he did not return home in the evening it was supposed he had remained at a neighbor's house near the sap bush. On the next evening, however, as he did not return, his people became alarmed and went out to look him up. On their arrival at the chopping it was observed that one tree only had been felled, and on further search the poor man was found in a swamp, lying on his face in the snow, with one arm broken, and near death. He expired shortly afterwards. It was supposed the tree struck him in falling, breaking his arm and probably causing some internal injury. It is presumed he wandered off in a bewildered state in the wrong direction, and the terrible exposure of two days and one night was almost sufficient in itself to cause death.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEED GRAINS

—AT THE—

North Hastings Warehouse.

The best quality of

SPRING WHEAT, PEAS and OATS.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	1st	concession Madoc,	
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES, LATH, JOISTING, SCANTLING, PLANK, BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

UNMARRIED LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

$250.00 to $4,000.00.

THE object of the "Mutual and Endowment on Marriage and Home Association" is to provide Ladies and Gentlemen with dowries on marriage from $62.50 to $4,000.00. Just think of it. Last month over 100 certificates were issued. Safest and Best Insurance possible. RATES LOW. No assessments until November, 1884, an advantage no other existing institution can offer. Now is the time to JOIN. Agents wanted (ladies or gentlemen) throughout the district. For all information, address

S. F. WEAVER,
General Agent, N. Hastings.

Madoc, April 14th. 364

Mortgage Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

FARM PROPERTY

in the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

UNDER power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the

Madoc House, Village of Madoc,

—ON—

FRIDAY, 16th day of MAY, A. D.

1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Madoc, composed of the west half and north east quarter of lot No. 25, in the 9th concession, containing 150 acres, more or less.

This desirable property is situated in an old settled and good farming district, and is said to be within half a mile from a church, public school, and cheese factory, within three miles from a grist mill, saw mill, and a railway station, and 30 miles from the City of Belleville, and has a frame house and barns thereon. About 100 acres said to be cleared and well cultivated. Soil of a clay and sandy loam.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Terms and conditions will be made known on the day of sale.

For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor.

BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
58 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.

April 7th, 1884. 364

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

NOTICE.

License District of N. Hastings.

A MEETING of the Board of License Commissioners will be held in the Town Hall, in the Village of Madoc, on

Wednesday, 23rd of April, 1884,

at the hour of 10 o'clock, a m.,

For the purpose of granting Tavern and Shop Licenses for the ensuing year. Applicants for Tavern licenses who are not licensees for the current year are John Christie, for his house at Thanet; James Best, for a house at Keller's Bridge, in the township of Madoc; J. Green, for a house at Maynooth, known as Green Hotel; George Gordon, for a house in the township of Limerick, known as Bain's formerly; T.I. Peria, for a house at Bancroft in the township of Faraday; Wm. Greenfield for a house at Bancroft. 26 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses were issued for the current year. Applications have been made for 28 Tavern and 6 Shop Licenses for the ensuing year.

Dated at Madoc this 1st day of April, 1884.

E. MOUNCEY,
Inspector.

362-3w

Mortgage Sale!

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the MADOC HOUSE, in the

Village of Madoc,

—ON—

FRIDAY, 18TH APRIL 1884,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the following lands and premises, namely: The south half of lot number 7 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

The place is about 3½ miles from the Village of Madoc. About 30 acres cleared. A log house, and a log barn are erected upon the premises.

For terms of payment and further particulars, apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
Vendor's Solicitor,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Madoc, March 29th, 1884. 362-3

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

—o—

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

—o—

FULL LINE OF MACHINE

OILS.

—o—

BABBIT METAL.

—o—

TINWARE.

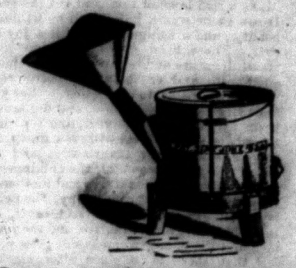
We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

—o—

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

—o—

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

—o—

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

—o—

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,

Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

—Lent has closed.

—Grain keeps coming in.

—Eggs suffered [illegible] last.

—Bridgewater [illegible] M. D.

—Seven Bicycles are now in the village.

—Maple sugar and maple syrup are plentiful.

—Swinging on front gates has already commenced in the village.

—A. F. Wood has seed grain for sale at the North Hastings Warehouse.

—It is reported the Salvation Army will try Madoc in about two weeks.

—Rev. James Curts preached in the M. E. Church in this village last Sunday.

—Mrs. S. McGuire left us a nice little cake of maple sugar last week. Thanks.

—Chickens were sold in the village on Monday. They were eagerly bought up.

—The ruins of the Wilson Block are being cleaned out and the foundation repaired.

—About thirty-five couple attended the ball in the Masonic Hall on Monday night.

—The rain of Tuesday, the first of any importance this season, was welcomed by all.

—The celebrated "Canadian Band"—of frogs—commenced their public concerts last week.

—The Church of St. John the Baptist in this village was very tastefully decorated on Easter Sunday.

—The man who continually borrows his neighbor's paper, and never subscribes for one, would pasture a goat on his grandfather's grave.

—It is said that "bangs" have gone out of fashion. Ten years will be added to the looks of some of our young ladies in consequence.

—The agricultural implement agent now shakes the hand of a caller with a warmth only equalled by the candidate for Aldermanic honors.

—The auditors' Report of receipts and expenditure of the Township of Madoc for the past year, has been sent to this office for publication, and will appear next week.

—The Toronto *World* was obliged to suspend publication on Saturday last. We regret its demise, as it was a bright and racy exchange.

—All unmarried ladies and gentlemen are directed to an advertisement in another column which will prove beneficial to them if they make use of the advantages set forth.

—A team of horses ran away in this village on Saturday. They started from the Madoc House stables but were brought up before reaching the North American. Little damage was done.

—A party of hay-fork agents arrived in the village this week. If they belong to the same gang that were lately around Napanee and swindled so many farmers, then we would advise our readers to keep clear of them.

—A wicked exchange says: "She was cool, calm and collected when she retired to her room, after coming home from a party. 'I will now shuffle off this mortal coil,' she said as she unwound her switch and hung it over the back of a chair."

—Our readers are reminded that subscriptions for the REVIEW,—a few hundreds of them at least—became due on the 1st of April, when this journal entered its eighth year. There are still a few on our list who have not paid us a cent on their subscription yet! If they don't soon pay up we will feel obliged to make them a present of their accounts publicly through these columns.

Auction Sale.

Lester McTaggart will sell on Saturday next at his residence in this village, a lot of farm stock, implements, &c. Sale at 1 o'clock. Nine months' credit. T. Scott, Auctioneer.

A Sweet Treat.

We printers have some staunch friends and helpers in their struggles to enjoy this world. Yesterday Mr. James O'Hara, jr. treated the "boys" in the REVIEW office to a plate of the finest comb-honey—as clear and delicious as the day it came out of the hive. Many, many thanks, Mr. O'H., the REVIEW staff will keep your memory green.

Bon Voyage.

Mr. James Heyworth, of this village, left on Tuesday for a two months' sojourn in his native land, old England. The trip will be nothing new to him as he has already crossed the Atlantic four or five times. We believe, owing to a recent death, Mr. Heyworth expects to benefit financially by his trip. We hope he may, and wish him a safe and pleasant journey.

Improvement.

The Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn is just now undergoing some improvements, that will add greatly to the appearance and facilities of that institution. The partition between it and the back room has been torn away, making it more than double its former size. The entrance will be in the centre of the room, across which a counter will run dividing off the rear end as the business office. The front room, the present office, will be the proprietor's private office. In all respects the establishment will be more business like and in keeping with the large business transacted. The benefits and convenience of having such an institution in the village are of great value to the business men of the place, and we are pleased to note the above evidence of its permanency.

Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

A few days ago Mr. James O'Hara, jr., had his left hand badly crushed while doing some wheelright work in his saw mill. A weight of over twenty-five hundred made the squeeze, inflicting an ugly wound. He will be deprived of the use of his hand for a long time.

M. E. Conference.

The Ontario Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held this year at Stirling, commencing on the 30th of April. Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., of this village, will preach the opening sermon. The examinations of candidates for the ministry will be conducted at the same place the day before, viz., the 29th. The friends of Rev. Mr. Hutton, of Mount Forest, late pastor in charge here, expect a visit from him before he goes back to his appointment.

Another Thoroughbred.

At the request of many farmers in the neighborhood who wish to improve their stock, Mr. Wm. Coe has lately been considering the advisability of getting another thoroughbred horse. The following telegram speaks for itself:—

Toronto, April 16th, 1884.

ARTHUR W. COE.

Leave here to-night to get Percheron stallion. Will wire you from Chicago Friday where to meet him, as I am going to Pittsburg and Cleveland before coming home.

WM. COE.

Not Appreciated.

The Museum Co'y were billed to give a performance in this village on Thursday evening last, and they did, although they had scarcely audience enough to pay hall rent. They gave a good variety entertainment, however, and were induced to stay another night, when a little larger but still a small audience greeted them. Of the performers, they were all up to the standard "variety" average. Frank Wardell, the "fire king," was better. The way he drank burning liquid, poured molten lead in his mouth, and licked red-hot iron astonished those who saw him. He can travel with any show. The company did not make expenses in Madoc.

Good Friday.

The day passed quietly in this village, it being generally observed as a holiday, except in cases where merchants had to go in their stores to "oblige customers." The usual services were held in the Anglican and R. C. Churches. White's Agricultural Band appeared on the street during the afternoon in uniform and gave a short programme of really excellent music, for which the members were highly praised. Some of the new bicycles were trundled around pretty lively in the morning by the learners, and by noon the owners had either mastered the "mashcens" or got so mashed themselves that they were glad to put the wheel away. Dick Sands' show, minus D. Sands himself, had a poor house in the evening.

Fine Casting.

Yesterday we had occasion to visit the foundry and while there were shown some castings for roof cresting which a gentleman in the village had ordered from a large manufacturer in Hamilton, but there not being quite enough Mr. White was asked to get out a few pieces extra. He took a piece of the Hamilton cresting for pattern, and it is but doing our local firm justice to say that they turned out a far superior article to the imported—in fact, on comparing the two, one looked like a piece of polished steel beside the other, the one cast here being smooth, bright and well finished, while the Hamilton one was black, rough and ragged edged. It was very creditable to both workmen and "boss."

Farmers, attention!

Purple Top Swedish Turnip, Yellow Aberdeen Turnip, White Globe Turnip, just arrived fresh and sound at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

The latest New York, London and Paris styles of Millinery, at

CROSS & MOUNCEY'S.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value.

JOHN DALE & SON.

For Root Crops! Red and Yellow Mangels, White Belgian Carrots, Yellow Belgian Carrots, for farm cultivation at Deans' Seed Store.

RUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

Holloway's Pills.—Sudden changes, frequent fogs, and pervading dampness sorely impede the vital functions, and conduce to ill-health. The remedy for such disorders lies in some purifying medicine, like these Pills, which is competent to grapple successfully with the mischief at its source, and stamp it out, without fretting the nerves, or weakening the system. Holoway's Pills extract from the blood all noxious matter, regulate the action of every disordered organ, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and relax the bowels. In curing chest complaints these Pills are remarkably effective, especially when aided by a free local application of the Ointment. This double treatment will ensure a certain, steady and beneficial progress, and sound health will soon be re-established.

The best Table Salt, in small bags, just to hand, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday. All the members present.

The minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Ketcheson, seconded by Mr. McKinnon, and resolved, that James Roberts be allowed to work on his own road for this year, across the road south of his place, under the superintendency of the present pathmaster.

Moved by Mr. English, seconded by Mr. McKinnon, and resolved, that the Central Ontario Railway Company be notified to make the necessary provisions for a railway crossing between lots 25 and 26, 6th concession.

A petition from Wm. McKnight was laid over to next meeting.

Thos. Laffin was given permission to work his statute labor on his own land out to the main road, under the superintendence of the present pathmaster.

Alex. Wright was ordered to be instructed to do one half of his statute labor on the beat north of Franklin's, between 9th and 10th concessions.

Moved by Mr. English, seconded by Mr. McKinnon, that the Road Surveyor be empowered to examine the road allowance and the value of the same for the last two years, and also to examine the timber on road allowance between the 10th and 11th concessions, and report to the Council.—Carried.

Wm. Woods was paid $13.20 on account of brushing the marsh road near Eldorado. The Assessors were also ordered to be paid their salary.

Moved by Mr. Ketcheson, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that the Road Surveyor be instructed to open the road beween 10th and 11th concessions, commencing at James Kincade's road between lots 16 and 17, thence running north on road allowance between concessions 10 and 11 for the distance of ten rods, intersecting lot 17 in 10th concession.—Carried.

Irwin Love was appointed pathmaster in place of Francis Trotter, removed, and Wm. Thompson was appointed pathmaster in place of Peter Gunsolus, removed.

Moved and seconded that the Road Surveyor be instructed to examine the road laid out by Mr. Burnside and ascertain whether Mr. Broad has given the right width on lot 20 in the 9th concession.—Carried.

On motion, George and Harkles Rollins were allowed to do their statute labor on their own road out to the main road.

On motion of Messrs. Ketcheson and Thompson, the Auditors' Report was ordered to be published in the REVIEW.

Moved by Mr. Thompson, seconded by Mr. Ketcheson, that all pathmasters that do not make their returns by the 1st of September shall be responsible for work undone as teh law now enforces.—Carried.

Council adjourned to the last Monday in May, to meet as a Court of Revision.

TO BLACKSMITHS—No. 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at

J. DALE & SON'S.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any other disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all Druggists.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, 21st of April, for the erection of a Brick Hotel, in the village of Madoc. Plans and Specifications may be seen at Moon's Hotel. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

MRS. MOON.

Madoc, April, 8th. 363-2w

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC., PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yeomen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

LA SEVERINA.

The Tra l Sequel to an Abduction.

It was on the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan du ing the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun, exhausted by fatigue, were encamped on an immense plain, shut in by a chain of hills, on which towered the white houses of the town. Lightning, playing among the lead-en-colored clouds, illumined at intervals with lurid light the battle field of the morrow. Nothing else lit up the camp. No fires were allowed, as a measure of prudence.

All were not asleep, however. Besides the outposts and pickets, many in camp were wide awake. Here and there groups of men, lying on the grass around their tents, conversed in a low tone and discussed the probable issue of the coming battle.

In the middle of a small group of officers, who talked over the chances of the m rrow, was Col. Eugene de Valmont, who commanded a regiment of light dragoons. He had the well earned reputation of b ing one of the most splendid officers in his own branch of the service. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved in the regiment by officers and men alike, and deservedly so.

Col. de Valmont appeared to pay but little attention to what was said. He seemed in a profound reverie, as he bit rather than smoked a half-consumed cigar. Turning suddenly to his surgeon-major, a veteran with a well-bronzed face, he said:

"Brisac, do you believe in presentiments?"

"It depends, Colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter."

"You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?"

"Quite so."

"Ah! It is true, as is said, that all you doctors are more or less materialists." After a pause, he added: "You are right, perhaps, and so much the better. There are some thoughts which should be banished on the eve of a day like that to-morrow promises to be."

So saying he got up, and added: "I shall turn in and get some rest and advise you all to do the same. In a few hours we shall need all the strength we can command."

One by one the group broke off, and presently there were left only three officers—the Major, a captain and a sub-lieutenant.

"What did the Colonel mean by presentiments?" asked the younger of them. "We know he has no fear about to-morrow; yet his manner and his last words, to say the least, are not reassuring."

"Had you been longer in the regiment, young fellow," replied the Major, "you would know that the Colonel periodically gets the 'blues,' but we take no notice of them. They soon pass, and he becomes himself again."

"But what is the cause of his recurring depression?"

"The cause?" said the Captain, "Why, all the regiment know the cause."

"Except myself. I only joined three months ago."

"Well, here is Brisac back from his rounds. He can tell the story best."

The Surgeon-Major being appealed to, lay down upon the grass, lit a cigar, and said:

"In 1834, De Valmont, appointed lieutenant in the Chasseurs d' Afrique, which had just been raised, landed in Algiers, where I was assistant surgeon attached to the military hospital. Though I was older than he, we soon struck up an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, which time has not impaired. Eugene was young, good looking and a man of fascinating manners. He came of a distinguished family, and his friends kept his purse well filled; in short he could get money as fast as he wished to spend it.

"We served three years together, when De Valmont got leave to exchange and return to France. His mother was the cause of this, for she had in view for him a marriage with a rich heiress. Leaving Algiers would have been all plain sailing except for bidding 'farewell' to a certain lady called La Severina, a dancer on the theatre. In appearance she was decidedly handsome, of an olive-colored complexion, and with raven black hair. In her large, expressive eyes and in her grimly cut mouth there was a significant indication of determination which suggested that the young lady would be more desirable as a friend than an enemy. She said she was an Italian, having been born at Rome, but her parents were Bohemians, who travelled through all countries—rope dancers by profession.

"La Severina had conceived for Eugene a passion as violent as it was hopeless. When she heard of his proposed departure she was wild; when she learned the motive of it she turned a demon. Failing in a clumsy attempt to baulk his plans by stabbing him with a stiletto, she assured him with her last words that she would be revenged. De Valmont laughed at the threat. I, however, determined to keep my eye on the actions of the young lady. In this resolve, however, I was foiled. She left Algiers about a month after, and I never knew what became of her.

"Nearly four years had passed since Eugene's return. We kept up a constant correspondence, and I learned of his marriage and the birth of one son, whom he called Lucien. He continually pressed me to exchange and go back to France.

"At length I got appointed to a cavalry regiment quartered in Paris, and left Algiers to take on my new duties. Landing at Marseilles, I put up at the hotel Castellane, where the first names I read in the list of arrivals were those of the Count and Countess de Valmont. Eugene introduced me to his wife—a lady as lovely as she was charming—and showed me with pride his son—a fine chubby child, with curly hair, and the splendid blue eyes of its mother. He simply worshipped this boy—poor fellow!—and his life and soul seemed wrapped up in his being and existence. And now to the sad sequel of my tale.

"De Valmont was on leave, and at his wife's desire they were about to visit Italy. Not to fatigue the child their route was mapped out in short stages. They were resting two days at Marseilles before going to Genoa by La Corniche, so I decided to stay and see them off.

"In the afternoon of my arrival, as the weather was glorious, little Lucien was sent with his nurse down to the sea, on that magnificent beach where the splendid palace of Prado stands. Two hours after the nurse returned alone, looking like a mad woman. The eyes were starting out of her head, and sobbing and crying, she threw herself at the Countess's feet, and said she had lost the child. She and her charge were playing on the beach, when they were attracted by the performance of some acrobats. A small crowd had assembled, and the boy was not out of her sight for half a minute. On looking round he was gone; and she sought him in vain. He seemed to have been spirited away. She called his name at the top of her voice and ran up and down the beach until exhausted. Bystanders who heard her cries helped her in the search; but they found—nothing."

"Was Lucien drowned!" asked the sub-lieutenant.

"This was the question started, but it seemed well nigh impossible. The child could only toddle and the sea was too far from the place indicated by the nurse. So this hypothesis was given up. The police considered it a case of kidnapping, and went to work, but failed to find a clue. They searched for weeks through all the slums of the city—the low quarters where the dregs of the population congregate, the scum of the Mediterranean—but with no success. A description of the child was sent to every consul, with orders to make full inquiry. De Valmont himself obtained special leave of absence from the war office and spent a year in trying to solve the mystery. He returned more dead than alive to bury his wife, whom grief had killed.

"As to the Colonel, at first he had serious intention of joining the Trappists and retiring from the world. But hope sustains him still. He believes, if his boy was not drowned, that Providence will take pity on him. Vain delusion! But we humor him in his hope. He has since devoted his whole life and soul to his regiment; but the wound at his heart was never healed, and when it breaks out afresh he becomes sad and sorrowful and talks about presentiment.

"La Severina, I believe has kept her word, and wreaked a terrible revenge!"

Brisac finished his story and wished all good-night.

"We have six hours for sleep, my boys, and then—!"

On the morrow, at the early hour of six o'clock, a double line of smoke extended for a distance of two miles on each side of the plain. The French had brought almost all their guns into action. The Austrian batteries posted on the opposite hills replied with a well directed fire. In this artillery duel, which lasted for some hours, the advantage remained with the French. The superiority of the Austrian position was more than counterbalanced by the deadly effect of the rifled guns of the French, which were first employed in warfare at the memorable battle of Solferino. The carnage was frightful and the result disastrous to the Austrians, who were obliged to retreat.

At 3 o'clock on that day—23rd June, 1859—the French were formed up to advance under a withering musketry fire to assault the Tower of Solferino, the key of the enemy's position. Marshal Benedek then called on his cavalary to make a supreme effort which had it been successful, would have changed the fortunes of the day. The Austrian cavalry were massed behind a fringe of wood which effectually concealed their movements from the French. Suddenly they were seen to emerge from their shelter and to prepare for a determined charge, to take in flank those battalions which had already reached the slopes of the hills. Gen. Niel saw the danger, and immediately hurled against them the Marguerite division of cavalry, in which De Valmont's Light Dragoons charged in the first line.

The shock was terrific! The elements contributed to swell the frightful storm of war. Peals of thunder bellowed forth and vivid lightning played over the ghastly sight beneath.

It was after the delivery of the charge "home" that Col. de Valmont suddenly saw rise before him about a dozen hussars, in white, of the Archduke Albrecht's regiment. Led by a young lieutenant with fair hair and a budding moustache, they sabered the French dragoons with maniacal fury, making their way through them like a cannon ball. With one bound of his horse the lieutenant was by the Colonel. De Valmont saw his sabre flash as he raised it to cut him down. He had only time to pull the trigger of his pistol, and the Austrian fell, killed by a bullet in the forehead.

At the end of the engagement Col. de Valmont, returning to camp, passed over the scene of the conflict. The body of the lieutenant still lay there on its back. A thin trickle of blood marked the spot of the wound. The face of the young officer was as calm and placid as a child asleep. De Valmont gazed at him with profound emotion. A few yards off some dismounted men were guarding Austrian prisoners, among whom was an officer of Albrecht's hussars. Pointing to the dead body, the Colonel asked:

"Sir, can you tell me the name of that brave fellow?"

"Karl Gottfried," was the answer.

One month after the peace of Villafranca, Eugene De Valmont returned to Paris with the Army of Italy, where he found the following letter awaiting his arrival:

MILAN, 6th August, 1859.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: You know I am still at the military Hospital here, where I shall remain until all our wounded are removed. They brought in the other day several marauders caught by our men rifling the dead, and on some of them who tried to escape, they fired. Among them was an old woman disguised as a man. A bed was found for her, as she was on the point of death. I offered my services to dress her wound, and judge of my amazement when I heard her say: "You don't remember me, De Brisac. I am La Severina." Under the withered features of the woman I recognized your former acquaintance in Algiers. By what series of misfortunes she came to be a dirpoiler of the dead, I shall not attempt to explain. Enough to know that before dying she allowed the priest to communicate a part of her confession, and, as I have for long thought, she it was who stole Lucien at Marseilles!

After a host of adventures, which I shall tell you later on, poverty compelled her to abandon the child at Vienna. She left it to the charity of the landlord where she lodged—No. 20 Rosenstrasse—and never heard of the boy after. This address will give you some trace. Apply at once to the Austrian Embassy. *Tout a toi.*

BRISAC.

Mad with joy, the Colonel ran to the embassy and explained the object of his mission. For a fortnight after, which seemed to him a lifetime, he lived in a fever of suspense, and was going to bed one night, when his valet brought him an official letter with a large red seal bearing the Austro. Hungarian arms. He read as follows:

MONSIEUR LE COMTE: I am instructed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to inform you, in answer to your inquiries, that the child abandoned in Vienna, at the address given, on the 20th of September, 1846, was adopted by benevolent a gentleman. He was educated at the Military School of Olmutz, which he left last year with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Posted to S. A. T., the Archduke Albrecht's regiment of hussars, he was killed at the battle of Solferino. He bore the name of his adopted father, Karl Gottfried.

One hour afterwards the valet entered the Colonel's room, and found him sitting in his chair. His face was deadly white. His eyes dilated and immovable, were fixed upon the fatal letter.

The servant touched him lightly on the shoulder, and his master dropped motionless on the floor.

He was dead.

Oscar Wilde's Mother.

Clever man as Oscar Wilde certainly is, he has had the art to get himself laughed at to an extent that would startle, if not subdue, a man less bold. It has not greatly troubled *him*, and he tells his innocent little tales about himself, and puts himself at the mercy of contemporary wits, with as placid and self-approving a smile as ever.

But there is one side of him which the public does not know, and that is the kindly, dutiful, domestic side; for a better son and brother than Oscar Wilde it would be hard to find.

His mother, Lady Wilde, is a woman of strong mind and a warm heart; but she is far more eccentric than Oscar himself. She is full of enthusiasm, and her mind is so fresh, she forgets that her life's spring is over, and wears at sixty the colors and the fashions of sixteen. She looks, sometimes, very much as if one of Madame Tussaud's wax-works, suddenly endowed with a voice and a smile and a touch of Irish blarney, had gone forth to make a visit.

She wears the spotted white muslin of the *debutante*, with pink feathers or roses, and a white lace veil, and she amuses with her aspect as much as she entertains with her tongue. And beside her, on these occasions, you will see Oscar, unconscious, apparently, that there is anything about her other than her wit to provoke a smile, and devoting himself to her with the most respectful and assiduous tenderness. An American friend who had just formed Lady Wilde's acquaintance, made some comment to Oscar on his mother's kindness of heart.

"You may well say that," was the answer. "No one knows her so well as I do, and I give you my word that from my earliest recollection I have never heard her say an unkind thing of any human creature. She is incapable of harshness or injustice. No one is ever condemned in her presence but she finds something to offer in his defence—no one assailed without her coming to the rescue. In all my life, I have never heard from her one harsh judgment, one uncharitable word; and its not everyone who could say that of a witty and clever mother."

"Happy the son who can," was the answer; and must it not also be true that the son of such a mother has something in him that will survive his follies, and outlive his absurdities?

Teach the Boys to Use Tools.

Last year a friend of mine, who has three boys, selected a Chest of Tools as a premium for collecting clubs for an agricultural paper, and surprised and delighted the lads with it. They went to work and fitted themselves up a workshop in the loft over the waggon-shed, and there they contrive to spend many an hour pleasantly and profitably. My friend said to me, "I am surprised to see how proficient the boys are becoming in the use of their tools. Why, they have made us many little articles for use about the house and barn, to more than pay for the cost of the tools, if I had bought them for cash, and if they keep on thus, a carpenter will be unnecessary here." This experience can be repeated in any family where there are boys, to the satisfaction and benefit of all concerned. Give the boys a chance to show what they can do. A set of tools will keep them busy on rainy days and odd spells, and out of mischief. Every success will encourage them in larger undertakings, and quite unconsciously they will develop a knowledge of mechanics which will be practical and useful to themselves and others all their lives, and almost every day, the year round, on the farm, about the house, anyway, and everywhere. The cost of a set of tools good enough for them to experiment with, is small, and cannot be invested to better account. If you can not spare the money, encourage them to get up a club for a paper giving premium chests of tools. If they do not quite succeed, help by contributing a little cash for the difference. The investment will come back before you know it. Most farmers having more expensive tools, do not like to have boys use them for fear of possible damage, and they grow up almost entirely ignorant of saw, and plane, and chisel. Let them have tools of their own, and show them how to take proper care of them. Teach them all you know about them, and set them at little easy jobs. When they do these well, let them know their work is appreciated, and they will become ambitious to do still better work, and take pride in it; so will you, when you come to see that they are able to do what you have heretofore depended on outside labor for. One of the most convenient things about the house or farm, is a man who can use tools.

Not Left Out.

There were three of 'em on the corner. One said that his wife was cleaning house and had every room upset.

The second observed that he had just left six painters at work on his house.

The third said he was tearing out partitions and building on a wing.

The fourth smiled sadly and added that he was going to have four ceilings whitewashed, three rooms repapered, a chimney torn out and his hall widened.

"Gentleman," said the fifth man as he drew a long breath, "I don't want to be looked upon as one who is trying to crowd out of his fair share of the world's misery, and I therefore take this opportunity of informing you that, in order to buy new carpets and a parlor suite, I have been obliged to mortgage my house and shall probably lose it."

BOUND FOR ARCTIC LANDS.

The Staunch Ships that will Steam North to succor Greely.

"I've been mate of a merchant ship, a big ship too, and I never had better quarters at sea than these men will have, while as for grub ——"

No combination of letters will represent the smack of his lips which ended the words of the old sailor on the Thetis, recently at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who was talking of the Greely relief party.

In July, 1881, the steam whaler, Proteus was chartered by the Government to take Lieut. Greely, his assistants, Lieuts Klingsburg and Lockwood, five officers of the Signal Corps, and fifteen enlisted men to Lady Franklin Bay. These twenty-three men went north to man one of the eleven polar stations which the leading Governments of the world had agreed to maintain within the Arctic zone to make simultaneous scientific observations.

It was one of the best equipped parties that ever went north. The outfit included a comfortable house, Dr. Rae of London, an authority on Arctic matters, wrote that its equipment of dogs and sledges was superior to that of any previous party. The hope was expressed that, in addition to its scientific duties, the party would be able to take up the work of Sir George Nares, where he left it, and add many miles of explored coast line to the maps of Greenland.

The food supplies were ample to last over two years, but the hunters were expected to supplement these supplies. While the Proteus remained with the party twenty musk oxen were brought in. A large part of the meat was packed in snow for winter use. This was considered only a beginning of the operations.

Relief expeditions were to be sent anually from the United States, but so far none has succeeded in reaching Lieut. Greely. The expedition of last year under Lieut. Garlington resulted in the loss of the Proteus and a demonstration of the incapacity of Gen. Hazen to direct such matters.

The expedition of this year will consist of three steamers—the Thetis, the Bear, and the Alert. The Thetis is the flagship. She was a whaler, and was bought in Dundee, Scotland. She is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with as many men at work on her as can stand on the different decks without jostling each other.

The Bear was a St. Johns sealer. She has been at the Navy Yard some time, and work has so far progressed that a visit to her gives some idea of what is needed for an Arctic cruise.

When the Bear arrived she was a greasy and foul-smelling ship, with unscraped spars and rusty metal work. A gang of men went to work at her the same day. The upper spars were sent down and the rigging was stripped off. The hold was cleaned out and the cabin bulkheads were knocked out. When the dismantling was finished there remained a hull and three lower masts, and a boiler and engine which were in good condition.

Then, when she was in the dry dock, heavy oant pieces, or sticks of timber having a triangular cross section were bolted on each side of the keel and up through the garboard streaks to protect the keel from ice. Heavy straps of iron were placed around the forefoot. The hulk formerly had a few crossbeams between decks, but additional ones were put in and a three-inch deck laid on them. New stanchions were put in from the keel to the berth deck and from the berth deck to the spar deck. From the centre of the berth deck beams diagonal braces run to the bilge strokes on either side, to strengthen the frame in case of a nip in the ice. At the same time two water-tight bulk-heads were put in.

A new jibboom was put in and part of a new suit of rigging. The running gear is all new. The floor of the cabin is on a level with the berth deck. It was first ceiled with inch pine, at a distance of four inches from the walls of the ship and the bulkhead. Two layers of fearnaught, a gray woolen felt nearly a quarter of an inch thick were tacked to the ceiling, and another pine ceiling was nailed over that. The four-inch air space was to secure the cabin from dampness.

The quarters for the men are built on deck. Beginning at the break of the top-gallant forecastle, a house 26 feet wide and 40 feet long was built on the main deck. The bulwarks were extended up, forming two-foot gangways on each side of the house. These were decked over and doors put in at each end, thus forming air spaces. The walls of the house were made with four-inch air spaces and traps were put in along the decks so that the snow which forms in the spaces from condensed moisture can be cleared out.

The house is lined like the officers' cabin. Inside there are twenty-six large berths, with lockers beneath. A skylight with a scuttle for ventilation, is put in the upper deck. A small stove will keep the air dry. The house is put on deck to secure dryness, and in this respect the men are probably better cared for than the officers.

The estimated cost of the alterations in the Bear was $29,850. This does not include the rigging or engines. Five whale boats, two dories, and a thirty-foot steam whale boat will complete the outfit of boats.

The men will receive, in addition to a comfortable lot of thick ordinary flannel clothing, a suit of deerskin lined with lamb's wool and a deerskin bag, which will wholly envelope the body and cover the head, except the face. These will be found very comfortable when on lookout or travelling on sleds.

No house has been built over the wheel as is commonly done on California clippers that round the Horn. A canvas screen will partially serve instead during bad weather.

The bill of fare which excited the approbation of the old sailor is very long. It begins with 32,750 pounds of bread, and ends with assorted flavoring extracts. It includes an almost unlimited quantity of cured, cooked, and canned domestic meats. These are supplemented by generous amounts of roast chicken, roast turkey, fried oysters, turtle and ox tail soup, and other delicacies. Fruits and vegetables are abundant. The list contains 111 different articles which when on board will weigh about seventy-five tons.

The sledges, which are nearly constructed, are made after designs furnished by Chief Engineer Melville, and consist of two stoutly-made frames shaped like a shuttle and joined together by straps of hide.

The Thesis, which is to be the flagship and the leading exploring vessel, was Dundee whaler, built especially for the ice regions. She will probably start north a few days in advance of the Bear, and will be provided with an outfit of boats and sledges and Arctic clothing like the other vessels.

The Alert, which has sailed from London, was presented by the British Government to the United States. She is one of the most substantial wooden vessels of the British navy and when fitted out for Nare's Arctic expedition of 1875-6 an enormous amount of money was expended upon her. Her hull was planked with teak as a protection against the ice. She is reported in sound condition, and her masts, yards, anchors, and boats, which have been stored at Sheerness since October, 1882 have been restored to her.

THE LATE PRINCE LEOPOLD.

An Unreported Disaster and its Consequences—Life of the Prince.

A most extraordinary presentiment on the part of Prince Leopold is now related on the highest authority. On his way to Cannes the Prince was conveyed aboard the fine private yacht owned by his favorite companion, Capt. Perceval. It is not generally known that this yacht was wrecked with the royal party aboard in the Gulf of Napoule and when but a short distance off Cannes. The wreck of the craft was complete, but no lives were lost, as help was near at hand. But the young prince was much prostrated by alarm, and upon his recovery issued the strictest orders to keep secret the story of the accident, because he feared the result of the intelligence upon the health of the Princess. That afternoon, when Leopold had safely reached his private apartments in the Villa Nevada, he lay down to sleep away his nervousness. When he awoke he sent for Capt. Perceval, and talked with him about the wreck. Leopold was unusually melancholy. He sat at a window overlooking the beautiful bay, and casting a sorrowful look towards the place where the accident occurred, said plaintively:—

"Perceval, I don't know why it is, but I have the most gloomy forebodings. I have such ill-luck. I would not mind it if it affected me only. But my evil fate seems determined to make my friends share my misfortunes. I believe I am doomed to bring sorrow and disaster to all those I desire to be with me as my friends. This feeling oppressed me inexpressibly to-day, and I have been unable to rid myself of the thought that I would rather die here than anywhere else I have ever been."

Capt. Perceval tried to argue the Prince out of his melancholy, but failed to effect his purpose. Leopold died in Perceval's arms in the very room and before the very window where he confided to him his forebodings.

His Royal Highness the late Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, was the fourth and youngest son and eighth child of Her Majesty the Queen. He was born at Buckingham Palace on the 7th day of April, 1853. He was named for the Queen's uncle, the late King of the Belgians. In early childhood the rare qualities of his mind attracted attention, and his early education was specially cared for by the Prince Consort. His health, always delicate, was greatly impaired by an attack of measles in 1861, when he was sent under the care of Sir Edward Bowater, and later of Col. Cavendish, to Cannes, where he resided for over a year. From 1862 to 1876 he was under the tutorship of Doctor Biff assisted by various Eton masters and then under Mr. Duckworth. His health had not improved much, though under the special care of physicians like Dr. Legg and Dr. Vivian Poore. When the Queen was attacked in 1872 by O'Connor in the grounds of the park, Prince Leopold was with her, and during the trial was called as a witness and gave his evidence, we are told, "in a loud, clear voice." In November 1872 the Prince went to Oxford, where his studies included physical sciences, geology physiology, history under five lecturers, and political economy. Modern languages as well as classics were also studied, and special lectures like those on Poetry by Ruskin, and Music by Max Muller he attended. The science of sanitation, a very practical course under Dr. Ackland, he also studied. In 1874 he was attacked by typhoid fever from which his recovery for a time appeared doubtful, but, under Sir Wm. Jenner's care, he came through, though the effect upon his delicate constitution was great and he has never been strong since. On his attaining his majority in the same year, he was granted the usual annuity of parliament without a division. From 1874 to 1879 he travelled a great deal in Europe spending much of his time in the South on the shores of the Mediterranean. In 1880 he visited America, and, at the Princess Louise was then in Canada, he visited all the principal cities and fished and hunted in our streams and rivers. Unfortunately he met with an accident by which he became quite lame. In this year he met Princess Helen of Waldeck, at the watering place of Baden and in 1880 his engagement to her was announced and on the 27th of April, 1882, he was married. The palace of Claremont was given him for a residence. During the last few years, the Duke of Albany has, by lectures and addresses, done much in England for the cause of education. In a few days he would have attained his thirty-first year. His sudden death will cause much sorrow, not only for the sake of his mother, our beloved Queen, but also for his own, as he had won the highest esteem and regard by his thoughtful and kind interest in the welfare of the people of the Empire. He leaves one daughter, born January 16th, 1883, at Windsor Castle.

Slander.

God has fixed a great responsibility upon language. One of the greatest sins of the lips is detraction—the blasting of a good name. Men have toiled and died, and they must still toil and die to leave a good name. What must be the depravity, the unspeakable smallness and meanness of that miserable poltroon who robs a fellow being of his reputation! When at the last day that unpardonable and hell born poltroon shall be called to answer for his words, Jehovah's eyes shall transfix his wretched soul, and Jehovah shall say, "Let his coronation be the summit of torment."—*Dr. Newman.*

"He stood six feet two in his stockings and every inch a man," says an exchange. Hem That is 74 inches; "every inch a man," would make 74 men. This must be the same identical customer who was a "host in himself."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Royal Pageants—Horse Marines—Volunteer Corps of Great Britain—The Princes of Italy, &c., &c.

An impostor has been passing himself off as a clergyman at Manchester. He has professed to solemnize marriages, and various young couples find themselves in an awkward predicament. The police discovered the trick, and the delinquent decamped, but he was followed up and captured at Yarmouth. The punishment will be very severe.

Ladies who attend royal drawing-rooms are gravely dissatisfied because the queen has deputed the Princess of Wales to receive the guests, and merely sends Princess Beatrice to gather the gossip of the ceremony and tell her what everybody wore, and how much of the comely person of Lady A., the professional beauty, was visible to the naked eye.

A newspaper observer in the Soudan declares that every effort yet made to repress the slave trade has only "increased the hardships of the victims, and that a withdrawal of interference, even if unaccompanied by other measures, would be a humane act." He finds reason to hope, however, that recent events may give a real deathblow to the trade.

It was formerly supposed that horse marines were at least as mythical as the Greek kalends; but all that seems changed. A telegram from Suakim informed the world the other day that "some of the marines are being mounted." Thus a horse marine is no longer a myth, but a steam reality. So one by one vanish the most cherished illusions of our early days.

Some of the claimant's friends called upon him the other day at the Portsmouth convict prison, one of whom announced that he was in possession of an official document showing that Arthur Orton had been in a lunatic asylum since 1871. The claimant declined to entertain any proposal with reference to his financial position, determining to deliberate in the matter after his liberation.

Prince Chigi, one of the clerical alderman of Rome, has called the attention of the police to the fact that many children, wandering in the streets of Rome, have been cruelly abandoned by their parents, who come from the provinces and leave their children to take care of themselves. Rome is infested by these little ones, who make a living by selling matches and help to swell the ranks of the vicious classes.

Recent events in the Soudan do not appear to have excited much interest among the native journalists of India. They confine themselves, as a general rule, to a discussion of the probability of the employment of an Indian contingent against the rebels, and to protesting that the expenses of such a contingent should not be charged against India—which country, they maintain, has no interest in the campaign.

A few nights ago at Vienna an Englishman named Cumberland showed to a select party in the crown prince's apartments most of the spiritualist tricks, explaining afterward how they were done. He guessed his entertainers' thoughts, and led them to objects they were thinking about. The crown prince and princess, the Archduke Rainer and his wife, and several adjatants were led through the palace in this manner.

The press of Switzerland is at last lifting its voice in protest against the manner in which certain notorious anarchists abuse the right of asylum in the Helvetian republic. A number of socialist agitators, who have left their country—mostly Germany—for their country's good, have their abode at Zurich; and several of the Swiss newspapers call upon the Zurich police to take severe measures against these men.

The African explorer, Maj. Serpa Pinto, has fought a duel with Viscount Roboredo in Portugal. The meeting took place at Campo Grande, in the suburbs of Lisbon. Swords were the weapons selected. The major inflicted five wounds on his antagonist, who, according to the conditions of the combat, was obliged to continue till the physicians in attendance declared that one of the adversaries could not continue the contest.

The Dahebel Naibo, an isolated mountain in Algeria, eight hundred feet high, is slowly sinking into the earth. Already there is a deep hollow round its foot. The district of Bona has once before witnessed a similar proof of the instability of the earth's crust. The Lake Fezzara did not exist in the time of the Romans, but on the contrary the site was occupied by a town whose ruins have been found at the bottom of the lake.

The annual return of the volunteer corps of Great Britain for 1883 shows that the total number enrolled in that year (209,365), was the highest in the history of the force. The number of efficients were 202,428, as against 199,374, in 1882, and 219,152 in 1881 (the largest number previously recorded), and the percentage of efficients to enrolled was 96.69, against 96.16, and 96,08 in the two previous years; and the percentage of men present at inspections to enrolled was also higher than ever before.

The grand general staff of the German army having now completed its history of the Franco-German war, it has been resolved to do the same thing, on as complete and comprehensive as scale as possible, for the campaigns of Frederick the Great. Marshal von Moltke has therefore issued an appeal to the nation for a sight or loan of all hitherto unpublished documents, maps, and plans, etc., bearing on the subject which may help the writers in the execution of their huge and patriotic task.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons which is designed to remove a grievance of which visitors to the Highlands have frequently complained. Its object is to prevent visitors, who go in search of holiday recreation to the glens and mountains of Scotland, being interfered with by gillies and game-keepers without reasonable ground being shown. The passage of the bill is doubtful, but an interesting debate anent it is anticipated.

The Italian ministry of agriculture and commerce reports that the sulphur mines produced 42,000,000 lire, the lead mine 8,-000,000, and the zinc and iron mines 4,-500 000 lire each; that 589 mines are at work now, with a total output of 70,619,-818 lire. The year 1881 has been the most unfortunate regarding mining accidents; among 45,420 workmen employed 126 accidents happened, resulting in 184 deaths and 121 seriously wounded. The most fatal accident recorded is one in the sulphur mines Gessolungo, in Sicily, where 100 persons were killed.

London *Truth* tells the following,—"A week or two ago one of our best-known purveyors gave her maid a month's notice, accompanying the warning by a slap on the face. The maid said nothing at the time, but brooded over her wrongs. On the day that her mouth was up, after she had received her wages, and her boxes had been placed upon a cab, she went up-stairs and commenced to 'do' her mistress' hair. Having deftly fastened it to the back of a chair, she calmly proceeded to administer a series of slaps to the somewhat highly-colored cheeks which were ready to her hands. Then, with a low courtesy, she took herself off."

Bears and Wolves.

It would be difficult in all nature to find two wild animals so diametrically opposed in appearance, habits and character, as the bear and the wolf. Yet it would be difficult in all poetry to find two animals more intimately associated. The shambling, fruit-eating, retiring, straight-forward and mild mannered bear, has nothing in common with the agile, flesh-preferring, aggressive, treacherous and ferocious wolf. Nevertheless, in poetry they are as punctually and arbitrarily bracketed together as larks and linnets, or apes and asses.

Bruin has had to suffer much in consequence, first of all, of the ignominious familiarity which its dancing and being bated have induced; and, secondly, of its unfortunate personal appearance. But when it sets itself going after any one it wishes to catch, the bear displays an agility and address which those who have been hunted by it declare to be amazing. And when it wishes to get beetle-grubs out of the ground, ants out of their nest, honey out of a bee tree, fruit from a slender bough, or birds' eggs out of a nest, it shows itself to be as ingenious and skillful as any other animal that has to live by its wits. To get, for instance, at the beetle-grubs, it scratches off the upper earth, and then sucks them up out of the ground—an application of a scientific process which no animal without a prodigious reserve of air-force could hope to accomplish.

When it wishes to empty an ant hive, it knocks the top off with its paw, and then, applying its mouth to the central gallery of the nest, inhales its breath forcibly, thereby setting up such a current of air that all the ants and their eggs come whirling up into his mouth like packets through a pneumatic tube. When robbing bees it does not get stung, and when after wild apricots or acorns, it not only balances itself with all the judgment of a rope walker, but uses its weight very cleverly so as to bring other bought within reach of its curved claws. Nor while doing this does it conceal what it is about. On the contrary, when sucking at an ant heap, or grub hole, it makes such a noise that on a still evening it can be heard a quarter of a mile off, and when up a tree, and not alarmed, it goes smashing about among the boughs as if bears were not only the rightful lords of the manor, but as if these were no such things as enemies in the world.

Ruins of the Tuileries.

The blackened and charred ruins of the palace of the Tuileries, which remained for twelve years an eyesore to every visitor of Paris, have at last entirely disappeared. The boarding remains, but when this and the wooded erections, which temporarily serve as offices for the general post office until the new building is completed, are removed there will be nothing to break the view from the Louvre right up to the triumphal arch at the head of the Champs Elysees.

The site of the Tuileries, as is well known, was in the sixteenth century a field for the making of tiles, and outside the walls of Paris. Its connection with royalty dates only from Valois times. It served as a country-house for Louis of Savoy, Catharine de Medici, wife of Henry II., who made great improvements on the building. But even after it assumed the appearance of a palace the Tuileries was seldom visited by the kings of France. It was only after the outbreak of the revolution that Louis XVI. took up his abode there, and his stay was of short duration. Napoleon made this palace his home as first consul and as emperor, and effected great alterations. Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Phillippe, and Napoleon III. followed, each making changes of different kinds. It was during the reign of Napoleon III. that the Tuileries was connected with the Louvre and the magnificent square completed.

The only large ruin that now remains as a remembrancer of the "semaine sanglante" is the office of archives, on the opposite side of the Seine. Why it has been allowed to remain so long it would be difficult to say, as it appears to be less injured by the fire, so far as the outward walls and columns are concerned, than any of the buildings which suffered through the "bloody week" of 1871. The new Hotel de Ville on the site of the former one is now completed, and a very handsome building it is. All the departments of the municipal council are installed in their rooms in the new edifice.

Crockery Making.

Crockery-ware has many names—pottery, delf, crockery, china. The Chinese understood its manufacture a long time ago; but as far as we can find out, the art of making it was known still earlier—among the people who lived in Palestine before the time of Moses. The ware was of a very rough, rude sort, but it answered every purpose. It was at first made of clay, mixed with water, and baked hard and brown. The Chinese, however, learned how to make it in more beautiful and delicate style as far back as 185 years B. C. The finer kinds were first introduced into Europe about the year 1500.

The calcined flints which makes the fine white cups and saucers was discovered by a potter named Astbery. In 1720 he was travelling from his native town to London on horse back, and he found that his horse's eyes were deceased. On the way he stopped at an inn, and asked the hostler to see what he could do for his horse. The man took a piece of flint an t burned it, and then powdered it fine and blew it into the horse's eyes. While watching the operation the potter noticed that the powder was beautifully white, and he at once said to himself: "That powder will mix well with my clay, and I can make fine, white dishes." He did so, and it was a success.

HOW SOME JOURNALISTS ARE PAID.

Large Salaries Given by Leading London Dailies.

I remember very well what a thrill ran through the country press when it was announced that Mr. W. H Hurlbert, who was then taken charge of the editorial columns of the New York *World*, was to receive for his services $12,000 a year. The figures were cited to show how far we had advanced in civilized ways, when an editor could command such a salary as that. All this occurred years ago in the "flush times" of the country, and I do not know that the example thus set has been greatly followed. "But they order these things better in England," by which I mean that newspaper work is much better paid for there than in America. When Mr. Delane undertook the editorial charge of the London *Times* he was paid £4,000, about 20,000 of our dollars. Mr. Buckle, the new editor of that journal, a young man of thirty, without any previous experience, commences his official term on

AN ANNUAL STIPEND

of £5,900, or $25,000. Mr. Edward Lawson, the editor of the London *Telegraph*, is its owner, and so is not on a salary, but the two senior editors of that journal, Mr. Edwin Arnold, and Mr J. M. Le-Sage, receive each a salary of $17,000 in our money. The *Standard* which is next in circulation of the great London dailies to the *Telegraph*, does not pay as well as its mighty rival, for the editor, Mr. Mudford, gets only $15,000 per annum. The *Daily News*, the organ of English liberals and the third in circulation of the English metropolitan journals, pays to its editor the extremely comfortable yearly salary of $20,000. The editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, easily the most powerful and influential country newspaper (meaning outside of London) in England, pays its chief editor $15,000, and two members of the staff, who each write only four articles a week, $7,500.

Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gets $10,000, and the leading writer of that journal, Mr. Milner, is paid at the rate of $8,000 yearly. He is a young man, and amuses himself with literary work, which he need not do if he does not care to, as he possesses an independent income from a very large fortune. Some of the weeklies of London

PAYS VERY HANDSOMELY.

Mr. Hutton, who is at the head of the *Spectator*, gets $10,000. Mr. Pollock, of the *Saturday Review*, receives the same sum as his *confrere* of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who steers the *St James' Gazette* through the tortuous mazes of English politics, gets for doing it $9,000, while Mr. F. C. Barnand, who not only edits *Punch*, but writes its sharp Parliamentary criticisms, receives $15,000 a year for his double duty. Besides the regular staff of the great dailies there are always attached to each of them several outside contributors, who have certain special lines of information. For example, Mr. Charles Marvin, who knows more about Central Asia and the Turcoman tribes in the Merv oasis than any one else in England since the death of poor Donovan, writes the articles which have lately appeared in the London *Times* on this subject. Just now England wants to know all about that curious region, as Russia is pushing its way to India by the Merv route, and therefore Mr. Marvin's years of gathered knowledge can now be utilized to his very great pecuniary advantage. Mr. Archibald Forbes' slashing articles on the Egyptian war in "the journal of the largest Liberal circulation in the world," as the *News* proudly denominates itself, are admirable in the matter of criticism, although he has no personal knowledge of the region in which General Graham's troops are meeting with such an obstinate resistance. The time will come when the fourth estate will meet in America with that liberal pecuniary encouragement it has after a long struggle attained in England.

Loved Imprisonment.

Almost half a century ago, Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes" wasted a large amount of gush and sentimentality over the unhappy fate of a certain convict with whom he was allowed to converse at the Pennsylvania penitentiary, with the result of making both the prison and the prisoner famous, the latter, whose name was Charles Langheimer, having been known ever since, as "Dickens's Dutchman." But the great novelist's sympthy for the unfortunate convict, which would have been ridiculously extravagent even had the latter been all that he was painted, was, after all, entirely misplaced, for the fellow no sooner got out of the penitentiary than he made all possible haste to get in again, and kept up the practice so persistently that he has never remained outside the walls more than a few weeks at a time for the last fifty of his seventy-five years of life. A little while ago he was discharged again, by the expiration of his sentence, but came back to the prison of his own accord and asked to be taken in without going through the formality of committing a crime, and bring tried and sentenced. His request was granted and a few days ago he died, within the walls which had been his home for two thirds of his life.

A Dog's Intelligence.

James A. Atkinson, proprietor of the Sherman House, Cleveland, Ohio, numbers among his possessions a valuable dog and cow. The other evening the dog was noticed running and jumping against the laundry door as if anxious to attract attention. Kate O'Donnell, the laundry girl, went out to see what was the matter, when the animal, looking up into her face, wagged his tail and darted towards the stable. As she stood there he moved backward and forward as if anxious for her to follow. She finally went to the stable, where she found the cow choking to death. Mr. Atkinson arrived in time to remove a large carrot which was lodged sideways in the animal's throat, and but for the intelligence of the dog would have cost the cow its life.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Weather Prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

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METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
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J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out you design, concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

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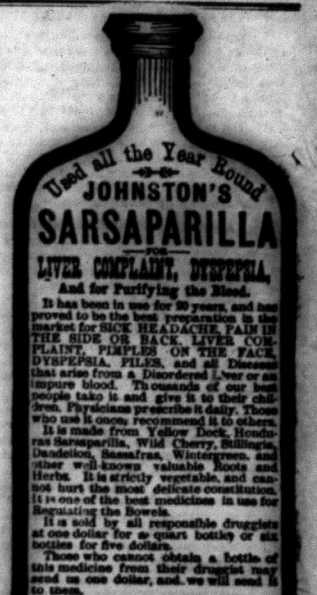

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VOL. VII., No 365. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 24, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the letter signed "P. M." in your issue of the 10th inst., occurs a statement referring to me, in which it alleges that on my being asked the other day to give the numbers of some of lot, or lots, that were not withdrawn, and I refused and positively declared that I knew nothing about the matter. This statement I positively declare to be an untruth, and distinctly state that I have never on any occasion refused to give information about lots not withdrawn, but have always carefully, patiently and willingly given all the information in my power relative to any lot, or lots, whether withdrawn or not.

Yours truly,
J. R. TAIT,
C. L. Agent.

L'Amable, 15th April, '84.

A Reform.

The Ministerial Associations of Toronto and Montreal have agreed to discountenance expensive funerals, as well lengthy funeral sermons and addresses. It is principally in cities and towns that a reform is required as regards expensive funerals. In the rural districts funerals as a rule are by no means expensive to relatives. The Ministerial Association of Montreal think the rich should set an example to the poor in this matter. The use of churches for burial service is recommended, especially in winter. The custom of walking some distance to the cemetery might also, it is said, be done away with, and the preaching of sermons or giving of addresses at funerals be generally discontinued.—Deseronto *Tribune*.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

☞ Cross & Mouncey are now showing the best assortment of millinery, hats, bonnets, &c., yet brought into Madoc.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at all Drug Stores. Large Bottles, $1.00.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

☞ For the newest and nobbiest designs in Spring Millinery, go to Cross & Mouncey's.

☞ You can get the Burdock Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

Mortgage Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

FARM PROPERTY

in the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

UNDER power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the

Madoc House, Village of Madoc,

—ON—

FRIDAY, 16th day of MAY, A. D. 1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Madoc, composed of the west half and north east quarter of lot No. 25, in the 9th concession, containing 150 acres, more or less.

This desirable property is situated in an old settled and good farming district, and is said to be within half a mile from a church, public school, and cheese factory, within three miles from a grist mill, saw mill, and a railway station, and 30 miles from the City of Belleville, and has a frame house and barns thereon. About 100 acres said to be cleared and well cultivated. Soil of a clay and sandy loam.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Terms and conditions will be made known on the day of sale.

For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendors Solicitor.

BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
58 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.

April 7th, 1884. 364

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

☞ Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

B. A. S. WILSON.

363

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 362

FOUND.

ABOUT two weeks ago, near the village of Madoc, a Finger Ring. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at this office.

Madoc, April 5th. 363-2

T. ROBERTS,

MADOC

BOOT AND SHOE

STORE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

☞ Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Rolls, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS are invited until the 15th day of April next for the purchase of Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. No tender necessarily accepted. Offers strictly confidential. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Feb. 7, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

☞ The New Garden Seeds from D. M. Ferry & Co., have arrived at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE! You can buy 2 papers for 5 cents, and don't you forget it!!

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to loan on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GRAHAM & McDONALD,

SOLICITORS, Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office—Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHAS. GRAHAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

[illegible], L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office—Durham St., Madoc. Office hours [illegible] o'clock.

FARMERS!

[illegible] and 7 per cent. Change your [illegible] loan, no commission.

[illegible], Belleville. 241

[illegible] AGENCY,

[illegible], Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered [illegible] of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by [illegible] telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK. - Madoc, Ont.

G. [illegible] WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—[illegible], Belleville, directly opposite the [illegible], next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you [illegible] that will [illegible] your [illegible], or filling that will [illegible] your [illegible], send a note or postal card a week if possible before noon, that you will be waited on at your [illegible] be reached. Thanks for liberal patronage [illegible], and don't forget where to go in the [illegible].

Belleville, [illegible] 293

[illegible] AGENCY.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,

(Successors to [illegible] Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c. Offices—McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money [illegible] to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE. FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
39 Front St. East, Toronto.

A GOLDEN BOARD.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Caught? Not in the least likely," answered Mr. Rayner decisively. "Why should they be? They might be if they had their equals in wits pitted against them; but they haven't. The ordinary detective has the common defect of vulgar minds, want of resource. The chief, if he is clever enough to be a successful jewel robber, has the abilities of a general. The bolder he is, the more certain he is of success. The detective, in spite of repeated failures, believes himself infallible. If I was a thief, I should commit robberies as nearly as possible under the detective's nose. That estate being would never suspect the man who braved him to his face."

"Ah, it's very fine to talk" said one acute villager, who thought Mr. Rayner was really going too far: "but, when it came to the detective being there, you'd be as bold as the rest of us, I'm thinking."

Mr. Rayner laughed good-humouredly enough, and said perhaps he was right; and I heard the acute villager bragging of having put down Mr. Rayner, who, he said, was a bit bumptious for just a gentleman-fiddler, and wasn't so much cleverer than the rest of 'em he guessed, for all his talk.

At dinner Mr. Rayner tried again to induce his wife to go to Monaco, and encouraged me to join my persuasions to his, which I did most heartily. But to all we said she only replied steadily and coldly that she disliked travelling, did not feel well enough to undertake a journey, and preferred remaining at the Alders. She added, in the same parrot-like tone, that she thought the change would do me and Haidee good, and that it was very kind of my mother to go.

After dinner I ran up stairs to my room, and opening the door softly, found Haidee dozing by the fire. So I sat down to write my scarcely-begun letter to Laurence.

I first told him how happy his letter had made me, and then, obeying his injunction to tell him everything that happened at the Alders, I gave him a full account how Sarah had prevented our meeting on Wednesday evening, and of her stealing my letter out of the bag on Thursday, of Mr. Carruther's visit to tell me about the robbery at Denham Court, of the accident to Sarah on Friday night, of her ravings about a bad man named James Woodfall, of Mr. Rayner's return, and of his intentions to take Haidee, my mother, and me to Monaco in a few days.

The hope of seeing Laurence again soon had by this time swallowed up every other thought concerning the journey; and I was eager for Friday to come, that we might start.

Then I told him I had some very grave suspicions about the robbery, that I had told Mr. Rayner, who did not think so seriously of them as I did, but that he said I ought not repeat them to anybody until he had thoroughly sifted the matter, and I had promised not to do so.

"So now you are not to be anxious about my safety any more, my dearest Laurence. For Sarah, the only person who wished me harm, is too ill to move, and is in danger, poor woman, of losing, if not her life, at least her reason, the Doctor says. And Mr. Rayner has promised not to go away again for more than a day at a time, either on business or for pleasure. There seems a curious fatality about his absences, for both these dreadful robberies that have frightened everybody so much lately, the one at Lord Dalston's, and the one at Denham Court, have happened while he was away, with no man in the house to protect us against burglars or our fears of them. I think your prejudice against Mr. Rayner ought to break down now that through him we are to meet each other so soon; for when we are at Monaco you will come over and see us, won't you? My mother is very anxious to make your acquaintance, though she does not know of our engagement, for I dare not tell her any secrets. I think Mr. Rayner must have guessed it though, for he says little things to tease me and make me blush. And you see he does not try to prejudice me against you, as you thought he would. But he might try, and everybody in the world might try, for years and years, but they would never succeed in changing the heart of your own ever loving

"Violet."

I had said at dinner that day, in answer to Mr. Rayner's inquiries, that I was not going to afternoon service, but I had not mentioned that I was going to the Vicarage. I felt sure that I should blush if I did, and then Mr. Rayner would guess my visit had something to do with Laurence; and I did not want to be teased any more. So, when five o'clock came, and I knew that service must be over, I put on my outdoor things, kissed Haidee, who was now awake, and slipped softly down stairs and out by the schoolroom window. I was not afraid of leaving that unfastened, now that Mr. Rayner had come back again.

Mrs. Manners met me in the hall of the Vicarage, took me into the drawing-room, and gave me a packet of tracts, two or three of which had names slightly pencilled on them, as specially suitable to certain of the parishioners, as, "The Drunkard's Warning"—Mrs. Nabbits; "The Cost of a Ribbon"—Lizzie Mojer. These I was to deliver to Miss Maud Reade for distribution in her district this week.

"Tell her to notice that I have marked some specially," said Mrs. Manners, as she gave them to me; and I rather wondered how the persons they were directed to would take the attention.

I thought that, in spite of her hatred of subterfuge, Mrs. Manners seemed to enjoy the little mystery which hung over my engagement. She kissed me very kindly as she sent me off, and told me I was to let her know when Sarah was well enough to be read to, and she would send something to be read which might do her good. I promised that I would; but I hope it was not impious of me to think, as I could not help thinking, that she was too wicked for any of Mrs. Manner's good books to have much effect upon her.

I went through the side gate of the Vicarage garden, where I had ran against Laurence on that happy evening which seemed so long ago, although in truth only eight days had passed since then, and my heart beat fast, and I walked slowly, for it seemed to me that Laurence must be coming round the corner again to meet me; but of course he did not; and I quickened my pace as I crossed the park to the Hall.

The mist was growing very thick, although it was only a little past five; and I risk losing my way, short as the distance was between the Hall and the Alders.

I rang the bell, and asked for Miss Maud Reade; and the servant who opened the door, and who, I felt sure, was the Williamson who was afraid of the blunderbuss, showed me into the drawing-room. There was no one there, for they were all at tea.

This was my first entrance into Laurence's home; and I was so much agitated between pleasure at being in the house he lived in, and shame at feeling that by some of the inhabitants at least, if they knew all, I should be looked upon as an unwelcome intruder, that I sank into a chair and buried my face in my hands. It was a very comforting thought, though, that I was sitting on a chair that Laurence must certainly have sat upon; and then I wondered which was his favorite, and tried one that I thought likely, to see if any instinct would tell me if I were right. I had not made up my mind on that point when the door opened and Miss Maud Reade came in.

She was a girl of about sixteen, with a weak but not disagreeable face; and she shook hands with me rather timidly, but not unkindly.

"Mrs. Manners asked me to bring you these few tracts for your district, Miss Reade. She has marked some for people she thinks them specially suitable for," said I, giving her the packet.

"Thank you; it is very kind of you to take so much trouble," said she.

"Oh, it is no trouble at all!" I answered. There was a pause or rather awkward constraint; and then I said in a whisper——

"Laurence—your brother—told me to come and see you, and to ask you to put a—a letter from me to him inside yours. He said I was to tell you to remember your promise, and he would remember his; he underlined that."

Miss Reade's constraint broke up at once, and she grew as much excited and mysterious as I.

"Did he? Then he hasn't forgotten!" she said, in a hissing whisper. "I suppose you know what it is; it's about getting Mr. Reynolds to come here next winter. Oh, do keep him up to it. I'll do anything in the world for you—that won't get me into trouble with mamma or Alice—if you will!"

"I will. I'll remind him again in my next letter—or when I see him. I'll say, 'Don't forget to invite Mr. Reynolds in the winter.' Will that do?"

"Oh, yes, that will do beautifully! But it is a long time to wait," sighed the girl.

I thought she was much too young to be in love, when she was still in short frocks, and wore her hair in a pigtail; but I was obliged to help her, in return for the service I wanted her to do me.

"I have brought my letter," said I mysteriously. "Shall you be writing soon?"

"I have a letter ready now, and I will put yours inside and give it to a gentleman who is here, and who is going back to London directly after tea, and I will ask him to post it at once."

"Oh, thank you!" said I; and tremblingly, with a fear least the dreaded Alice should get hold of it, I put my letter into her hands, and soon afterwards I left the house.

The fog was already so much thicker that I wondered whether the gentleman with our letter would be able to find his way back to London that night, and even whether I could find mine back to the Alders. I must be sure to keep to the drive in crossing the park. But, before I got to that, I lost myself among the garden paths, and walked into a flower-bed; and I began to think I should have to find my way back to the door and ask ignominiously to be led to the gate, when I heard voices on my left; and I made my way recklessly in their direction across grass, flower-beds, and everything. I could not see the speakers yet, for there was a hedge or something between us; but I could distinguish that they were the voices of a young man and a young woman of the lower class. Thinking one of them at least must be a servant at the Hall, and able to direct me, I was just going to speak through the hedge, when a few words in the man's voice stopped me.

"I have had enough of you Norfolk girls; you are too stand off for me."

It was the voice of Tom Parkes.

"Yes, to such weather-cocks as you," answered the girl with rough coquetry. "Why, you were keeping company with that ugly Sarah at Mr. Rayner's; and, now that she is ill, you want to take up with me. Oh, a fine sweetheart you'd make!"

But she was not as obdurate as these words promised. It seemed to me, with my suspicions concerning Tom already strong, that in the talk which followed he managed with very little difficulty to find out a good deal about the ways of the household, and also that he spoke as if he had learnt from her a good deal already. Presently I heard the sound of a kiss, and he promised to come and see her again on Wednesday; and then went away; while I, seized by a sudden inspiration, found my way not to the park, but back to the house, which was less difficult.

I asked for Miss Maud Reade again; and this time she rushed out of the drawing-room and met me in the hall as soon as I was announced, and whispered——

"They are all in there. Come into the library."

"May I have my letter back, just to put in something I have forgotten?" said I.

"Oh, yes; here it it!"—and she drew it from her pocket. "Write it here. I will give you a pen. Why, how white you look! Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, no, nothing, thank you!"

I wrote on a half sheet of paper, which I carefully folded inside my letter, these words:—

"A man who was at Denham Court, and about whom I have strong suspicions, is hanging about the Hall now. He is coming here again on Wednesday night."

I put my letter into a fresh envelope, and put the torn one into my pocket that it might not be seen about; then I begged Miss Reade earnestly to send the letter off at once, as there was something in it of the utmost importance; and she whispered again, "Remember—Mr. Reynolds in the winter!" and, having this time got Williamson to show me as far as the beginning of the drive across the park, I made my way in safety, but slowly, and with much difficulty, back to the Alders.

I slipped through the schoolroom window, which I had left unfastened; and, as soon as I was inside, I heard Mr. Rayner's study door open, and his voice and that of Tom Parkes in the passage leading from the hall, and friendly way to him, and I thought to myself that it would be useless for me to tell him what I had just heard, which, after all, was nothing in itself, and only became important in connection with the suspicions I had already of the man—suspicions which Mr. Rayner himself refused to share. And, when Tom Parkes had said, "Well, good night, sir," and gone in the direction of the servants' hall, and Mr. Rayner had returned to his study, I ran up-stairs and prepared for tea, at which meal I felt rather guilty, but said nothing of my expedition or its results.

That evening Mr. Rayner kept me in the drawing room accompanying his violin, and talking, until Mrs Rayner had gone up to the room she now used on the upper floor. He described to me the beauties of the Mediterranean shore, and said that I should be happier there than I had ever been in my life—which I could easily believe when I thought how near I should be to Laurence. He asked me if I was not anxious to see the pretty dresses my mother had been commissioned to get for me, and told me I should look like a little princess if I were good and did just what I was told.

"There is no fear of my not doing that, Mr. Rayner," said I smiling. "But you must not give me too handsome dresses, or I shall not feel at home in them."

"You will soon get used to them," he said with a curiously sharp smile. "There is nothing that women get used to sooner than fine clothes and beautiful jewels, and pretty idleness and—kisses."

Certainly I liked Laurence's kisses; but the tone in which Mr. Rayner said this grated upon me, and brought the hot blood to my cheeks uncomfortably. He saw the effect his words had upon me, and he jumped up and came towards me where I was standing ready to light my candle.

"You look hurt, my child, but you have no reason for it. Don't you know that all those things are the lawful right of pretty women?"

"Then it is a right a good many of them are kept out of all their lives, Mr. Rayner," said I, smiling.

"Only the silly ones," he returned in a tone I did not understand. "Well, I will explain to you on our journey to Monaco."

He looked very much excited, as he often did after an evening spent with his violin; and his blue eyes, in which one seemed to see the very soul of music, flashed and sparkled as he held my hand.

"Don't be surprised at what I have said to you this evening. You have brought me luck, and you shall share it. This journey shall take you to the arms of a lover who will give you all the things I spoke of and more—a thousand times more!"

That was true indeed, I thought to myself, (but did he mean what I meant?) as I tore myself, laughing and blushing, away and ran up-stairs. There was more delight in the mere fact that Laurence preferred me to any other woman in the world than in all the beautiful gowns and jewels that ever princesses wore. And I went to sleep that night with my hands under my pillow clasping his letter.

Haidee left my room next day for the first time, and spent the afternoon by the dining-room fire. So after dinner Mr. Rayner came in with his riding boots on, and asked with a smile if I had not a letter to send to the post. He was going to ride to Beaconsburg, and, if I gave it to him, it would go a post earlier than if I put it into the bag for the postman to fetch.

"No, I have no letter, thank you, Mr. Rayner," said I, with a blush.

"Not a line for—Nloe, to tell—some one you are coming?" said he, archly.

"No," answered I, shaking my head.

"You posted that one yesterday yourself, didn't you, Miss Christie?" whispered little Haidee, putting her arms round my neck.

Mr. Rayner heard the whisper.

"Yesterday," asked he quickly.

"I—I gave a—a note to Miss Reade to put with hers," said I.

A curious change passed over Mr. Rayner. The smile remained on his face, which had, however, in one second turned ashy white. He said, "All right, my dear," in his usual voice, except that I fancied there was a sort of hard ring in it, and left the room.

"Was it naughty of me to say?" said Haidee, feeling that something was wrong.

"Oh, no, my darling!" I answered.

I too was afraid I had displeased Mr. Rayner by going to the Hall, without saying anything about it to any one, in what must seem a sly, underhand manner; and I wish Laurence had not enjoined me to send my letter in that way.

That evening, at ten-time, Mr. Rayner announced that he had found a letter waiting for him at the Beaconsburg post-office which obliged him to go to Monaco a day sooner.

So Haidee and I must be prepared to start on Thursday morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Tuesday afternoon, while I was helping Haidee to dress her doll in the dining-room, there was a ring at the front-door bell, and shortly afterwards Jane came in, looking rather frightened, saying that a gentleman was in the hall asking for Sarah.

"And I've told him she is ill, Miss Christie; but he won't believe me; and he won't go away, and Mr. Rayner is out; and please will you speak to him?"

I got up, and, following her into the hall, found, not a gentleman, but a respectably-dressed man, who very civily apologised for disturbing me.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but are you Miss Rayner?"

"Oh, no!"

"Mrs. Rayner?"

"No. Mrs. Rayner is an invalid, and I am afraid you cannot see her. I am the governess. If you have any message for Mr. Rayner, I will give it to him; or, if you like, you can write him a note, and it shall be given him when he returns."

"Thank you, miss." Still he hesitated. "Would you like to wait for Mr. Rayner? He will be back in about an hour."

"Thank you. Could I speak to you in private for a few minutes, miss?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Will you come in here?"—and I opened the door of the schoolroom.

He followed me in and shut it carefully. "I am the brother of Sarah Gooch, miss, who is a servant here."

I nodded assent.

"I've been abroad and worked myself into a good position, and now I want my sister to leave service. And I don't want the other servants to know I'm her brother. It miss. Would you mind sending for her without saying it's her brother that wants her?"

How could I break the fact of her illness to the poor man?

"Oh, please be prepared for bad news! I'm so sorry!" said I gently. "She is ill—very ill."

To my surprise, he looked more incredulous than unhappy. He said very suddenly——

"She was quite well last Friday afternoon."

"Yes—an accident happened to her on Friday night. She fell down a flight of stairs and injured herself severely. If you will only wait till Mr. Rayner comes, he will speak to you. Sarah is a very old servant in this family, and much respected, and she has every possible care, I assure you."

But he still seemed more curious than anxious about her, I thought.

"She has been in the family a long time then? Excuse me, miss, but I've been away so long that she is almost like a stranger to me, and I had great difficulty in finding her out. But I'm very glad to hear she is thought so well of."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Rayner has the greatest confidence in her."

I did not want to say anything disagreeable about the woman now that she was ill, especially to her brother, whose affection did not seem very warm as it was.

"Ah, that's the great thing! We've always been a family to hold our heads high, and I couldn't hear anything to please me more about her. But I expect it's little use my coming home and wanting her to keep house for me. She was a good-looking girl, and I've no doubt she's looking forward to marrying on her savings, and then we shall be just as far apart as ever. Do you know, miss—if it's not troubling you too much, and you won't take it a liberty—if she's got a sweetheart?"

I hesitated. The man's cold curiosity seemed so unlike the warm interest of a brother that I began to wonder whether I was right in giving him the information he wanted. My doubts were so vague and his questions so very harmless, however, that, when he said——

"I beg your pardon, miss—of course it is not for a lady like you to interest yourself in the likes of us——"

I broke out—

"Oh, pray don't think that! Sarah has an admirer, I know——"

I stopped. I could not say anything reassuring about Tom Parkes.

"Ah! An honest hard-working fellow, I hope, who'll make her a good husband."

He was more interested now, and was looking at me very searchingly.

"I can't speak to a man's prejudice behind his back," said I slowly; "but——"

He was very much interested at last, and was waiting impatiently for my next words, when Mr. Rayner quietly entered the room. There had been no ring at the front door. He looked inquiringly at the man, whom I was just going to introduce as Sarah's brother, when the latter anticipated me by saying quietly——

"From Scotland Yard, sir."

"Scotland Yard?" echoed Mr. Rayner inquiringly. But the name did not seem new to him, as it did to me.

"Yes, sir; I've been sent after a woman named Sarah Gooch, from information received that she was in your service. Mr. Gervas Rayner, I believe, sir?"

Why did he not own that he was her brother? I thought to myself.

"Yes, that is my name. But what on earth do you want with my servant Sarah Gooch?"

The man glanced at me. Mr. Rayner said——

"Go on. Never mind this lady; she is as much interested in the woman as I am. What do you want with my old servant Sarah?"

"Suspected of complicity in the Denham Court robbery, sir—some of the property traced to her."

I started violently. This man, then, was not Sarah's brother at all, but a detective who had been trying to extract information from me by a trick! Mr. Rayner stared full in his face for a few moments, as if unable to find words; then he exclaimed, in a low voice——

"Impossible!"

"Sorry to shake your trust in an old servant, sir; but proof is proof."

"But what proof have you?" asked Mr. Rayner earnestly.

"Last Friday afternoon, between half-past four and twenty minutes to five, your servant, Sarah Gooch, was seen to give the contents of a black bag to a man in Beaconsburg. The fact excited no suspicion. The man took the next train to London, travelling second class. But south of Colchester he was seized with a fit; he was taken out at the next station, the bag he had with him examined for his address, jewels found in it, and the police at Scotland Yard communicated with. The man escaped; but, on inquiries being made, witnesses were found to prove conclusively that the biscuit-tin which contained the jewels had been handed to him in a street in Beaconsburg, on Friday afternoon, between half-past four and twenty minutes to five, by a woman who was identified as Sarah Gooch."

I remembered seeing Sarah pass through the plantation on Friday afternoon, on her way to Beaconsburg, with the black bag. But I was too horror-striken to speak, even if I had not been, now that the blow had fallen, as anxious to screen her as Mr. Rayner was to prove her innocence.

"But I cannot believe it!" said Mr. Rayner. "She is a rough, harsh woman; but I have always found her as honest as the day."

(To be continued.)

"Dead men tell no tales;" but this is not always true of dead politicians.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go, and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

In a recent suit in Glasgow of a tenant against his landlord for damages arising from defective drainage, the Judge made an order in favor of the plaintiff for payment of the medical expenses incurred.

At the Munster Agricultral School cows were fed on ensilage for a week and on mixed food for a week. The milk was analyzed and the butter weighed which had been produced in each instance, with results almost identical, the experiments proving that ensilage was not inferior to ordinary food.

OF CANADA.

The following is a brief synopsis of the statements presented at the annual meeting of this Company lately held in Montreal. From even this brief summary the sound and prosperous condition of the business will at once be seen.

The life applications received during the year were 1 411 for $2 328 990, while the accident were 1 551 for $2,919,600, making in all 2 962 for $5 248,590. The assurances in force are:—Life, 4 007 for $6,779 565. and Accident. 1,875 for $3 367,050, in all, 5,882 for $10,147,615. The applications for the year, both life and accident, and the assurances in force, both life and accident, were larger than ever before in the history of the Company. The fact that nearly 3,000 persons applied for new assurance is the best possible evidence of the high position the "Sun" occupies in public confidence.

The progress made in the life department during the last ten years is well shown in the following statement:—

	Applications Received.	Amount in Force.
1874	$ 621,342	1,736,022
1875	1,154,998	2,414,063
1876	1,606,301	3,374,683
1880	2,142,344	3,881,479
1882	1,962,462	5,649,899
1883	2,328,990	6,779,566

The financial statements are briefly as follows:—

INCOME.

Premiums, Life		$227,957, 05
" Accident		36,868 60
Interest and rents		29,948, 21
Miscellaneous		601 44
		$ 274,868 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dividends on capital		$ 6,250, 00
Re-assurances		1,166 63
Death claims	$49,529 10	
Matured endowments	6,038 85	
Annuity payments	906 50	
Accident claims	10,366 66	
Profits	9,911 22	
Surrender values	3,389 95	
		80,163 68
Expense account		49,084 55
Commissions		24,619 00
Medical fees		4,161 73
		$ 165,384 89

ASSETS.

Municipal and other debentures market value		$ 109,780 00
Molsons Bank stock (at 112½ per cent.)		2,250,00
Montreal Loan and Mortgage Co.'s stock (at 60 p. c.)		36,000 00
Loans on bank stock (market value $40,680)		30,000 00
Real estate		25,736 65
Loans on real estate, first mortgages		292,517 06
Cash on hand and in bank		39,640 60
Loans on policies (within surrender value)		25,426 17
Bills receivable and office furniture		13,421 86
Interest and rents due and accrued		11,010 84
Set aside to cover death claim awaiting discharge		5,092 00
Agents' balances		4'961 54
Outstanding premiums on policies in force	$81,095 57	
Less 10 per cent. for collection	8,109 55	
		72,986 02
Commuted commissions		17,961 00
Due for policy re-assured and sundries		1,626 65
		$ 735,940 10
Capital stock subscribed and unpaid		437,500 00
Total assets		$1,173,440 10

LIABILITIES.

Life reserves, valued by Dominion Insurance Department	$618,526 26	
Annuity Reserves	8,124 23	
	$626,650 49	
Less Reserves on Policies re-assured	968 82	
		$625,701 67
Unearned Accident Premiums		9,745 59
Death claims not yet due		12,409 24
Profits due Policy-holders		277 90
Debentures Sinking fund		3,758 80
Total liabilities to Policy-holders		651,993 20
Surplus to policy holders		83,947 30
Capital paid-up	$62,500 00	
Surplus over liabilities and Capital Stock	21,447 30	
		$ 735,940 1

The assets and income were much larger than in any previous year. It was pointed out that if the same rate of progress is kept up for the next ten years as in the past the income will then be nearly one and a half millions and the assets four millions.

The interest on mortgages due before the 31st December, and still unpaid, has been reduced to about $300 or about one one-tenth of one per cent, on the current mortgages. Even this small amount is expected to be shortly paid. This speaks volumes for the sound nature of the investments.

The report is one which cannot fail to be extremely gratifying to all friends of the company, and we commend it to their attention.

As we have already given an account of the proceedings at the annual meeting it is unnecessary for us to refer to these again. It will be remembered that they were very harmonious and satisfactory.—*Toronto Globe*

A prairie farmer reports that a late windstorm lifted about everything from his lands except the mortgage.

Don't You Do It. Don't wait an hour before buying a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It is safe, painless, prompt in action, never leaves sore spots behind, and therefore perfection itself. Substitutes are being offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. See that the name of Polson & Co. is on each wrapper. Sold by druggists and country dealers, only 25 cents.

The camel is the ideal temperance individual. He is not a strict teetotaler, though he seldom drinks.

Every one speaks highly of Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

On looking over a list of Americans abroad, we can only wonder who there is left at home to keep house.

The most incredulous are forced to admit that for perfection in colors the Triangle Dyes have no equal. Ask for three cornered package, and see that you get it. 10c.

"To the pure," said the milkman as he sold a quart of milk to an innocent little girl, "all things are pure."

One of the most necessary adjuncts of a gentleman's attire, is a reliable and comfortable suspender, which will not give with a little strain, or rip off a button at an untoward moment. Such an article is to be found in the 'Common Sense Suspender" manufactured by H. N. Fisk & Co., 277 King St. W., Toronto, which, for ease, simplicity and durability, is certainly superior to all others. Having worn it we know whereof we write. No buttons are required on the pants, there is no possibility of any strain on shoulder or pants, and the cost is no more than that of the ordinary braces of the same quality of web.

They are a people of gravity and leisure, these Chinamen; they take their opium cum ignitate.

Pain Cannot Stay Where Polson's Nervilline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give efficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents, at druggists and dealers in medicine.

Miss Marrable's Elopement.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Miss Martha Marrable, a spinster lady of five-and fifty, is the last of her race. Her only brother Mr. Clement Marrable, never married, and died twenty years ago at Baden-Baden, whither he had gone to drink the waters; and her two sisters, Maria and Laetitia, although they still marry, did not live to become middle-aged women. The elder, Maria, after becoming the wife of Mr. Langton Larkspur, of the firm of Skrip, Larkspur, and Company, bankers, of Threadneedle Street, gave birth to a single child, a daughter, who was named Lucy; and the younger, Laetitia, having been led to the altar by Mr. Septimus Allerton, of the firm of Allerton, Bond, and Benedict, brokers, of Pancake Lane, presented her husband with twin girls, of whom one only—and she was called Amy—survived her extreme infancy. It is therefore not astonishing that Miss Martha Marrable, a well-to-do woman without family ties, is exceedingly fond of the daughters of her two dead sisters. She usually has them to stay with her at least twice a year,—once in the early summer at her house in Grosvenor Street; and once in the autumn at the seaside, or in Italy, whither she goes occasionally, accompanied —to the great wonder of the foreigners—by a courier, a man-servant, two maids, eleven boxes, and a green parrot. And as she is very kind to her nieces, and denies them nothing, it is not surprising that they are fully as fond of her as she is of them. But Miss Martha Marrable is growing old; whereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and Miss Amy Allerton are both young, and intend to remain so for some years to come. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the three ladies should invariably think exactly alike on all subjects. And indeed, I am happy to say that there are not many women who do agree with Miss Marrable upon all questions; for although she is as good hearted an old spinster as ever breathed, she is, unfortunately, a man-hater.

I have looked into the dictionary to see what the verb "to hate" signifies, and I find that it means "to despise," or to dislike intensely." Let it not, however, be supposed that the word "man-hater" is a stronger one than ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; for I am really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men as inferior animals, and looks down upon them with lofty contempt. "Who," she once said to her niece Lucy, "has turned the world upside down, filled it with poverty and unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? It is Man, Lucy. If woman had always governed the earth, we should have had no Cæsar Borgias, no Judge Jefferies, no Bonapartes, and no Nana Sahibs." And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a vagrant barging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; just as she pities the poor idiot whom she sometimes sees grinning and gibbering by the wayside in Italy.

These being her sentiments Miss Marrable has not, of course, many male acquaintances. She is on good, but not affectionate, terms with her widowed brothers in-law, Mr. Langton Larkspur and Mr. Septimus Allerton. She once a year invites her man of business, Mr. John Bones, of Cook's Court, to dine with her and them in Grosvenor Street; and she is civil to the rector of her parish, add to the medical man whom she would call in to attend her in case of illness. Yet Mr. Larkspur once told Mr. Allerton that this feminine dragon had had a violent love-affair when she was nineteen; and Mr. Allerton—whose connection with the Marrable family is of much more recent date than that of Lucy's father—actually declared that he could well believe it. If, however, Miss Marrable did have a love-affair in her youth, I am not inclined at this time time of day to cast it as a reproach in her teeth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I suppose, will be girls, though they may live to see the error of their ways, and be none the worse for their follies. One thing is certain, and that is, that at the present time, and for at least five-and-twenty years past, Miss Martha Marrable has ceased to dream of the tender passion. She still occasionally talks vaguely of going up the Nile, or of visiting the Yellowstone Region, ere she dies; but she never contemplates the possibility of getting married; and I believe that she would as soon think of allowing a man to believe that she regarded him with anything but polite aversion, as she would think of going into business as a steeple-jack, and learning to stand on one leg on the top of the cross at the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was last year the heroine of a terrible scandal; and many of her misanthropic female friends have never since been able to completely believe her professions of hatred of man. The affair gave rise to many whispers, and was even, I understand, guardedly alluded to, with just and virtuous deprecation, in the columns of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, as a terrible but happily rare instance of womanly weakness and frivolity; and since the true story has never been told, I feel that it is only fair to tell it, and by telling it, to defend Miss Marrable from the dastardly charges that have been made against her established reputation for good sense and unflinching contempt of the rougher sex.

Towards the end of August, Miss Marrable and her two nieces left London for North Wales, and after a long and tiresome journey, reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel*. They were accompanied, as usual, by the two maids and the green parrot; but the courier and the man-servant, being males, and their services not being imperatively required, they were left behind in London. Lucy had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Amy was just about to celebrate her twenty-first; and—although I am sorry to have to record it—I am by no means astonished that they were both in love. Lucy, during the whole of the previous season, had been determinedly flirting with a designing young artist named Robert Rhodes; and Amy, younger and less experienced than her cousin, had been carrying on, even more sentimentally, with Mr. Vivian Jellicoe, who, being heir to a baronetcy, found that position so arduous and fatiguing, that he was quite unfitted for any active occupation of a laborious character. Of course Miss Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. Had she suspected them, she would perhaps have not taken her nieces with her to Abermaw; for it happened that at that very watering-place, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son Vivian were staying when the three ladies the two maids, and the green parrot arrived. But no foresight on Miss Marrable's part could have prevented Mr. Robert Rhodes from following Lucy to North Wales That adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the autumn in Miss Larkspur's neighborhood; and even if Miss Marrable had carried off her eldest niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr. Rhodes would have gone after the pair by the next train, steamboat, dil gence, or caravan available.

Upon the morning, therefore, after Miss Marrable's arrival at Abermaw, she and her nieces were comfortably installed at the *Cors y Gedol Hotel*; while at the *Red Goat*, close by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor, and Mr. Rhodes had a bed room on the third.

In the course of that afternoon, Miss Martha Marrable occupied by her nieces, and followed at a respectful distance by the two maids, walked in the sunshine upon the hard sands that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hills behind the little town and the margin of Cardigan Bay. The weather was hot and saltry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question; and ere long, the three ladies sat down on the seaward side of a rush grown sandhill to read, leaving the two maids to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and to explore at their leisure the unaccustomes wonders of the seashore.

Miss Martha having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction, opened a little volume on *The Rights of the Slaves of England*, while Lucy devoted herself to one of "Ouida's" novels, and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes *The Rights of the Slaves of England* fell heavily to the sand; and in three minutes more, Miss Marrable was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores From that moment, Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent, read no more.

"Lucy," said Amy mysteriously to her cousin, "I have seen him."

"So have I," said Lucy.

"What a curious coincidence!"

"Not at all. He told me that he intended to follow us."

"What! Vivian told you!"

"O no! Bother Vivian! You are always thinking of Vivian, I mean Robert."

"He here too!" exclaimed Amy. "I meant Vivian. I saw him half an hour ago, with his father."

"Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much," said Lucy. "If she suspects anything, she will take us back to London this afternoon."

Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her sleep. A fly had settled on her chin.

"Hush," exclaimed the girls in unison, and then they were silent.

Not long afterwards, they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm-in-arm along the sand, a couple of hundred yards away.

"Look! There they are!" whispered Lucy. "Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them." And, stealthily accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Miss Marrable, and ran towards the approaching figures.

I need not describe the greetings that ensued. Such things are the commonplaces of seaside encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each other, and they have been described a thousand times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonsense a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleepily at the fly on her chin; and when she awoke, she had no suspicion that she had been deserted by her charge. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held forth to them upon her favorite topic—the unfathomable baseness of man; and gravely warned them against ever allowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting their lovers every day in secret, and Miss Marrable suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy, that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him; and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived; and in order that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the character of Miss Martha Marrable's unduteful nieces.

Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, not much sentiment; and she is one of those girls who are perfectly open with their heart. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is, and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing to

Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek;

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him, as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Miss Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of her elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be easily read, and Amy as a kind of oracular voice that, while saying and appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to some extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned; and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and mortification.

Ten days had passed; and the two pair of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared herself to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps not pressed her sufficiently; but Lucy and Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to be married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for an unlimited time. One morning, he and Amy found themselves together on the rocks behind the town, and the opportunity being favourable, he screwed up his courage, told her that he had never loved any one but her; and obtained a coyly given promise that she would be his.

Natures like Amy's when they once take fire, often burn rapidly. On Monday she became engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday, Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and she refused; and on Wednesday, Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Martha Marrable, and doubtful also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw impediments in the way of his early marriage, proposed an elopement; and Amy, with some hesitation, consented.

When she returned from her secret meeting with her lover, she of course confided her plan to her cousin. "How foolish you are," said Lucy; "you know that your father would not have you do that for the world: and you will make an enemy of Aunt Martha, who is like a mother to us girls"

"But she would never agree to our marrying, if we consult her," objected Amy; "and if she knew anything of our plans, I am sure that she would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear old thing but—— Well, she is peculiar on these points."

"I have told you what I think," said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her superior age. "Don't be foolish."

But Amy was already beyond the influence of counsel. She persisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and assistance, which of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhold.

Ere an elopement can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulness of a man-hating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maids to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at the same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable without scruple tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. "MY OWN AMY," ran the audacious communication—"Let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage and pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by mid-day we shall be married, and, I trust, never afterwards parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write, and tell me that you agree.

Your ever devoted
VIVIAN."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Whale with Fine Whiskers.

A whale measuring fifty feet nine inches long and twelve feet four inches through the body from back to breast, and with a tale nine feet across, got ashore recently on the south inside shore of Pungoteague creek, Accomac county, Virginia. Five fishermen attacked the monster by shooting and chopping it. They secured it with two anchors, which were fastened to the leviathan by ropes passed through holes cut in his flesh. Its captors were at work about the whale for several hours, during which time the whale remained motionless, and it was thought to be dead. When the tide came in at sundown it floated and displayed renewed vitality. A desperate struggle freed the animal from its captivity, and it moved away, carrying the cables and anchors with it. No more was seen of it until the following Monday, when it was discovered in the channel of the creek, dead. The fishermen towed it to the beacon north of Pungoteague creek, where they recommenced their operations of stripping it of the blubber. The proprietors of the fish factory on the creek offered to boil the blubber for one-half the oil, but the lucky captors refused to accept those terms. It will probably render seventy-five barrels of oil. This is the second whale to get ashore in the same vicinity within one year, and afford a source of revenue to the hardy fishermen of the neighborhood. The whale is now in charge of Capt. Crockett, who was most persistent in his capture. When its jaws are fully open an ordinary man can stand erect in its mouth. The monster was driven into the Chesapeake from the ocean by the recent easterly storms, and, keeping along the leeward side of the bay, entered the deepest water, which took it into Pungoteague creek. It is of the male kind. Behind each jaw, under the ear, it has a beautiful dark mane, much coarser than that of a horse. The whale is lying near Martin's point on his side, where crowds visit it from the country. Pungoteague creek is a distinguished locality. It was there Gov. Cameron, of Virginia, rendezvoused his oyster pirates last year, and not far from the whale is the ghost-famed Millstone point, so well known to old sailors and citizens. It is the only creek on the peninsula visited by water- outs, there being three experienced ere in thirty years. More people have been drowned in Pungoteague creek than in any other water on the eastern shore.

Cremation on the Continent.

On the continent, as in England, cremation is making progress. The French chamber of deputies has before it a bill, introduced by M. Casimir-Perier, giving French citizens the option of being inhumed or cremated as they may prefer, and it is expected that the bill will pass. The Belgian chamber of representatives has before it a petition from the town council of Brussels praying for the legalization of cremation. The International Cremation association, which has its headquarters at Milan, is at the same time carrying on an active propaganda in France and Belgium. The agent whom the society sent to Belgium is a near relative of the late papal nuncio at the court of Brussels; and he is charged to obtain permission to erect an experimental crematorium in the "gay city of Brabant," at the expense of the association. In Italy a considerable number of priests have been cremated. On the continent, where funerals usually take place within forty-eight hours of death, there exists a morbid fear of being buried alive; and this feeling may, perhaps, explain the favor into which incineration is rapidly rising on the other side of the channel.

A New Yord car-driver when he wants to clear the track shouts, "Hi, there, hi." A Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts, "Shake 'em up there, will you!" A Boston driver says, "Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages, accelerate, accelerate, exhilaration, lively now."

THE RED SEA.

Its Points of Interest, Historical and Topographical—The Site of Mediæval Romance—Scenes Along the Coast.

By whatever name we may call the narrow strip of sea that separates Arabia from Africa,—the "Weedy sea" of the Hebrew, the "Erythræa" of the ancient, the "Gulf of Mecca" of the Mohammedan, or "Red sea" of modern parlance—there is no doubt that it has at all times commanded a special interest. Memorable, of course, in holy writ, it has also been frequently selected as the site of mediæval and even later romance, and no traveller either before or after the Suez canal who confided his impressions to type ever failed to devote some page to this famous sea. It abounds with such obvious points of interest, historical and topographical, from the Twelve Apostles to the Gulf of Suez, that even the Peninsular and Oriental passenger reclining under the awnings, languid with the excessive heat, evolves sufficient energy to ask questions of the officers or to listen to dissertations of more experienced voyagers upon the spots of note or national curiosity which the steamer is passing. Not that, as a fact, much comes actually into clear view, but still there is enough shadowed out upon either horizon to pique curiosity and arrest the imagination. Is not Arabia on the one hand and Abyssinia on the other? And have not these been from all times lands of romance and travel?

To the traveller from India, therefore, the straits of Babel-mandeb mark the commencement of the more stirring half of the voyage. Even a rock is a vast relief to eyes that have grown *blasé* of sea water and weary of speculating on sails seen on the horizon. And immediately on entering the straits the "sights" of the Red sea commence. That island yonder is Perim, upon which Anglo-Indian wags delight to crack their jokes—a sun-smitten four miles of rock, where two wretched soldiers are popularly supposed to

REPRESENT THE POWER OF ENGLAND.

Life, they say, is dull there. There is not even the diversion of throwing stones into the sea. They have all been thrown away long ago. So the private, it is said, chips the rock for the sergeant to chuck at the water. A fly once settled on Perim, and the private got a day's leave from his superior officer to go out shooting it. Such and a hundred others are the waggeries intended to convey a notion of the dreariness of Perim. Yet the French would like to have the rock very much, and for that reason Great Britain keeps it. Close to Perim is Oyster rock, so called for the abundance and excellence of the oysters which at some remote period are said to have existed there. Forty miles up the sea brings the voyager abreast of Mocha—a city that illustrates conspicuously the virtues of whitewash. The shells of houses and mosques, with cranky minarets, are all whitened, and when the sun shines upon the town it stands out from the sea with a beauty which is most immorally deceptive. Meanwhile on the other side the steamer has passed the Six Brothers, a group of volcanic rocks, one of which, in compliment to its superior stature, or perhaps a reflection upon the diminutive proportions of the rest, is called the High Brother. The coast line broken by some remarkable irregularities away toward the interior of the country is seen rigid with successive ranges of hills. On this, the African side, the course lies past Assab bay and Ras Billore, with numerous islands, steep and peaked, scattered along the coast, with reefs that make navigation dangerous, and except for chance Arabs collecting sharks' fins or turtle for trade with Yemen, most inhospitably uninhabited. Thirty miles or so north of Ras, or Cape, Bilbol islands recommence, some of them the resort of myriads of sea fowl, and many of curious shapes, volcanic. And so to the village of Edd, a hamlet whence the flock-keeping folk of the interior export their produce, and where cattle thrive. The next sign of habitation is Ampila, a place of ghostly solitude, between a storm swept desert and the sweltering sea; and then come more islands, some of them coral and with a scanty vegetation, and next Dissee, or "Valentia Island," with its one group of stone huts and small herds of cattle, and thus to Massowah. The island, half a mile long by a quarter wide, holds the town, the name of which is again becoming familiar to British readers. The better buildings are chiefly of coral, and a languid trade is carried on with the Arabian coast opposite. But the anchorage in Massowah bay is good, and a mile further north is Dahalea bay,

AN EQUALLY USEFUL HARBOR.

A jungle-grown shore now carries on the coast line, abounding in reefs and inconsiderable islands. Dualac island, with some half-dozen hamlets, is, however, a spot of comparative interest, having a trade in pearls and other sea produce, and fairly supplied with cattle, and abundantly with good water. Some of the other islets are inhabited, the houses built of Madrepore coral roughly hewn into blocks, and the rocks affording just sufficient subsistence for small flocks of goats, which, with fish and shell fish, form the chief food of the people. Norawat bay, past which the steamer may now be supposed to be making her homeward-bound way, is the finest bay in the Red sea, but the islands that form it are barren and inhospitable, so that, except for its excellent anchorage, the harbor is of no value. The coast line becomes monotonous to a degree, being low and sandy, with nothing but occasional tufts of arid tamarisk scrub to break the dreariness. But it changes again soon, and the names of various elevations, "Chimney hill," "Sugar-loaf hill," "Hummock peak," and so forth, describe the various bold contours they assume. And so to Suakim, the little town built of coral on a coral island that is now so famous and so often described of late.

From Suakim northward the coast bears few traces of permanent habitation. Jaalrat Abdulla, Sanik Barud, and Daroor are hamlets without prosperity or natural resources to tempt any but the poorest Arabs to reside there, while the same abundance of reefs and rocky islets, making navigation dangerous, continue. Eighty miles north of Suakim is Salaka, a wretched village in a wretched bay, and except for curious peaks and hills, the coast line possesses no interest up to Dahana bay, on the rocks beyond which more than one ship has been lost. And so, northward, to Dalac bay, and thence past a dangerous shore, studded with sunken reefs, to Helaib, with an excellent little harbor and an Arab and Nubian colony in comfortable circumstances; St. John's island, once famous for its emeralds, and still blessed with a profusion of turtle; Emerald island itself, Ras Banas, where the ruins of ancient Berenice lie almost overwhelmed in the shifting sand, and many another little cape and island to Cosseir, a town of some three thousand people and a considerable grain trade, and which, under better government, might attain to some prosperity. Northward lie some Bedouin villages—and then, after a tract of uninhabited coast, broken by numerous islands, Jabal, and the Gulf of Suez

On the Arabian coast, if the course of the steamer would permit, a view of these numerous small villages could be seen soon after leaving Mocha, on the northward voyage, and then Hodeida, a town of considerable pretensions, a coffee port, and fortified; Camaran island, with its colony of pearl-fishers and turtle-hunters; the Three Sisters, Loheia, a walled and fortified place with large trade with the desert folk; the Zebayer group, Ghessan, with its crumbled fort and jungle-grown surroundings; Zinker, where antelopes abound; the Farasan group, with their curious bluffs; Jezirat Dessan, inhabited within the century, but now a desolate ruin with a large cemetery Ras Turfa; Camfida, with its garrison and bazaars well supplied with food; and Jeddah, the famous port of pilgrimage. Here is the tomb of Eve—so the faithful say. A few Bedouin hamlets, inhabited only occasionally, lie along the coast above Jedda, and then Zembo, the port of Medina, is sighted. Another succession, at long intervals, of small Arab settlements bring up the coast line to the pilgrim's halting place of Moilah, and so on northward to Ras Mohammed and the Gulf of Suez again.

The Gulf of Akabah, which the Arab fears with such a surpassing awe that he will not sail on it, and even passing near it offers up a prayer for protection; the distant glimpse of Sinai, the headland near which tradition states the Hebrews crossed the Red sea, the wells of Moses, and many another sight of interest or speculation are present in imagination to the voyager down this famous sea, while those who have explored its shores can tell of great ruins that strew the land, and strange freaks of nature.

But to-day it derives its chief interest from the fact that her majesty's government have notified their intention of occupying the ports upon its Egyptian coast, and that our gallant troops are fighting on its shores.

Great Engineering Work.

One of the wonders of marine engineering is the ship canal through the Finland bay from St. Petersburg to Cronstradt, in Russia. The bay between the two cities is so shallow that formerly only vessels of very light draft could come to St. Petersburg, and in consequence an enormous amount of lighterage was necessary, the cost of which, some $5,000,000 annually, becoming altogether too burdensome for the St. Petersburg trade. Since the completion of the canal mentioned, the largest vessels employed in the Baltic trade can reach St. Petersburg. The canal is seventeen miles long, and is formed by two enormous breakwaters running parallel to each other 275 feet apart. Between them a channel of the uniform depth of 22 feet has been dredged. About half way between the two cities the canal is widened to a harbor of refuge about one mile square, also formed by breakwaters. The latter are almost entirely constructed of cribs filled with stone, which were generally sunk in winter time when the bay was frozen over solid. The cribs were mostly built on the ice, which was as much as three feet thick, and sunk through holes cut in the ice. This work was by no means free from danger, for frequently the water would suddenly rise through the hole made and flood the camp of the laborers, who had then to work standing knee-deep in freezing cold water. At other times a sudden snow-storm, in which it was impossible to stand erect, would force the laborers to win the coast, crawling a distance of three miles or more over the ice. To complete the canal it was necessary to sink about twelve million cubic feet of rocks and stones, while to deepen the channel 230,000,000 cubic feet of earth had to be removed. Of course such an undertaking was possible only in Russia, and at a time when her population was still largely made up of serfs, whose labor could be had for the cost of board and clothing.

Oiling the Waves.

Wm. J. Card, captain of the schooner *Turban*, reports some interesting particulars of his use of oil to break the force of waves, on a voyage from North Carolina to Nova Scotia, in September last. The schooner was of 163 tons registered, with a cargo of 300 tons railroad iron, which loaded her down until her gunwales were not more than two feet above water. On the third day out the weather became boisterous, and on the following morning, soon after daybreak, the vessel ran into a gale. The wind was varying about from southeast to northeast, and blew up a heavy sea, caused by the hurricane that had prevailed for some days to the southward of the vessel's position. The schooner, by reason of her deep loading, was completely at the mercy of the seas, which broke over her with terrific force.

Soon after noon Capt. Card stationed a man in the bow of the schooner—it being unsafe to venture on the jib-boom, which was in danger of being carried away by the seas—and directed him to throw over from a small can a little oil at the approach of every "comber." The oil was poured out through the spout of the can, and the Captain estimates the quantity thrown over each time at rather less than an ordinary tumblerful. As the supply on board was limited, it was thrown out only at the approach of very heavy seas.

At first petroleum burning oil was used, and while this had some effect, it was not heavy enough to thoroughly break the wave, and linseed oil—some ten gallons of which had been laid in for painting purposes—was then employed. The result was in every way satisfactory, and the use of the oil was continued for about fifteen hours, by which time the supply was exhausted. The fury of the gale had, however, subsided, and the schooner reached port in safety. Capt. Card says that without the use of the oil the vessel could not have lived out the gale—the effect of the oil having been to level the comb of the wave and prevent its breaking over the vessel.

"Will you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle as he carved the turkey at dinner "I'll have a large piece of both," said Bob.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, APRIL 24, 1884.

"NO EXTENSION."

When the Government grants to railways were published a few days ago, and no reference made to the proposed extension of the Midland from Eldorado to Bancroft, we confess to have felt considerably surprised after the assurances that were given the Committee which had the matter in hand, and have been waiting for some explanation to be made, attributing it to an oversight. But no explanation has been forthcoming, and we therefore take this opportunity of asking the members of the committee the whys and wherefores of the scheme being so summarily knocked in the head, as knocked in the head it surely must be, in spite of the partly promised and much expected Government aid. The Government generously and liberally granted aid to other railway schemes, such as the Irondale, Bancroft and Ottawa railway to the extent of $8,200 per mile, and has also subsidized the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec railway with a like amount, and extended the charter of the latter to enable them to run their line to Bridgewater and Eldorado. The main object of the extension movement was to keep the trade of the northern townships to Madoc and Belleville, but it appears that not only are we not aided in this matter but the roads that are aided are the ones that will do us the most injury, one road running across the northern part of the county, while the C. O. R. and the N. T. & Q. will carry all the trade coming south past our doors to Trenton on the west and to Napanee on the east. Truly, as one of our prominent merchants observed, this looks as though it would be a bad slap on Madoc. It is to be regretted that such should be the result after the expense of surveying two routes from Eldorado north, for which, we presume, the subscribers to the movement will have to pay. The public would like some light thrown on this matter, as to where the cause of the failure lies—in the committee, the Government, our representative in Parliament, or in the scheme itself. Madoc is deeply and seriously interested.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Town Hall, Bridgewater, March 31st.

All the members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion, Mrs. Wm. Smith's taxes were remitted.

Mr. Daniel Thompson was appointed arbitrator to equalize the taxes of Elzevir with Madoc township in union S. S. 2 and 3.

Mr. H. James presented the petition of H. Kleinsteuber, et. al., for a grant to build a bridge across the Scout, on e ½ lot 4 in 6th con. Elzevir, which was received.

On motion, the following grants were made: $10 for making a crossway on Milligan road, to be laid out by Road Surveyor; $8 to Thos Hailstone for repairing hill at T Lefave's, between 3rd and 4th con. on lot 16, Elzevir; $11 to Wm Gray, Queensboro, to fix bridge across Black Creek.

After adjournment for dinner, a by-law was passed and numbered 100, for appointing pathmasters, fence-viewers, and pound-keepers and a clause was inserted therein that no part of the statute labor was to be performed on the gravel or County roads.

The Clerk presented the Auditors' Report for 1883, which was, on motion, received.

The following accounts were presented and ordered to be paid: O C Frost & Son, for a coffin for John Bolton, $8; J D Breeze, $2.63 and James Tuttle, $5.80, for goods supplied to the widow Bolton, and Mrs. Bradshaw $25, for maintaining and attending to John Bolton till his death; M. Tummeny received $7 for fourteen weeks' support, from Dec. 30, 1883, to 6th April, '84.

The Collector returned his roll, which was on motion returned to him to continue collection till the May meeting of the Council.

The Clerk was authorized to get the Town Hall cleaned.

The Council adjourned till 10 o'clock on Monday the 26th of May, when Court of Revision will be held.

Limeby the bushel, for sale at G. A. Rollins'.

It was resolved by a unanimous vote of the temperance delegates at a meeting in Napanee to submit the Scott Act.

The following is the solution spoken of by the President at the meeting of the County of Renfrew Fruit Growers' Association, to prevent the ravages of the appletree borer:—Wash the trees in June with a solution of Soft Soap, Lye and Washing Soda, reduced to the consistence of a thick paint. Apply it with a brush, being sure to saturate the whole of the outside of the trunk of the tree.

The latest New York, London and Paris styles of Millinery, at

Cross & Mouncey's.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

Duck shooting has been brisk at Hay Bay.

Gananoque secures $4000 for the contruction of a custon house.

Hay Fork agents have victimized several farmers in Huntingdon.

500,000 white fish fry have been deposited in the lakes back of Kingston,

Roger Bates, late Postmaster at Blairton, died at place on the 14th inst.

Farmers in West Ontario are beginning to erect iron fences on their farms.

A number of children from Scotland have arrived at the Marchmont home, Belleville.

The Napanee Lacrosse Club has organized for the season; J. H. Gallagher is captain, and J. T. Hosey, secretary.

Mrs Postlethevaite, of Lakefield, died while riding in the stage between that place and Peterborough on Monday morning.

Frank Pringle, of Marmora, was severely wounded in the hand by the accidental discharge of a revolver last week.

A syndicate has been formed for the purpose of placing a steam yacht on Sharbot Lake for the benefit of tourists.

The Ontario License Commissioners met in Belleville on Friday last and granted the full number of applications for license.

The "little mill" at Trenton is working day and night. The "big mill" will not commence until the drives come down.

Hon. Mr. Bowell is not expected to reach Belleville from California with the remains of his late lamented wife before the first of the month.

Ladies carry walking canes in Kingston it is said. The husbands consequently have no difficulty in finding the phrenological bump of resentment.

A Kingstonian who recently took a trip on the K. & P. Railway mistook the practice by the Verona brass band for the howling of wolves.

The medical students of the Victoria College managed to steal the questions before the examinations and thus passed the dread ordeal with great credit.

A Belleville doctor cut a tumor from the head of an infant the other day, which was considerably larger in a distended state than the child's head.

The working staff of the Locomotive Works at Kingston, has been reduced from nearly 500 to less that 100. The men have been obliged to leave the city for employment.

Thomas Lindsay left St. Thomas Tuesday of last week to put in two years at Kingston for forgery. On the same day his aged mother died of grief over her son's disgrace.

According to the annual license report just printed there were committed to Hastings' gaol for drunkenness during 1883, 57, the highest number since 1876, with one exception, 1882, when the figures were 67.

Rathbun & Son, of Deseronto, who have the contract of erecting seven stations on the Ontario & Quebec Railway, have begun work. The framework and other material for stations is prepared in Deseronto.

Capt. Hinckley says there is a remarkable apple tree on Long Island, at the back of Horne's Hotel. Its circumference immediately below the limbs is 7½ feet. Four branches project from it. Two of them measure 4 ft. 9 inches in circumference; one 4 ft. 3 in., the other 5 ft. in circumference. The tree and limbs cover an area of 55 square feet. The seed was planted in 1819 by S. Hinckley grandfather of the Captain.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.— Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.—Daily experience confirms the fact which has triumphed over all opposition for forty years, viz., that no means are known equal to Holloway's remedies for curing bad legs, sores, wounds, diseases of the skin, erysipelas, abscesses, burns, scalds, and in truth, all maladies where the skin is broken. To cure these infirmities quickly is of primary importance, as compulsory confinement indoors weakens the general health. The ready means of cure are found in Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which heal the sores and expel their cause. In the very worst cases the Ointment has succeeded in effecting a perfect cure after every other means has failed in giving any relief. Desperate diseases best display its virtues.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DON'T

BUY YOUR

CARRIAGE HARDWARE

until you have seen our stock and prices. You can save

From 10 to 20 per Cent.

as we wish to clear the whole stock, comprising:

Rims, Hubs, Spokes, Poles, Shafts, Clips, Armstrong's Buggy Springs, Seat Springs, Axles, Circles, Shackles, etc., etc.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Apr. 21. 365-4w

FIRE IN MADOC.

D. FOX,

Is opening out in Madoc with

FRESH AND NEW GOODS,"

far ahead of, and much cheaper than any damaged goods.

Wait for his opening, which will be in a few days, and will be duly announced.

April 24th D. FOX. 365

Clothing, Clothing.

The Great One-Price Clothing House.

We will give every purchaser of a

$12.00 SUIT OF CLOTHES, AND UPWARDS,

ONE OF THE

CELEBRATED STEM WINDING WATCHES,

guaranteed to keep correct time.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Abstract Statement

OF THE

AUDITORS' REPORT

OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,

For the Year ending 31st December, 1883.

CHARLES ENGLISH, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS.

Donald Nicholson	$12697 44
Wild Lands	455 47
Legislative Grant	395 00
Interest on Village Debentures	343 39
Tavern License	72 51
Received from Gilmour & Co. for damage done to Bridge	46 00
In connection with Hematite Mine	41 82
Clergy Reserve Fund	31 35
Total Receipts	$14082 98

EXPENDITURE.

Balance due Treasurer from last audit	$ 835 58
Paid County Treasurer	4594 30
Interest on Railroad Debentures	3232 00
General School Levy	4010 47
Paid Municipal Grant	480 38
Legislative Grant	439 47
Roads and Bridges and Right of Way for Roads	699 27
Paupers	150 23
Salaries to Assessors	100 00
" Treasurer	65 00
" Township Clerk	100 00
Voters' List	10 00
Making out School Bill	18 00
Collector	90 00
Road Surveyor, Salary for 1882-83	130 00
Auditors	16 00
Printing	126 90
Selecting Jurors	16 00
Sitting of Council	80 00
Returning Officers at Municipal Elections	36 00
Poll Clerks	16 00
Constable	1 00
For use of School Houses for Election purposes	24 00
Gravel	43 95
White Bros., for Scrapers	19 50
Rent for Town Hall	20 00
Refunded to P. Vankleek, on purchase of Wild Lands	28 50
Miscellaneous	37 46
Total Expenditure	$14447 03

Balance due the Treasurer, $364 05.

JOHN N. MOORE, JOHN McCOY, JR., } Auditors.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS,

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

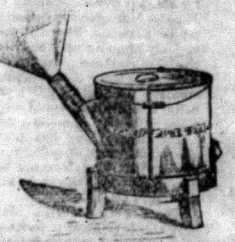
TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,

Sign of the Circular Saw,

O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

UNMARRIED LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

$250.00 to $4,000.00.

THE object of the "Mutual and Endowment on Marriage and Home Association" is to provide Ladies and Gentlemen with dowries on marriage from $62 50 to $4,000.00. Just think of it. Last month over 100 certificates were issued. Safest and Best Insurance possible. RATES LOW. No assessments until November, 1884, an advantage no other existing institution can offer. Now is the time to JOIN. Agents wanted (ladies or gentlemen) throughout the district. For all information, address

S. F. WEAVER,
General Agent, N. Hastings.

Madoc, April 14th. 364

Latest Local News.

—Bread is only eight cents a loaf in Norwood.

—When are lacrosse boys to commence practice?

—Division Court was held yesterday in this village.

—Belleville is now having a two weeks' test of the electric light.

—Miss Rose Doyle, of this village, is having her residence bricked in.

—The Auditors' Report for the Township of Madoc appears in this issue.

—Vennor says April will be showery. We have had one shower so far.

—Large shipments of eggs are nowing being made from these parts.

—The lake is now clear of ice. The upper lake was almost solid a week ago.

—Is there not enough enterprise in Madoc to have a good 24th of May celebration?

—Mr. G. H. Brown, station agent here, has started an aquarium at the station.

—The Spring Assizes opened at Belleville on Monday. There is a lengthy docket.

—The Museum Company that gave the two entertainments in this village lately, "busted" at Stirling.

—Conductor Kerr is now rigged out with a neat and well-looking uniform. He punches the tickets to much better advantage than formerly.

—The station at the Crookston crossing of the Ontario & Quebec railway in nearly completed. The telegraph poles are all up in this section.

—His Lordship, the Bishop of Ontario, will (D. V.) hold confirmation services in the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village, on Friday, May 2nd.

—Mr. John Brown of Madoc township has been laid up in this village during the past week with a serious illness. We are glad to note that he is improving.

—The London *Advertiser*, the leading Reform journal of the west, came out last week in a new dress, and printed on a new Bullock perfecting press, which prints, cuts, and folds the paper at the rate of 21,000 copies an hour. This is a showing of which any paper may well feel proud.

—The following is what the Galt *Reporter* says on the subject of gardening:—"We love to take the hoe and rake, and place them in the rack, and throw ourselves upon a lounge and whisper, 'Oh, my back!' 'Tis sweet to see the onions grow, the tomatoes and peas, but we prefer—yes, sir, we do—to lie and take our ease."

Coming Back.

Mr. D. Fox, is coming back to Madoc, and will in a few days open out a new stock of goods in Mrs. Wright's block, which he says is not only better but cheaper than any ever offered in the village. His announcements will be duly made in these columns.

A Fine Collection.

Mr. Wm. Coe's new Percheron stallion, which he purchased last week at the famous stables of N. W. Dunham, near Chicago, will arrive in the village to-day. The animal is a 3-year old, and weighs 1800 pounds. Mr. Coe has also purchased a brood mare of the same breed. These, together with the horses now in his stables, will make a valuable and handsome collection.

☞ TO BLACKSMITHS—No. 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at J. DALE & SON'S. ☜

Fire.

On the afternoon of Monday, 14th inst., about three o'clock, the house of Mr. Chas. Murphy, about a mile west of Murphy's Corners, near Thanet, was destroyed by fire. There was no one in the house at the time but a young girl who was sick with the measles, the rest of the family being in the sugar bush, so that nothing was saved but a table and part of a bedstead. The fire caught in the roof. The loss is a serious one for Mr. Murphy.

☞ The best Table Salt, in small bags, just to hand, at Cross & Mouncey's.

St. John's Church.

At the annual vestry meeting held in the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village, on Easter Monday, 14th inst., the following business was transacted: Rev Mr. Jones, the incumbent, nominated Mr. A. B. Ross as his Churchwarden, and Dr. Loomis was re-elected the peoples' Warden. Messrs. Arthur Coe and J. Ballard were appointed sidesmen, and Messrs. H. A. Kemp and J. Bailey as delegates to synod—the former for two years and the latter for three years.

☞ Farmers, attention! Purple Top Swedish Turnip, Yellow Aberdeen Turnip, White Globe Turnip, just arrived fresh and sound at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

Liquor Licenses.

The Ontario Board of License Commissioners for North Hastings, met in this village yesterday to consider the applications for license for 1884-5. The following were granted:—

STIRLING—Robert Bennet, A G Scott, S Downs, Oliver Hewat, Legroe.

MADOC—Margaret Moon, Samuel Curry, Josephus Harris, Jane Wright, Gray & McGregor, David Wright.

MARMORA—Gordon McWilliams, Jones & Rosebush, Mrs. Pringle, G W Bleecker, Robt Arkles.

HUNTINGDON—G M Holstead, Thos Cook.

RAWDON—Thomas Bird, James Cook.

ELZEVIR—A Diamond, Mrs Collins.

MADOC TOWNSHIP—James Harris, John Gauthier, James Best.

TUDOR AND LIMERICK—David Potter, D L McKinnon, Robt Thwaites, Geo Grant.

MONTEAGLE AND HERSCHEL—Jno Murphy and Simon Rouse.

BANGOR—John Green.

The Board adjourned to meet again on the the 30th inst., at Garner's Hotel, Huntingdon, for the further consideration of some applications that were left over.

Farmers, Look Sharp.

This Item may Save you many Dollars.

In this age of swindling and swindlers every variety of bait that can be devised is cunningly laid before the unwary to entrap them, especially the farming community. This spring a number of hay-fork agents realized a harvest of over $2,000 from the farmers back of Napanee and Kingston, through the influence of an ingeniously worded contract which the unsuspecting farmers were induced to sign. The same dodge has been applied to sawing machines, farm implements, and even sewing machines, as the following form of contract as used, which we reprint for the guidance of our rural readers, will show. The swindlers by plausable stories of the money to be made gets the consent of a responsible farmer to act as agent for the machines in his neighborhood, and he signs the following agreement:—

"ONTARIO SEWING MACHINE WORKS,
Toronto, Ont.

"Deliver at.....Ont., Ten Sewing Machines for which I agree to charge Twenty-five Dollars each, when a sale is made by me. I also agree to pay you Twenty Dollars for each machine on demand. Payment to be made to the collector, if not to him at Toronto. I am to have for my use, one machine without charge, which is to be my property.

Dated .....1884.

[Signed,] — —

P. O.....Con.....Lot.....Township.....

In reading the order as the agent reads it, stopping at "each," as if the sentence ended there, the victim is led to believe he is to charge $25 each, and pay $20 only as each sale is made. He finds, however, all the machines delivered at his door in a few days, for which he finds when too late his agreement binds him to pay $20 each on demand, or $200 in all. And usually the ten machines are not worth the price of one, so that he has them on his hands. We are informed that agents are now scouring this neighborhood, and so we warn the farmers to SIGN NO AGREEMENT, or paper of any kind to strangers, as there are legitimate and responsible dealers in this village and elsewhere.

Deplorable Case.

A Young Husband and Wife Die Within Four Hours of Each Other.

One of the saddest events that has ever come to our knowledge occurred in Belleville last week, namely the death within four hours of each other, of George Woolvern and his wife, Elizabeth Woolvern—a young couple aged 23 years and 20 years and 6 months respectively—at their home, near the Grand Trunk station.

George Woolvern was an Englishman, born near Wimbledon, and came to this country two years ago. He at once entered the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company as a locomotive fireman, and continued to fill that position up to the time of his death. About 11 months ago, he married Elizabeth Moxam, daughter of Mrs. Moxam, boarding-house keeper, and their first child was born two weeks ago. The mother did not improve, and the father was taken ill eight days ago. Both gradually became worse and Mrs. Woolvern died at 1:40 on the 14th. Four hours later her husband breathed his last. The infant, the last vestige of the young and hopeful couple, who so recently left the shores of Old England to better their fortune in a new land, died a few days afterwards.

Clean up.

It is pleasing to note the number of our citizens who have already commenced the good work of cleaning up their yards and premises, thus conducing to the health and comfort of the whole community. The warm weather of the past few days has brought a variety of foul oders to the surface, which, if not looked after, is calculated to breed disease and perhaps death. Every citizen is interested in this good work, and we hope will not be found hesitating in the matter, but that there will be an honest rivalry among all for the reputation of possessing the model premises for neatness and cleanliness.

☞ Lime by the bushel for sale at G. A. Rollins'.

Educational Notes.

THE HALF-YEARLY Uniform Promotion Examinations will be held as follows:—Promotion to Fifth, July 3rd and 4th, in Madoc and Stirling, and, if needful, at Bancroft. Promotion to Fourth Senior and Junior Third and Second, June 12th and 13th, in each school house.

THE MINISTER of Education is to meet with the School Inspectors of Eastern Ontario, at Brockville, on May 8th and 9th.

PUBLIC School Inspectors have been instructed, by the Minister of Education, to send to him the names of all teachers who use unauthorized books in their school. What about the High Schools? Unauthorized books are, in them, abundant.

"THE ADVENTURES of number 7," an anonymous and cleverly-written educational satire, is exciting notice in the profession. We have read it with much interest and would recommend all who have to do with educational matters to procure a copy.

HOUSE CLEANING is now the rage. Small and hidden must be the crevice, in which dirt of any kind can escape the housekeeper's eye and broom. How many school houses and school premises have been cleaned? As a rule the school room is the dirtiest room in the neighborhood. 'Are children's lives cheap?

Married.

MCILROY—SHANNON.—At Belleville, on Monday 21st inst., by Rev. Father Donoghue, Mr. James McIlroy, of Elzevir, to Miss Charlott Shannon, of Tyendinaga.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

SEED GRAINS
—AT THE—
North Hastings Warehouse.

The best quality of
SPRING WHEAT,
PEAS and OATS.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	1st concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ¼	13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC.,
PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

☞ REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY. ☜

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yeomen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

was a victim, asked permission to pray, which being accorded he arose, and doffing his hat, made a touching appeal. The men outside the building also stood uncovered and, with the rain beating on their heads, listened while the rough miner prayed.

O God Almighty, we ask that you will give us some comfort in this hour of affliction. We pray you to let us have back the bodies of our poor relatives and not to refuse us the chance of burying them. O Lord God Almighty, put out the fires and help us so that we can give back the bodies to that earth from which we came. Help us, so our action to-night may be wise and that we may not be reckless or do things which the law don't allow. O Great God, let your pity come to these here poor widows and children who have no man to get them bread. Let this great and rich country give a few dollars, so that we will not see them starving; pray, God, don't let them go down under their troubles. If some poor fellow down below is yet alive, O God, kill him quick or show us how to help him. In the name of a merciful Jesus we beseech you to show pity on this town and help us bear the burden you have given us to bear. God help us and teach us to live our life so we die in peace when our time comes to die. If, as some say, the dead go to purgatory, then we pray you be merciful to our dead. Let their agony in this deadly mine help to square their account. God help and comfort all in Pocahontas, for the sweet sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

During the invocation the crying of the women, at first almost inaudible, rose in unison, until the volume nearly drowned the speaker's voice. As he sat down tears were flowing from every eye, and great confusion prevailed, as several of the women completely lost self-control. The "keening" of the Irish women mingled with the frenzied lamentation of the colored women. The scene was distressing in the extreme to the few strangers who witnessed it.

A Chinese Notion.

The Chinese, so far as can be learned from history, are the oldest nation on the earth. They are, to us of extreme modern ideas, a strange people, and some of their ways and fancies are not to be explained. The most painstaking scholars and antiquarians appear to have failed, in many particulars, to discover the motives that actuate the individuals of this prehistoric race. Yet, doubtless, the ceremonies that we see them going through in mining camps on the Pacific coast are all, to them, as full of meaning as the rites of modern religion are to the believers in Christianity. The Chinese, in some respects, are not unlike the army of the orthodox in the church militant, who believe in a personal life of the present human frame in the world beyond. The Chinese custom of decapitating their enemies slain in the war is explained by the statement that they believe that the appearance of a person in the spirit world without a head is prima-facie evidence of having committed some crime, and punishment is awarded accordingly. Hence, the horrible mutilation which took place on the evacuation of Shanghai by the Taepings, when the imperial officers gave orders for the decapitation of every rebel body; and even the coffins containing the remains of prominent rebel leaders were broken open and dishonored to insure their punishment hereafter. Hence, also, the anxiety displayed by the friends of officers who lost their heads during the rebellion to recover them and stitch them on to the bodies again, as much as £133 having been paid by the officers of the imperial army for the head of a friend.—*Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.*

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

The annual meeting of this company was held on the 13th of March. The statements there submitted and the report of the proceedings cannot but be very gratifying to all the friends of the company. The Sun was incorporated in 1865, but only issued its first policy in May, 1871. Its progress since then, both in size and solidity, has been steady and satisfactory; on the list of the ten Canadian Life Companies it now stands third. In 1871 it received life applications for $400,000; In 1874 for $600,000; In 1878 for $1,600,000; and in 1883 for over $2,300,000. In 1871 the amount of life assurance in force was $400,000; in 1874, $1,700,000; in 1878, $3,300,000; and in 1883, nearly $7,000,000. Its annual income is now nearly $300 000, or nearly $1,600 for every working day in the year. Its resources amount to nearly $1,200,000. As was pointed out at the annual meeting, if the same rate of progress is kept up during the next ten years as has prevailed in the past the income will then amount to from one and a quarter to one and a half millions and the assets to about four millions. This prospect is by no means a visionary one. The Company has reached the stage at which it can hardly fail to make rapid progress. There is a grand future opening out before it, and the officers can hope to see the day when it will rank as one of the largest and most powerful financial institutions in the country. A perusal of the accounts will show how strong and prosperous its condition is. It will be seen that the amount of new life business, the amount of new accident business, the assurances in force, both life and accident, the income and the assets, are all larger than in any preceding year in the Company's history.—*Insurance Society, Montreal.*

Humors of the London Strand.

At any time the humors of the Strand about eleven o'clock at night are well worthy of study, though the observer must need be serenely indifferent to his money, and of course his life. He must be careless of his watch; affect a supreme disregard for the regiment of touts, and be ready to embrace a horse as if he were living with the Houyhnhums. For excitement a charge of Osman's Arabs is nothing to it. The investment of a shilling may further procure him much pleasure. He may buy a printed photograph of any of the reigning beauties for a penny, find a wife for another, a choicely painted match-box, or a gay button-hole, on the same terms. But there is no end to the prospect. These attractions were enhanced last night, when news gentlemen anxious to earn an honest copper were crying out "Resignation of Mr. Gladstone" and illuminating their text with lights of all colors from "the penny box of dynamite," the latest plaything of the street, which will foster a good, healthy tone in the breasts of our street Arabs, dynamitards in embryo. In fact, it is lively in the Strand at 11 p.m. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Smyrna, the place of the Texan Cowboy.

Everyone who has lived any length of time at Smyrna knows that among the Greek population of the town there is a class of ruffians, heroes of the knife, who go by the name of "mourmouriamenoi." They may be compared with the desperadoes of California and Texas in everything save in courage. These persons enjoy the admiration of the society to which they belong; swagger and bluster, with the reputation of having murdered a certain number of their fellow-creatures, compass their stock in trade. They extort money by threats of assassination, and some of them have risen so high in the world as to keep brilliant saloons and *cafe-chantants* on the aristocratic quay. Two of these swells were pointed out to me as having scored respectively fifteen and twenty murders. When a *Mourmouriamenos* dies, or gets killed in a drunken brawl, he is buried with more pomp than if he were a public benefactor. The immunity from punishment which these worthies enjoy is due to the fact that each of them has a certain number of protectors among the upper class of Levantine society. When he is in want of money, or gets into trouble with the police, he applies to Tchelebi Dick or Tchelebi Tom, his patrons, who are ever ready to help him with their purses or their influence. The familiarity subsisting between the Smyrna rough and members of the upper classes is a symptom of the unhealthy moral condition into which the Levantine society of that town, for many generations virtually deprived of intercourse with the civilized world, has gradually drifted. The patrons of the *Mourmouriamenos* are generally to be found among the "young men about town," the local *jeunesse doree*, by whom it is considered a legitimate object of ambition to be on good terms with some well-known cut-throat. Among his own class the latter is an object of respect and veneration, so that it is no matter of surprise if he generally manages to defy the police. Nor is it to be disbelieved that in a society where the professional assassin finds such effectual encouragement and support, the Greek brigand has no difficulty in obtaining secret information and assistance in time of need.—*Levant Herald.*

Brutal Soldiers in Tonquin.

More disagreeable to notice than this unwholesome tippling is the conduct of the soldiers towards the townspeople. The Anamese have regained sufficient confidence to come back to their houses, or to come back and build new houses where the old ones have been swept away, but they have no love for their conquerors. It is no great wonder. The first thing one sees in one of the comparatively narrow cross streets is a huge Turco swaggering down the middle of the way, twirling a vicious-looking stick. The women scuttle indoors; the men squeeze themselves as near the walls as they can; the children salaam reverentially, and can hardly get out the usual "Bon jour, capitaine" for terror. A little further on we come upon a couple of marine fusileers, one of whom takes umbrage at the animated tone in which an old woman is conducting a bargain. With a kick of the foot he scatters her tray and little pile of cash over length and breadth of the street, and his companions laugh boisterously at the poor creature's misery. Even the officers, as they stroll along, relieve their ennui by playful cuts of the cane on the buttocks of passers-by. The Anamese is a cringing, pitiful creature at the best of times, but he has still a little self-respect, and he scowls as much as he dares under such treatment. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when he finds a solitary European he proceeds to wreak his vengeance upon him and wipes out a store of long pent-up grievances. The Tonquinese is a very different man from the timid inhabitant of Cochin China, and it will require many years and a strong military occupation before the country is brought to anything like a peaceable state.

The Suicide of Scorpions.

In the volume published last year, the title of which is the "Lion and the Sun," by Dr. Willis, for fifteen years medical officer in Persia under the Oriental Telegraph company, is the following narrative: "A story was told me by the late Dr. Favergren, a Swede in Persian employ, who had been twenty-five years in Shiraz, to the effect that scorpions, when they see no chance of escape, commit suicide; and he told me that when one was surrounded by a circle of live coals, it ran round three times, and then stung itself to death. I did not credit this, supposing that the insect was probably scorched, and so died. I happened one day to catch an enormous scorpion of the black variety. In Persia there are only two kinds—black, and light green, or greenish yellow; the black variety being supposed to be much the more venomous. The full-grown scorpions generally are from two to three inches long; I have seen one five inches when extended from the tip of the claws to the sting, but he was phenomenal. The one I caught was very large, and to try the accuracy of what I supposed to be a popular superstition I prepared in my courtyard a circle of live charcoal a yard in diameter. I cooled the bricks with water so that the scorpion could not be scorched, and tilted him from the finger-glass in which he was imprisoned unhurt, into the centre of the open space; he ran rapidly round the circle three times, came back to the centre, turned up his tail (where the sting is) and deliberately by three blows stabbed or stung himself in the head; he was dead in an instant. Of this curious scene I was an eye-witness, and I have seen it repeated by a friend in exactly the same way since, on my telling the thing, and with exactly the same result. For the truth of this statement I am prepared to vouch." What the preceding curious experiment lacks by way of evidence one may well be at a loss to answer. The mental condition of the lower creation have within them several curious problems yet unsolved beyond those so nicely settled for us in modern philosophy.

A Marathon amateur who wrote to the manager of the Madison Square Theatre to know if there was an opening on the stage there for a young actor, received a reply that there were several openings in the stage there, and if he would come on he would drop him through one of them with pleasure.

Drinking Calf's Blood as a Cure for Consumption—The Mud-Baths, Sand Baths, and Bine-Glass Cures.

"Popular crazes," said a well-known physician made to a question propounded by a *Telegram* reporter, yesterday. "There are many kinds of peculiar crazes, and some of the methods people take to keep free from disease, or rather try to, are simply absurd. Take, for instance, the man who goes the year round with a pair of sea-beans tied about his neck, as a preventive to diseases of a contagious nature. Some wear beans, some corn, some horse-chestnuts, and still others a plain piece of ribbon, all of which are more cases of superstition. There are many who, when suffering from a cold, will wrap a wet sock, which they have worn during the day, about their necks, and retire for the night. Others wear a dry sock, and still others a piece of cloth saturated with lamp-oil. In the country it is a standard remedy to wear a piece of salt pork about one's neck when suffering from a sore throat. This, by the way, is a good remedy. Some inhale the smoke from burning cherry wood, and others the smoke from cow chips in an open fire-place, as a cure for a cold in the head and nostrils. There are a great many persons who believe that when one gets thoroughly drenching with rain, or receives wet feet, that they should not hasten to their homes and put on dry clothes, but instead they should let the wet clothing dry upon them, as by so doing they believe they will never take cold.

"The 'hot water cure' which amounts to a craze in points in the east, where no breakfast is considered complete without the addition of a cup of hot water, to 'rinse and stimulate the stomach,' is the latest of a long list of odd cures. It is believed by a great many that to take a drink of this kind before each meal, or even a single drink on arising each morning, will cure the worst possible case of dyspepsia. Speaking of odd cures and fashions, a few of them may be recounted. Less than ten years ago, a Parisian physician of some note prescribed for a patient suffering from a pulmonary complaint a cup of fresh calf's blood after breakfast, another at noon, and one just before supper. The queer remedy proved efficacious. The patient improved under it rapidly, and finally became a well and hearty person. A statement of the case was read by the mercurial, excitable, and curiosity-loving Parisians, and started an interest in the blood-cure that in a very short time spread among all classes and became a veritable craze. Every person in any way troubled with weak lungs became a convert. The slaughter-houses in the suburbs of Paris were thronged every morning with crowds made up of all ranks, who actually fought to procure blood of the dying animals. There were delicate women and men, old and young, who came, some in their carriages, attended by their servants, and some who feebly crept along alone. The most delicately organized persons and the coarsest were on a common level, and it appears that the uninviting-looking fluid who served impartially by brawny-handed butchers. The great majority manifested no repugnance to drinking the fluid, and with a great many a taste for it was developed that ran into a craving. It acted much like rum on many, and even fowls were killed by some who were unable to get blood at the slaughter-houses. The demand was great, and at some places the blood was sold at high prices, each slaughter-house having a large run of customers, who would reach the 'pen' where the killing was going on as early as 5 a.m. Meanwhile a hot discussion went on in medical circles over the merits of the cure. Many celebrated physicians were dragged into argument, and were taken to see cured patients. The burden of professional opinion was against the cure, pronouncing it nonsensical and positively injurious rather than helpful. This craze reached its limit in a few weeks, to the grief of the butchers, who had reaped a golden harvest.

"The mud found at a certain spa in Germany, a few years ago, was discovered to possess remarkable medical properties. It was intensely black, pasty, thick, odoriferous mud, but thousands of persons hastened from all parts of Europe to bathe in it. To bathe in it was simply to be buried in it for an hour or two, and then to spend several hours in a tub of water to get rid of the reminiscence. The bath is described as being pleasant, and its curative effects, in cases of rheumatism, gout, and other diseases, are well attested. The mud was analyzed, and was found to possess active properties, magnetic and chemical. The mud baths have had their day, and are now visited by only a few travelling invalids, whom the remedy does not frighten. Similar to the mud bath is the sand bath, of which Joaquin Miller relates a tragic story. A party of explorers were crossing the sandy deserts, carrying six of their comrades, ill of a peculiar disease. The sand bath was proposed to them. They all assented, and were buried in the sand, their heads alone being above ground. In this position they were left, chatting with each other, their comrades having retired for the night in a tent close by, and not the least noise was heard. In the morning they were horrified to find that wolves had visited the camp, and eaten off each sick man's head level with the ground.

"The blue-glass cure is too fresh in the public mind to need more than passing mention. Of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of early believers that the health-giving and strengthening principles of the sunlight might be largely increased by passing rays through blue glass, there are thousands yet remaining.

"The sun-bath cure, the fish-oil cure for consumption; the simple diet cure for all kinds of ailments; the celery cure for nervousness, and many others were the beginning, more or less, of a craze. The best principle of each is now included in every wise physician's array of remedies. There have been cures for corpulence that found armies of followers, as was attested in Byron's time, when every man who laid claim to be considered a man of fashion was thin and pale, in marked contrast to the well-rounded, comfortable-looking, modern young man."—*Providence Telegram.*

"My dear," said Mr Muckleham to his wife, "those hams I bought the other day are so badly spoiled they cannot be eaten." "What a pity," his wife replied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."

About the Queen—DeLesseps—Emperor William—President Grevy—Prince Bismarck—and other Great People.

Lord Lorne is going to make an attempt to introduce the whitefish of the Canadian lakes into several rivers and lochs in the west of Scotland.

Queen Victoria has developed quite a passion for letter writing. One of her latest epistolary achievements takes the form of condolence with the Khedive of Egypt on the loss of his mother.

Lord Bute will give a prize of £500 for the best setting of music to the "Alcestis" of Euripides. Lord Bute has also offered £50, through the National Eisteddfod Committee, for its translation into Welsh.

Mr. Matthew Arnold does not seem to have profited by his elocution lessons in the United States. On the occasion of his first lecture in England, after his return home, we learn from the London *Truth* that whenever he wished "to be particularly impressive he was perfectly inaudible."

DeLesseps is a devoted horseman, and may be seen daily galloping through the Bois de Boulogne with his eight children by his second marriage, boys and girls, mounted on ponies, in national costumes, their hair streaming on the wind, their large collars turned over their shoulders, and their caps hanging over their backs—a little tribe, with thick dark hair and complexions, round their white-haired chief.

Dr. Gibbons in the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* cites a case of hypochondria in which a farmer imagined his nose to be a bundle of hay. He took great care not to go near a horse or cow lest his hay nose should be destroyed. Men are more likely than women, says the Doctor, to have hypochondria, though women have hysteria oftener than men. The diseases are closely allied in their origin and nature.

Prof. Cleiland of Glasgow University said in a recent lecture on terminal forms of life that man was "a terminus," anatomical evidence showed he had reached the limit of development in vertebrate life. Hence it was in the last degree improbable that in the future there would be a progression in the construction of the human body that would give birth to greater intelligence than was possessed by the sages of antiquity.

Among the presents received by the Emperor William on his birthday was a superb service of Sevres porcelain bearing the inscription "From France." As the gift was anonymous, there has been a good deal of speculation as to the source from which it has emanated. Meanwhile, it is affirmed that the German Emperor has been greatly touched by it, and that he never wearied of showing this particular present by the visitors who called to offer their congratulations on his natal day.

The College of Cardinals now includes the greatest genius and first divine among English-speaking Roman Catholics, Cardinal Newman, and in Cardinal Hergenrother, who was appointed in the same year, it has secured the greatest German historian except Dollinger. Haynald again, Archbishop of Colosea, and Prince Furstenburg, Archbishop of Olmutz, are also regarded as men of much mark. Haynald is considered next to Strossmayer the ablest speaker and most adroit logician in the Council.

The President of the French republic sent some little time ago to the France Ambassador of Constantinople three handsome cimeters made in exact imitation of the much-prized Damascus blades, for presentation to the Sultan's three sons. An oriental potentate receiving a present from such a quarter would probably have preferred some product of European art to a counterfeit of what he can get better at home. "If you wanted to make an Englishman a present," says a French paper, criticising M. Grevy's gift, "you would not offer him a dozen of pale ale, an article of Sheffield cutlery, or a coat made by Poole."

It has sometimes been brought against Bismarck that he does not believe in "resting on Sunday," and that he is rarely seen at church. This, Dr. Busch, his biographer, says, is partly due to the great amount of work that presses upon him. "There is so many a man in my life that she would can rarely be considered," Bismarck writes to his sister, and to the author he remarks that the day ought to be six or seven hours longer for him. Another reason for not going to church he gives in a letter to a clerical friend: "With regard to going to church, it is incorrect to say that I never enter a church. I willingly admit that I might go more frequently, but it is not so much from want of time as for consideration of my health that I do not go, especially in winter. To those who feel themselves called to be my judges in this respect I will with pleasure give further information about the subject."

Society in London is somewhat amused and very much scandalized at the daring robbery of Dr. Ball Rus sell's wedding presents. Every one knows that the celebrated war correspondent was married some weeks ago in Paris to a charming Italian lady. Presents poured in on the popular couple on the auspicious occasion. These wedding gifts, of the value at least of $5,000, were left during the honeymoon in the safe-keeping of a friend residing in Eaton square, London. One day shortly after a porter, wearing the badges of his respectable trade upon cap and collar, rolled a cart to this lady's door and explained that he was sent by Dr. and Mrs. Russell for the boxes in her charge. Alas for unsuspecting womanhood! The lady gave up every bit of property entrusted so her by the bride and bridegroom A day or two elapsed without message. Reason of the silence—they had not reached England. The plausible porter was a thief.

Some one has discovered that "God" is swearing, meaning 'My Lord," and was used by Eliot in his Indian Bible. Mr. Eliot is to be commended for not using a stronger expletive while engaged on that work. If anything is calculated to make a man indulge in swear words, it is writing a book in the Indian language.

I took Zuleika out to Dr. Carver's Wild West show one afternoon. She gazed in mingled trepidation and admiration as the Doctor did some of his best rifle shooting, and then turning to me with a fine enthusiasm glowing in her face, exclaimed, innocently, "Oh, how I should like to see him shoot the hat!"

The Bakerian lecture of the Royal Society for the present year will be delivered by Professor Dewar, F.R.S., on the "Physical Properties of the Elements at Low Temperatures."

Sir William Siemens has been elected president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers for the ensuing year, and Professor Unwin has been appointed to the chair of engineering at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, vacated by the retirement of Professor Fleeming Jenkin.

Sir W. Thomson is to deliver 18 lectures on "Molecular Dynamics" at the John Hopkins University during the first 20 days of next October.

Pure linseed-oil, an expert observes, has a bright amber color. It runs freely, sparkles when flowing from the can, tastes smooth and mild, and has the smell of a flaxseed poultice.

It is thought probable, says the *Engineer*, that the Government of Victoria will repeat the offer of a high premium for a combined reaper and thrashing-machine suited to Australian requirements.

According to Prof. Wanklyn the manufacture of gas from limed coal is a success, as it reduces the amount of sulphur compounds to three grains in the hundred cubic feet, and increases the yield of ammonia and tar by the abolition of the lime purifiers.

M. C. Decharme has performed new experiments showing that Nodili's electrochemical rings may be imitated by means of a continuous stream of water falling from a cylindrical table vertically on a horizontal piece of black glass moistened all over.

Ptolemy's Menuthias is regarded by M. A. Grandidier, after an examination of the maps of the Middle Ages, as identical with Madagascar, and he believes that the Island was known to the Greek and Arab geographers long before its rediscovery by the Portuguese in 1500.

Tabulated results of 250 experiments with 42 distinct explosive compounds were published in March by MM. Berthelot and Vieille, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, bearing on the amounts of pressure developed at the moment of explosion, the temperature produced, and the specific heats of the gases, especially those of the compound ones, at various temperatures.

To obviate "kinks" in submarine telegraph cables, and consequently render these important means of communication less liable to break when subjected to a strain, Messrs. Trott and Hamilton have adopted the expedient of making each alternate layer of sheating across each other. Thus if the inner sheating of hemp has a right-hand "lay," care is taken that the lay of the next sheating shall be left-handed.

A clock at Brussels has been going for eight months and has not required to be wound up since it was first set agoing. In fact, the sun does the winding of this timepiece. A shaft exposed to the sun causes an up-draught of air which sets a fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts on a brake on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before.

The natives of the Chiloe Islands make use of a curious natural barometer, to which, from its having been first noticed by the Captain of an Italian corvette, the name "Barometro Araucano" has been given. This novel weather guide is the shell of a crab, one of the *Anomura*, probably of the genus *Lithodes*. It is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric changes. It has a color nearly white in dry weather, but as soon as wet weather approaches small red spots (are exhibited, varying in number and intensity with the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. In the rainy season it is completely red.

Herr Johann Bielenberg, of Chemnitz, ignites silicious earths and rocks such as argillaceous porphyrite, slate, sandstone, and clay, and even mud from rivers and the sea, and then subjects to them to treatment with sulphurous acid. These materials thus acted upon attain in combination with lime hydraulic properties resembling those of the Trass, Puzzolane, and Santorine earths. Before being burned the silicious substances are mixed with coal, and during the process of ignition are acted upon by the sulphurous acid produced from sulphur, which is, together with coal, contained in pipes placed in the draught-holes of the furnace.

Gunpowder mills owned by W. H. Wakefield & Co., Gatebeck, near Kendal, England, are now lighted by electricity, and they are the first works of the kind to employ the new method of illumination. The works are about two miles in length, each danger house building being about 200 yards from its neighbor, and the dynamo-electric machine is placed about the centre. Bare wires conduct the current on poles and trees having insulators to Swan incandescent lamps, each building having four to eight of them. The lights are inclosed in specially designed copper reflectors, enameled white on the inside, with tight-fitting plate-glass fronts, which project the light through tight-fitting hermetically-sealed windows into the interior of the buildings.

M. Widdeman insulates metal wires in this way: He prepares a bath of plumbate of potash by dissolving 10 grammes of litharge in a litre of water, in which 200 grammes of caustic potash had been added. Having permitted the solution to rest, he decants it, and the bath is ready for use. The wire to be covered with the insulating skin or film is connected to the positive pole of the battery, and a piece of platinum is attached to the negative pole. Both the wire and the platinum are then plunged in the bath, when metallic lead in a very finely divided state is precipitated at the negative pole, and peroxide of lead on the wire, causing it to assume all the colors of the spectrum, but a brownish black tint indicates the highest degree of insulation by this process.

A paper on distant vision has been submitted to the Royal Society, Edinburgh, by Dr. Maddox. It states that he finds that accommodation for a distant object in the case of most persons is naturally connected with a slight convergence of the optic axes so that the interception of the optic axes is nearer than the object looked at. At a certain distance, different in different persons, and probably varying in the same person from time to time, the optic axes naturally converge at the distance focused for. When a nearer object is looked at the point of intersection of the optic axes is beyond the object. In ordinary vision these differences between the distance of convergence and accommodation are not observed, because the effort for single vision easily overcomes them and forces the optic axes into the position corresponding to the accommodation.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Volumes in the British Museum—Doctors in Great Britain—An Old Student—Home Lessons for Children—Etc., etc.

A cremation society has been organized in Boston.

The latest return of the number of volumes in the British Museum is just over 1,300 000. There are 160 miles of shelves, and about twenty more miles to be filled. It is calculated that about one ton of literature a day is sent into that institution.

The Texas *Courier-Record of Medicine* says that a certain elderly colored women has "a habit of chewing pins as a solace for trouble." The occasional swallowing of one of them does not appear to be attended with danger.

"Will you have an orange or a fig?" inquired Dr. Jackson of a fine little boy somewhat under the weather. "A fig," answered the child with alacrity. "No fever there," said the doctor, "or he would certainly have said an orange."

The *Gazette Medicale de l'Algerie* calls attention to a great number of facts which appear to show that cider drinkers are not troubled with stone, and that patients having this affection are either cured or greatly relieved by that beverage.

The *British Medical Journal* says that it is very easy to find organisms in any disease if the proper methods of preparation be observed, but it is very much more difficult, and far more important, to establish that there is any connection between the organism and the disease.

An elderly Englishman was in the habit of buying quicksilver and aqua fortis in separate packages and mixing them into a sort of ointment for rheumatism. On one occasion, however, they were put into the same bottle by the druggist. They exploded in the purchaser's pocket, burning him so that he died.

According to the new British Medical Directory the whole number of doctors in Great Britain is 25,038. Of these 4,417 are in London, 11,775 on the provincial list, 2,206 in Scotland, 2 430 in Ireland, 1,717 reside abroad, and 2,493 are in the army and navy, the Indian medical service, and the mercantile marine.

Dr. Gross is quoted in the Philadelphia *Clinical Record* as saying that if the brain is penetrated by a ball, the rule to let it alone is an exceedingly bad one; investigation has shown that the brain can be handled to a considerable extent with impunity, and there is a great future for operations within the cranial cavity.

The following notes of a speech recently delivered in Dublin are not without interest. Speaking on the much-vexed Irish land question, the speaker said: "The country is overrun by absentee landlords," and, after a magnificent peroration, delivered from the tub on which he was standing, he said: "I tell you the cup of old Ireland's misery is overflowing; aye, and it's not full yet."

It is just one mile between Sault St. Marie, Mich., and the Canadian village opposite, yet mail communication between the two points occupied ten days. A letter posted on the American side goes first to Detroit, crosses to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is then sent over the Canadian route back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in ten days from the time it started.

A curious fete is to be held at Pompeii at the beginning of May. The first day it is supposed there is a visit of the Emperor of Rome to Pompeii; there will be circus games, chariot races, a procession, and a number of shops will be decked out as they would have appeared 1,800 years ago. On the second day there will be a marriage and a funeral, with their respective rites. The third day are promised gladiatorial games and a gladiatorial fete.

The Polish newspaper *Kri* (Border Land) states that there is at present in the medical faculty of the University of Kharkoff a first year's student, named Dzsetchakovski, whose age is 60 years. In 1863 he was a third-year student of the medical course at the University of Warsaw, but as he took part in the then Polish insurrection, he was exiled to Siberia, and remained there till, in accordance with the imperial coronation manifesto of last year, he, in common with other Poles, was allowed to return to Europe.

A new fashion has found favor in certain Parisian drawing rooms. As the guests arrive, in response to an invitation for a *soiree dansante*, they are met at the door by a young lady who gives a small bouquet to each person, and insists that the flower shall be attached to the buttonhole of the gentleman or the corsage of the lady. Each gentleman is then expected to seek out the lady who wears a nosegay similar in every respect to his own, and he thereupon, after the customary salutations, becomes her partner for the rest of the evening. This compulsory coupling, when skilfully organised, favors many intrigues, promotes match making, and affords a good opportunity for the display of spite by bringing unsympathetic persons together.

In support of a resolution passed at a popular meeting in Bradford, England, that some lessons should not be compulsory on children under 10 years, Dr. Rabagliati stated that in the last decade deaths from hydrocephalus at the school ages had increased 20 per cent. This he believed must in part be attributed to educational overpressure. He also pointed out that cephalitis had increased in the same period by nearly 52 per cent. While he did not think this could be attributed to the same cause, he begged the School Board to take care lest, by forced study, an additional impetus might be given to the causes which were powerfully increasing the mortality from nervous disorder.

In France there are now 4,575 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 miles of canals. In the year 1852 there were only 4,190 miles of river navigable and 2,440 miles of canals, the increase in the length of rivers being 385 miles and in that of canals 460 miles. But this increase has been effected at an enormous expense, the total amount spent from 1852 up to the year 1878 being close upon $70,000,000, while since then, under the scheme of M. de Freycinet for the development of communication by land or water, a further sum of $55,000,000 has already been spent. Thus in round figures the cost since 1852 has been $125,000,000, and yet the quantity of goods carried by water has only increased 4,000,000 tons.

ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

A Reminiscence of Old Times on the Mississippi River—A Thrilling Incident in the Life of the famous James Bowie—A Duel on Deck

In ante-bellum times nowhere on the continent were more exciting scenes witnessed than in the cabins of some of the Mississippi river steamers, and of these none were more dramatic and tragical than the following incident. Gambling, oftimes for the highest stakes, was universal, particularly on the New Orleans packets, and professional gamblers frequently made these boats their homes. Much has been already written concerning the lives and characters concerning these men, and many are the incidents related in which they bore conspicuous, if not always honorable, parts. Among the various gambling scenes that have occurred on western and southern rivers, there is one which should not be forgotten, the more so that one of the principal actors in the event is known throughout the country to have been a man of tried bravery and courage, and his name, James Bowie, is always associated with the idea of reckless fearlessness.

In a recent conversation with an old steamboat man, a *Republican* reporter learned of the following, which occurred on board the steamer Orleans, Capt. Davis—father of Capt. John B. Davis, late of the Diamond Jolline—master, in the fall of 1832. At that time the river steamers were beginning to be infested with organized gangs of gamblers, which in a few years embraced in its ranks as allies and confederates many of the bar-keepers and other officers of the boats of higher rank, and with their assistance and connivance, many a planter was robbed of his all and driven to suicide or murder.

In the fall of the year the merchants and planters of the country along the lower river went east to purchase goods or to collect the proceeds of the years' crop of cotton or sugar, and their arrival at and departure from New York were carefully noted by emissaries of the gamblers. If it was known that they carried back to the west or south any large amount of money, they were watched, and an efficient gang of sharps was placed upon their tracks.

In the summer of 1835, a young gentleman of Natchez, who had just been married, made an extended wedding trip to the north, and on his way back home had stopped in New York to collect a number of bills which had been entrusted to him for collection by planters at and near Natchez, and the amount in the aggregate was quite large.

Shortly after his arrival in New York the young man was spotted and his acquaintance made by several of the gambling fraternity, but, though they tried hard to do so, they failed to inveigle him into any of their dens. When he had transacted his business there, the young man started for home with his wife, but knowing of his probable route a well-organized gang started ahead of him, leaving two of the fraternity to accompany their intended victim and keep him in sight.

Learning at Pittsburg that he would take a steamer for Louisville, where he would remain a few days and then take one of the New Orleans packets for Natchez, they joined him on the boat; and on the trip to Louisville card-playing was introduced to while away the time. Having been allowed to win small sums, by the time they had reached Louisville the victim imagined he knew all about the game. This game, which at the time referred to was very much in vogue, was called a twenty-card poker, and was played with the tens, jacks, and queens, kings, and aces of the pack, and as but four could play at a time, the game was admirably adapted for what is known to the gaming fraternity as "three pluck one."

After a pleasant visit in Louisville the young man took passage on the steamer Orleans for Natchez. The gentleman's cabin, where all the card-playing was done, was on the main deck, directly under the ladies' cabin. Instead of the round wheel houses now seen, the Orleans' were square, flat on top, and came up to within two feet of the hurricane deck, and the distance between them was about thirty-five feet. Not long after leaving Louisville card-playing was resumed, and so effectually had the gamblers carried out their scheme that they had won nearly all their victim's money before reaching Vicksburg and had intended to complete their work before Natchez was reached, a comparatively easy task, as he was drunk and desperate. A few miles above Vicksburg a tall, straight, and dignified gentleman, having much the appearance of a preacher, got aboard the boat, and in a few minutes took a seat near the gamblers, where he could see all that was going on. Several times during the continuance of the game, and after the tall stranger had come aboard, the young wife of the gamblers' victim had besought him to leave their company, but in vain, so deep was the infatuation of the game and so strong his belief that he could yet win back the money which he had lost. Play continued into the night, and by 1 o'clock in the morning his money was all won from him, and, rendered desperate by the knowledge that he had been recreant to the trust reposed to him, the victim rose from his seat and rushed wildly to the side of the boat, intent upon self-destruction, but just as he was in the act of springing overboard he was seized by a grip of iron and held, and, his young wife appearing at the time, he was taken to his room by the stranger, who assured her that all would be right if she would only keep her husband in the room until his return.

Returning to the cabin, where the gamblers and their friends were standing around the bar drinking, the stranger drew out of his pockets a well-filled wallet, and taking out of it a $100 bank-note, asked the barkeeper to change it for him. This the barkeeper could not do, but referred him to the principal gambler, saying: "This gentleman can change it for you." "Oh, yes," he answered at once, "won't you take a drink?" Thanking him, the stranger accepted the invitation, and while the change was being made just touched his glass to his lips. The gamblers had all seen the well-filled wallet, and as the stranger casually remarked that he stopped at Natchez, they determined to try to catch and fleece him. One of them remarked that he did not care to go bed, and proposed that another game be played, to which, of course, the others agreed, but as there were three of them who understood the game and it required four to play it, the stranger was invited to join them, which, after a little hesitation on his part, he assented to.

The game began by the stranger being allowed to win several large bets, but he kept his eyes open, and, although they did not know it, he was perfectly aware of what was going on. After playing for about an hour, and just as day was breaking, the gamblers concluded to finish by giving the stranger a hand which would induce him to bet largely, and as there were three of them, and he could not tell, they felt certain they could make him put up all he had before they would allow him to have a show.

Everything worked as they had anticipated, the man opposite the stranger dealt the cards, and the man on the right went $10 blind; the ante was $5. When the cards were dealt, the stranger put up $20, and the next man did the same, when the dealer raised him $20, putting up $40. When it came to the turn of the one who had made the blind he put up $130, thus raising it $100. The stranger quietly put up the requisite amount, and when the next man bet $100 more, the next man, the dealer, then threw up his hand and drew out. The two remaining gamblers then kept raising the bet whenever it came their turn, the stranger only putting up whatever sum was necessary, until the the total amount on the table was $100,000, of which the stranger had contributed one third. While the betting was going on the stranger had kept his eyes on the dealer, and had, by his watchfulness, prevented any changing of the cards. Toward the last he saw a card slipped by the dealer to the man who had made the blind, when seizing his wrist with one hand, he drew a murderous-looking knife with the other, and forced the gambler to lay his cards on the table face down. All sprang to their feet, and the stranger quietly said that when that hand was raised and it should be found to contain six cards, he would kill the owner; telling the other to show his cards, he threw down his own hand, which consisted of four kings and a ten spot.

The baffled gambler, livid with rage and disappointment, swore that the stranger should fight him, demanding, with an oath, to know who he was anyway. Quietly, and as if in the presence of ladies, the stranger answered, 'James Bowie."

At the sound of that name two of the gamblers quailed, for they knew that the man who bore that name was a terror to even the bravest, but the third, who had never heard of 'James Bowie," demanded a a duel at once. This was acceded to at once by Bowie, with a smile; pistols—derringers—were the weapons selected, the hurricane-roof the place, and the time at once Sweeping the whole of the money into his hat, Bowie went to the room where the unhappy wife sat guarding her husband's uneasy slumbers, and, rapping on the door, he handed her, when she had opened it, the hat and its contents, telling her that, if he did not come, two-thirds of the money was her husband's, and the balance his own.

Ascending to the hurricane-roof the principals were placed one upon the top of each wheel house. This brought them about twelve yards apart, and each was supposed to the other from the knee up. The pistols were handed to them, and the gambler's second gave the word, "one, two, three, fire, stop," uttered at intervals of one second each, and they were allowed to fire at any time between the utterance of the words one and stop.

As "one" rang out on the clear morning air both raised their weapons, as "three" was heard the gambler's pistol rang out, and before the sound had ceased, and while the word "fire" was being uttered, Bowie's pistol sounded, and simultaneous with this sound, the gambler fell, and giving a convulsive struggle, rolled off the wheel-house into the river.

Bowie coolly blew the smoke out of his pistol, shut down the pan (the flint-lock was in use at the time) and going down into the ladies' cabin, obtained his hat and divided the money which it contained into three portions. Two of these he gave to the young wife and the other he kept, as it was his own money. Having awakened her husband, the fond wife showed him the money and told him all she knew about the affair, not having heard of the duel. When the husband became acquainted with all the facts his gratitude to his benefactor was deep and lasting.

Not desiring to be made a hero of, Bowie, when the boat reached Rodney, determined to go ashore, and as he was leaving the boat both the husband and wife clung to him as though he was a father leaving them. It was afterward ascertained that the amount which Bowie returned to the wife was within less than $100 of the sum which the gamblers had won from her husband.

Bismarck, D.T., need not change its name. D. T. can stand for darned tyrant.

A Philadelphia reporter is an applicant for the position of Chief of Police of that city, but he won't get it. Reporters have been known to catch criminals.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you," Miss Wheeler says. Yes, and slip, and the world laughs at you. At least that has been our experience this winter.

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of Dear John, who declared that although he didn't like the taste of tobacco he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."

As they were trudging along to school, a five-year-old Boston miss said to her companion, a lad of six summers, "Were you ever affrightened at the contiguity of a rodent?" "Nay, forsooth," he replied. "I fear not the juxtaposition of the creature, but dislike its tendency to an intimate propinquity."

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system: he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

A. P. 173.

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Toronto,	Mar. 27.	Montreal,	Apl. 17.
Dominion,	Apl. 3.	*Oregon,	Apl. 24.
*Sarnia,	Apl. 10.	Ontario,	May. 1

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool according to steamer and berth, $50, $60, $70, return, $90, $110, $130; all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

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F MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER.

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise Illustration shows Washer in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other method can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it:—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.

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Price Low For Future Delivery.

Tin Plate.
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Mutual Marriage Endowment As'n,

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—HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—

Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage at following rates.

For $500, or less Certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75.

For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance $1.00.

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A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.00 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. 12 assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By Laws and full particulars. W. J. MILLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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Marriage Aid

ASSOCIATION.

$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883. OVER $2,000,000.

The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address,
W. B. WEBBER,
Agents Wanted. Secretary, Hamilton.

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada,

Established 1864.—Capital and Assets, $1,426,965.

—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—

As this Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business a profitable agency in this offered to those soliciting insurance risks.

Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.

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The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

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Mr Dunham has just published a 32 page illustrated catalogue, containing descriptions and pedigrees (many for 10 years) of

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Now on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Breeders. Catalogue free. Address, M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne Du Page Co., Illinois. (35 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N.-W. Ry.

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PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adopted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Gunson & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

Call Early and Secure a Bargain.

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

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—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut away down.

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W ...CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

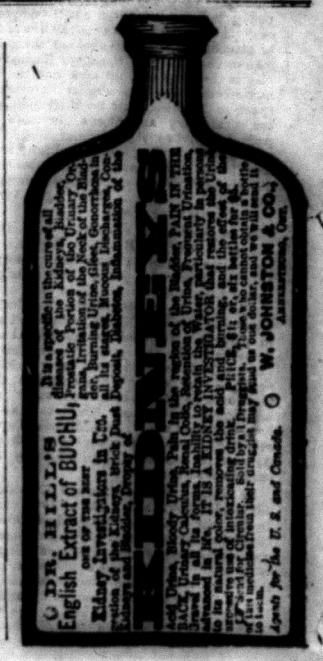
E. L. WEISS.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.



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